

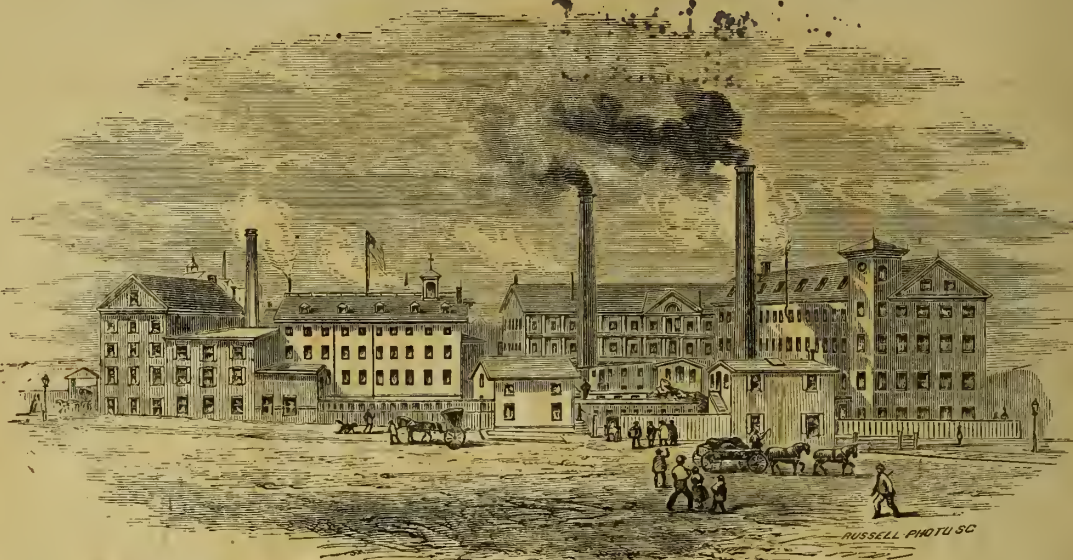
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PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

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The Atlantic Monthly

1870

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OFFICE OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.



Day of Year.	Day of Month.	Day of Week.	THE SUN.						THE MOON.						PHENOMENA.					SUNDAYS, HOLY DAYS, and ANNIVERSARIES.
			Latitude of BOSTON.		Latitude of NEW YORK.		Latitude of WASH'TON.		WASHINGTON.		BOS- TON.	NEW YORK.	WASH- ING- TON.	SAN FRAN.	Moon's Phases.					
			Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Age at Noon.	Souths.	Sets.	Sets.	Sets.	Sets.	d. h. m.					
			h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	d. h.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	● NEW MOON	● FIRST QUARTER	● FULL MOON	● LAST QUARTER	
1	1	Sat.	7 29	4 39	7 23	4 45	7 19	4 49	29 6	11 47	4 34	4 40	4 45	4 55	2d, 7 P.M. ☽ ☿ ☾ .. ☿ -2° 30'	2d Sun. after Christmas.				
2	2	S.	29	40	23	46	19	50	0 7	P.M. 43	5 33	5 38	5 43	5 53	3d, 1 A.M. ☽ ☿ ☾ .. ☿ -1° 8'					
3	3	Mo.	29	41	23	46	19	51	1 7	1 37	6 34	6 38	6 43	6 52	5th, 12 M. ☽ ☿ ☾ .. ☿ +2° 52'					
4	4	Tu.	29	42	23	47	19	52	2 7	2 28	7 36	7 40	7 44	7 52	5th, 11 A.M. ♃ stationary.					
5	5	Wd.	29	43	23	48	19	53	3 7	3 16	8 38	8 40	8 43	8 54	6th, 5 P.M. ☽ ☿ ☾ .. ☿ -0° 52'	Epiphany.				
6	6	Th.	29	44	23	49	19	54	4 7	4 1	9 38	9 40	9 42	9 49	7th, 1 A.M. ☐ ☿ ☾					
7	7	Fri.	29	45	23	50	19	55	5 7	4 44	10 37	10 38	10 39	10 45	☾'s Apogee, 9th, 7 A.M.					
8	8	Sat.	29	46	23	51	19	56	6 7	5 25	11 35	11 35	11 35	11 41	[Orleans. Lucian. Battle of New	1st Sun. after Epiphany.				
9	9	S.	29	47	23	52	19	57	7 7	6 7	mor.	mor.	mor.	mor.	10th, 2 A.M. ☿ ☿ ☾					
10	10	Mo.	29	48	23	53	19	58	8 7	6 49	33	33	32	36	11th, 9 A.M. ☽ ♃ ☾ .. ♃ +4° 21'					
11	11	Tu.	28	49	23	54	18	59	9 7	7 32	1 32	1 30	1 28	1 32						
12	12	Wd.	28	50	22	56	18 5	0	10 7	8 17	2 31	2 28	2 25	2 29						
13	13	Th.	28	51	22	57	18	1	11 7	9 6	3 32	3 29	3 25	3 29						
14	14	Fri.	27	52	22	58	18	2	12 7	9 57	4 34	4 29	4 25	4 28						
15	15	Sat.	27	54	21	59	17	3	13 7	10 52	5 34	5 29	5 24	5 26	16th, ☾ eclipsed, vis. at Wash.					
16	16	S.	26	55	21 5	0	17	4	14 7	11 48	rises.	rises.	rises.	rises.	16th, 8 P.M. ☽ ☾ ☾ .. ☾ +1° 18'	2d Sun. after Epiphany.				
17	17	Mo.	26	56	20	1	16	5	15 7	mor.	5 10	5 14	5 19	5 29	17th, ♀ at greatest brilliancy.					
18	18	Tu.	25	57	20	2	16	6	16 7	45	6 18	6 22	6 26	6 35	18th, ♀ greatest elon. E. 18° 41'					
19	19	Wd.	25	58	19	3	15	7	17 7	1 41	7 28	7 32	7 36	7 44	18th, 5 P.M. ☿ great. hel. L. S	Prisca.				
20	20	Th.	24 5	0	19	4	15	8	18 7	2 36	8 42	8 43	8 46	8 54	19th, 12 M. ♀ in ♋					
21	21	Fri.	23	1	18	5	14	10	19 7	3 29	9 54	9 54	9 55	10 2	☾'s Perigee 21 ^d 8 ^h A.M.					
22	22	Sat.	23	2	17	7	14	11	20 7	4 21	11 5	11 5	11 5	11 11		Fabian.				
23	23	S.	22	3	17	8	13	12	21 7	5 12	mor.	mor.	mor.	mor.						
24	24	Mo.	21	4	16	9	12	13	22 7	6 3	16	15	14	19	24th, 2 A.M. ♀ in Perihelion.					
25	25	Tu.	20	5	15	10	12	14	23 7	6 55	1 27	1 24	1 22	1 27	24th, 12 M. ♀ stationary.					
26	26	Wd.	20	7	15	12	11	15	24 7	7 48	2 37	2 33	2 29	2 34						
27	27	Th.	19	8	14	13	11	16	25 7	8 42	3 44	3 40	3 35	3 40	27th, 9 P.M. ☽ ♃ ☾ .. ♃ -1° 43'	Conversion of Paul.				
28	28	Fri.	18	9	13	14	10	17	26 7	9 38	4 48	4 43	4 38	4 42	28th, 5 P.M. ☽ ☿ ☾ .. ♀ +3° 52'					
29	29	Sat.	17	11	12	16	9	19	27 7	10 33	5 46	5 41	5 36	5 39	30th, ☾ eclipsed, invis. at W.					
30	30	S.	16	12	11	17	8	20	28 7	11 27	sets.	sets.	sets.	sets.	31st, 7 A.M. ♀ stationary.	4th Sun. after Epiphany.				
31	31	Mo.	17 15 5	13 7	10 5	18 7	7 5	21	0 1	P.M. 19	5 21	5 25	5 30	5 38	31st, 5 P.M. ☽ ☿ ☾ .. ♀ +5° 1'					

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THE MODERN SINDBAD.

THIRTY-ONE STATES IN THIRTY DAYS

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

THE ease of travel in our times enables men of family to see strange lands without leaving their families at home. And it enables men who are in the midst of large business arrangements, by selecting what in business we call the dull season, to absent themselves from home for a few weeks, and in those few weeks to view, or, as it is better called, *to do*, a continent. The mind looks back with sympathy indeed on the ignorance of the people a century ago, when John Calver took two years and a half to go from Boston to Detroit, from Detroit to Marquette, from Marquette to St. Paul, and from St. Paul back to Boston. If he had only invested in a single copy of Appleton's or the Official Railway Guide, he would have learned how to do it in a fortnight, and could have taken his family with him, most of the time in a palace car.

Another obliquity of ancient travel has been relieved by the invention of the time-table and the perfection of the Waltham watch, used, as may be learned from our advertising sheet, on all railroads in all habitable worlds. Sindbad the Sailor, besides great sufferings on the seas and on the lands, endured the greater misery of having to spend much of his time at stations. Whenever, by some unusual fortune, he did turn up at a point known to commerce, it inevitably proved that the ship for Bussora had sailed the day before, and that but one ship sailed in a year. So Sindbad had to adjust himself for the remaining three hundred and fifty-three days (the Mussulman calendar being lunar) to his journal and to his whittling. Supposing this happened to him seven times in each voyage, he must have spent forty-nine Mussulman years minus forty-nine days, say, on a rough calculation, forty-seven Christian years, four months, and twenty days at these places, where they had no Atlantic Almanacs at the news-rooms, not even a Beadle's dime series, or New York Observer; and where, therefore, fortunately for us, he was obliged to make up his own serials or die of ennui. Let it be mentioned, in passing, that if all people knew what good fun it is to make up your own novels, there would be but little market for the wares of those who write for the journals. It may be perhaps surmised that this will be the cause for the demise of the novel and the tale of the present generation, which may die out from the literature of another as completely as Amadis and Esplandian and Metis and Galien have died from this. Such loss of time at way-stations may be considered now as substantially unknown, and the traveller who leaves Soho Square on the 10th of June for his holiday, informing his junior partner that he shall be back on the 5th of August, is as sure that he shall keep that promise as he is that any other promise of Greenfell & Co. will not go to protest.

This preface is unnecessarily long for the introduction of the work which we have the honor to lay before the world. In point of fact, Mr. Greenfell had made his plans with such precision for the holiday which he had arranged for his wife and family, that he missed no single connection, and was able to visit thirty-one States of this continent in the course of thirty days, of which he spent three in Washington. He has favored us with the sketch of his observations and those of his family, much more condensed than Sindbad's, if not so marvellous. That one can leave home and return to it in safety, and make observations so philosophical upon a country so dissimilar in its institutions from his own, may certainly be regarded as one of the peculiar triumphs of our modern civilization.

We have not materially abridged the journal. We trusted that work to the regular law of journals of travel, which, like streams of

other sweet syrups, generally run fine by degrees and beautifully less. As for removing from the journal the air of condescension which an American shows in England, and an Englishman in America, of his very nature, we have found that impossible. It seems worth while to print it as it stands, as an illustration of the breadth and depth of the information which is gained under our modern systems of travel, so much more reliable than Sindbad's, although the published narratives may not be to the full as entertaining.

Mr. Greenfell landed at Halifax, and by the Carlotta steamer came to Portland on the 24th of June. We omit the sea journal, and the accounts of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, that we may begin with Maine.

MR. GREENFELL'S JOURNAL.

I. THE NORTHERN STATES.

THE STATE OF MAINE

is generally named first among the States of New England, which are generally named first among the United States. This State, or a part of it, was the matter of discussion settled by the Ashburton treaty. It is evident that another arrangement than that then made would have been much more convenient and natural. Here are Mrs. Greenfell and myself, with our children, on our way from Halifax to Montreal. We wish to go by the Portland and Montreal Railway. How foolish that our luggage should be inspected at the custom-house at Portland, and again when we enter Canada! How much simpler if Maine and the northern part of Canada had been assigned to England in that treaty!

We arrived in Portland in the Carlotta steamer from Halifax, looked round us, as we rode to Mrs. Jones's inn, here called a boarding-house. We were glad, after the rough night, to sleep in good beds on shore. Took a walk in the morning, and in the afternoon, by the Grand Trunk Railway, started for Montreal at ten minutes past one, American time. Unfortunately, just as we left the inn, George found that he had not his hat. He had come from the Carlotta in his travelling cap, and, till this moment, no one had observed that he had left the hat on the steamer. He hurried to the dock to find it, expecting to meet us at the station, but failed to overtake us. Undoubtedly he will overtake us by the next train. The station really looked somewhat like home. We were pleased to learn that the road, which is a section of the Grand Trunk Road, is leased by an English company, and run by Englishmen. The servants were civil and attentive. The road is broad gauge. The carriages are all open, like those in Switzerland. We sat together, however, and found a good deal of amusement from watching our fellow-travellers.

The road runs through Maine for nearly ninety miles, giving us good opportunity to study the industry and manners and customs of this State. The principal towns in Maine are Falmouth, Cumberland, Yarmouth Junction, North Yarmouth, Pownal, New Gloucester, Danville Junction, Mechanicsville, Oxford, Paris, Bryant's Pond, Locke's Mills, Gilead, and Bethel. Of these, Mechanicsville is much the most considerable. The others are small places, of which the chief trade seems to be in deal and timber, of which we saw much from the windows, and a sort of nut called pea-nuts, and lozenges, of which specimens were brought for sale into the cars. The population is very sparse. In the latter part of the ride, a young man next to me pointed out to me the White Mountains of New Hampshire.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

A little before six we entered the State of New Hampshire, which is even less populous, apparently, than Maine. It was an

Greenfell's Journal 1870 vol. 1 p. 3

unexpected pleasure to us to find that we had so arranged our route, purely by accident, that it gives us a complete view of the finest mountain region in the United States. We saw the highest peaks, which are named Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Carter, Madison, Monroë, King, Crawford, and Cherry, from successive presidents of the United States, who have borne these names. We asked for Mt. Lincoln, Mt. Davis, and Mt. Grant, but were told they were not in sight. The lavish wastefulness of the people leaves fine water-privileges, close by the railway, unused, except for some deal saw-mills, which are worked by the fall. I called the attention of some of our fellow-travellers to very fine positions which might be used to advantage. We were not able to make any long explorations; but at Gorham the girls collected

Trifolium repens (vulg., *White Clover*).
Trifolium pratense (vulg., *Red Clover*).

They tell me that the timber is largely coniferous. At ten o'clock we arrived at Island Pond in Vermont; but as I shall have a fuller opportunity of examining that State when we revisit it, I will not here enter our observations. Servants came in and arranged beds for us to sleep upon while the train was in motion. It was quite dark in this latitude at ten, and as we were all tired, we slept, without much intermission, until half past six in the morning, when a loud voice informed us that we had arrived in Montreal.

MONTREAL.

This city, although not the capital of the Dominion, is a place of large trade and population. In a very curious cab or *fiacre* we rode at once to the St. Lawrence Hall, where, under the Union Jack, we felt once more quite at home. We had been more than twelve hours under the jurisdiction of another power. I sent a line to our old correspondent, Mr. William Brydges, who came round to the hotel soon after breakfast, and showed us every attention.

Here we spent Sunday, attending St. John's Church, with Mr. and Mrs. Brydges. The large number of Catholic churches gives a very foreign appearance to the Sunday.

Mr. Brydges and Mrs. Tyrwhitt have pressed us most cordially to make a longer stay, proposing excursions in every direction; but our plans are definitely made, involving sailing from New York on the 24th proximo, and we were obliged to decline. I regretted leaving the more, because a telegram from George informed me that he could not join us until Tuesday morning. I replied by bidding him cross the country and meet us at Concord, in New Hampshire, where our party will be complete again.

We bade these new friends good by with great regret, and at half past three on Monday left Montreal for a military post called Ronse's Point, on the frontier of Canada and the United States. The railway carriages are still open from end to end, like that of the Grand Trunk; the railway gauge, however, is narrower. The country is flat and fertile. The vegetation is abundant, and the prospect for a good crop of grain seems good. At a place called Lacadie, which Ellen thinks is the scene of one of Mr. Longfellow's poems, a peasant of the French population entered the carriage with a little girl; a black rag around her straw hat told the sad tale that her mother had died. The man seemed unused to children, but in his rough way comforted her with lozenges and pop-corn, a sort of white blossom with a yellow centre, eaten dry, though tasteless if it have no salt or sugar added.* At a larger town, called St. Johns, he left the carriage and the child, asking me, of all persons, to see to her. The child screamed horribly, and I had neither nuts nor flowers. I looked through the window to see the wretched father drinking in the

station-house. I called to him, but he did not seem to understand my language, though he had spoken intelligible broken English only the moment before. The bell struck, the guard cried "All on board," the child screamed louder than ever, and, for sixty horrible seconds, I had the certainty that in a land of whose customs I knew nothing, and whose laws are not well adjusted, I had assumed the charge of a female child. I turned to consult Mrs. Greenfell, when the face of the Canadian met and reassured me. He travelled with us as far as St. Armand.

Before leaving Montreal our trunks had been examined by a United States officer of customs, and before we arrived at St. Albans another officer looked through the carriages to see that we had no smuggled articles with us.

VERMONT.

We had passed through the northeast corner of Vermont yesterday. To-day we entered it a little after six in the afternoon, on the extreme northwest, and by the Central Railway, followed up the valley of the Winooski River, and passed through the middle of the State, as the name of the railway implies. I understand that Winooski is the Indian for onion, and that in English this pretty little stream is called the Onion River. St. Albans is a thriving town, with a fine station-house and large inn. We made some stay there, and, from the number of people around the station, inferred the existence of a large population. It was the scene of a considerable action in the late war, in which the Confederates were victorious. We left about sunset, and soon found ourselves, in the gathering darkness, in the gorges of the Green Mountains, from which the State takes its name, having been named by French-Canadians, in whose language *vert* signifies green, and *mont* a mountain. Sleeping-berths were again arranged, — on quite a different plan from those of yesterday. I was able to take two compartments, as they are called. In one of them Mrs. G. slept in a lower berth, and I in the berth above, as we had done in our state-room in the Europa. In the other Ellen and Maud divided the berths in the same way.

If all the towns in Vermont are as thriving as St. Albans, it must be much more populous than Maine or New Hampshire. The darkness, however, in both our journeys through it, prevented our examining other places as carefully as we did that town. We left the State a little after midnight, at a place called White River Junction, but I did not wake, as I had intended, to witness the crossing of the Connecticut River. Tired out by the hospitalities of our Canadian friends, I slept till morning, and then found that we were approaching Lowell, in Massachusetts, having passed through New Hampshire without waking. I regretted this the less on my own account, because we had seen that State so thoroughly on Friday; but, to my perplexity and surprise, I found, on going wholly through the train, no sign of George, who was to have met us at Concord. I inquired carefully of the guard, who is here called the conductor, and he recollected no such person there. Whether he was there, and could not find us, or whether he failed to arrive there in time, I do not yet know.

From Lowell to Boston is twenty-six miles. We arrived between eight and nine, and drove at once to the Revere House. We were all sadly in need of baths, and glad to take them. They are supplied by what is called Cochituate water, drawn by the city from a lake of that name. I asked if it was near Wrentham Lake, but found no one who knew. At nine we met, with good appetite for breakfast.

THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Thus far we had unfortunately missed the capitals of all the American States we had seen. The capital of Maine is Augusta,

* We learned afterwards, from Bancroft's History, that this is a custom of the natives, who sent bags of this corn as token of hospitality.

that of the Dominion is Ottawa, that of Vermont, Montpelier; and we had not been able to visit either of these towns. Concord is the capital of New Hampshire, and at that place we spent two hours this morning. I have already explained the misfortune by which it happened that I lost so favorable an opportunity in sleep. We are now more fortunate. Boston is the capital of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. We saw from the train this morning a monument erected at Bunker Hill, the scene of one of the battles of the rebellion; and, so soon as I have finished writing, we are to go to see the State House, the Town House, the Coliseum, and the other public buildings. I get no tidings of George, but may do so after we have met Mr. Nevers. . . .

I finish this entry at ten at night, in the waters of the State of Connecticut. A busy day has given me no earlier opportunity. We unfortunately missed Mr. Lousada, the Queen's consul, as we had missed Mr. Murray in Portland, but I sent my card to our correspondents, Nevers and Littlewood, and before we had done our breakfast Mr. Nevers called. He seemed disturbed, as they all do, to find our time so short, but ordered a carriage at once, and under his guidance we saw the city and neighborhood to much advantage. We spent an hour or more in the State House. The Legislature has just adjourned, — but we saw several of the officers of State, and for the first time I feel as if I understood the politics of this country. We visited the Coliseum, which is a place for musical entertainments, the Funnel Hall, which is a market and town-house, where are some curious pictures and a carved wooden eagle; we drove out of town to the Park, made a visit to the Historical Library and another Public Library, to a Primary School and a Grammar School, drove to Cambridge and back, and afterwards met a pleasant company at Mr. Nevers's house at dinner. We called at Fields and Osgood's, my publishers. Unfortunately Mr. Fields is in Europe, and I missed the other partners, but by leaving the first three States of my book, I am able to secure copyright for them, by printing them while I reside in this country. At half past five we took the train to Stonington, which enabled us to see most of the State of Rhode Island. We took a steam-packet at Stonington, in Connecticut, and have now had supper, and I am writing in the cabin while the ladies have retired. I am sorry to say George has not yet overtaken us. Just as we left the Revere House I got a telegram from him at Montreal; I have bidden him meet us at New York, and we look to see him tomorrow.

The population of Massachusetts is dense, given mostly to manufactures. One gentleman told me at dinner their only exports were ice and granite, another that their principal business was in ready-made clothing, yet another that they were mostly engaged in shipping houses ready-made to Rio Janeiro, and another that they looked on the manufacture of pianos as their strong point. I had no opportunity to examine statistics on these subjects. The conversation turned principally at dinner on the exercises at the Commencement at the University. We had had an opportunity of spending nearly quarter of an hour in the church there. We heard part of an oration on Philistinism, by Mr. McLeod, a Confederate Officer, who on this occasion received the highest honors of this college. I am scarcely willing here to enter into an argument on the subject, as I did not hear the whole of his address. The Governor of the State, and one of the historians of the country received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. Mr. Nevers had told me, in joke, that perhaps it would be given to me; but this was only a pleasantry, for my presence on the occasion was purely accidental, and could not have been known to the government of the University. We regretted that we could not remain to be present at the dinner of the Alumni.

RHODE ISLAND

is the smallest State in the United States, and the richest in the world; so I was told by a gentleman who sat next me. It has four capitals, of which we passed through two, Providence and Kingston. Near Kingston, King Philip was taken prisoner in the late war. The spot was pointed out to me by a fellow-traveller. This interesting fact shows, what is not generally understood in England, that republican institutions have not been universal in America till a period quite recent. I asked what became of King Philip's family, and was told his sons were sold into slavery. They must, however, have been soon emancipated, as slavery now exists no longer.

CONNECTICUT

is known as the land of steady habits. We arrived in it at about five minutes before nine, coming from Westerly, in Rhode Island. Stonington should have been named "Easterly," as the most eastern town in Connecticut. It is a well-lighted State, lighted with gas. The people seemed prompt and orderly. We had no difficulty with the luggage, the vans which carried it being pushed upon the packet while we walked on board. We were interested in all we saw of Connecticut, and were sorry we could not remain longer.

II. THE MIDDLE STATES.

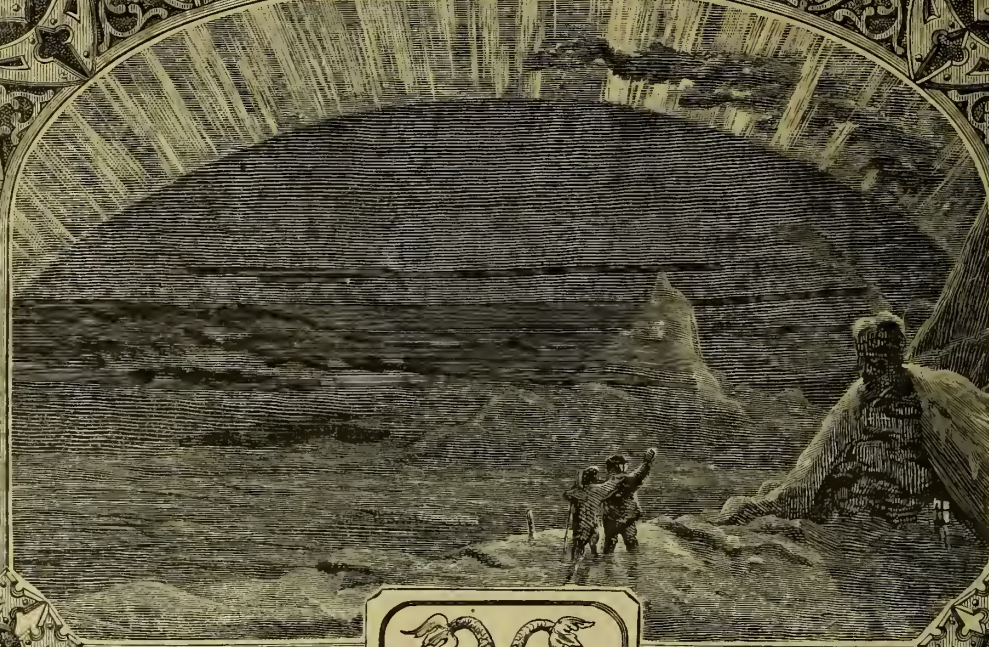
NEW YORK.

We woke early and passed along the East River by many of the public buildings of New York to the dock on the other river called the North River, though it should be called the West River, because it is to the west of the city. We saw no cabs at the landing-place, but I found in a large coach conveyance to the Westminster Hotel. Here I had telegraphed to George to meet me, and in the hope of seeing him we so far changed our plans as to give up a day to this place, but without avail, for what reason we do not know; but by some unfortunate detention he has been held back, and we are obliged to leave without him.

Under the lead of our good friend, Mr. Ashcraft Ashcroft, we were able to see the more important points of the city. I called with him on Mr. Buchanan, the consul of Her Majesty, but unfortunately missed him. The next day Mr. Ashcroft was so kind as to send me quite a full series of the New York journals. By studying them, and by full conversations with intelligent gentlemen afterwards, I obtained some views more correct than I had had before, and I insert them here, as I prepare my journal for the press.

New York is nominally governed by several Boards, and by a Mayor, all of whom, according to the most of these journals, are chosen from the ranks of the most profligate of men; and they are all absolutely governed by what is here known as "the ring." This "ring" also governs the Governor of the State, Mr. Hoffman, who would seem to be another of the most profligate of men. Strange to say, "the ring" also intimidates and controls Gen. Grant and his cabinet, who appear to be, as I am distressed to learn from these writers, all men of the lowest personal character, and to the last degree vacillating in their purposes, living, indeed, in constant fear of this "ring" and of the press of New York City. It seems fortunate for the country and the world, therefore, that the charge of this press has fallen into the hands of the most pure and high-minded and courageous men living. They evidently do not fear "the ring," although "the ring" controls every other interest and institution in the country; the exchange, the church, and the schools all being subservient to it. I cannot but wish that the press of all countries might be managed by wise men as beneficent as these writers represent themselves.

FEBRUARY.



Day of Year.	Day of Month.	Day of Week.	THE SUN.						THE MOON.						PHENOMENA.				SUNDAYS, HOLY DAYS, and ANNIVERSARIES.
			Latitude of BOSTON.		Latitude of NEW YORK.		Latitude of WASH'TON.		WASHINGTON.		BOS- TON-	NEW YORK.	WASH- ING- TON.	SAN FRAN.	Moon's Phases. d. h. m.				
			Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Age at Noon.	Souths.	Sets.	Sets.	Sets.	Sets.	☾ FIRST QUARTER . . .	☽ 8 1 11 P.M.			
			h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	d. h.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	☾ FULL MOON . . .	☽ 15 10 19 P.M.			
32	1	Tu.	7 14	5 15	7 9	5 19	7 6	5 22	1 1	1 8	6 23	6 26	6 30	6 37	2d, 4 P.M. ☾ ♀ ☽ +9° 28'				
33	2	Wd.	13	16	9	21	6	23	2 1	1 54	7 25	7 27	7 29	7 36	2d, 9 P.M. ☾ ♀ ☽ Inf.		Purification of Mary.		
34	3	Th.	12	17	8	22	5	24	3 1	2 38	8 25	8 26	8 27	8 34	3d, 10 A.M. ♀ gr. hel. Lat. N.		Elasius.		
35	4	Fri.	10	19	6	23	4	25	4 1	3 20	9 24	9 24	9 24	9 30					
36	5	Sat.	9	20	5	24	3	26	5 1	4 2	10 22	10 21	10 21	10 26	5th, 4 P.M. ☾ ☽ ☽ ☽ +3° 47'		Agatha.		
37	6	S.	8	21	4	25	2	28	6 1	4 43	11 20	11 18	11 17	11 21	6th, 4 A.M. ☽'s apogee.		5th Sun. after Epiphany.		
38	7	Mo.	7	23	3	26	0	29	7 1	5 26	mor.	mor.	mor.	mor.	7th, 9 P.M. ☾ ☽ ☽ ☽ +4° 24'		*		
39	8	Tu.	6	24	2	27	6 59	30	8 1	6 9	18	16	14	17	7th, 12 P.M. ♀ in Perihelion.				
40	9	Wd.	5	25	1	29	58	31	9 1	6 56	1 18	1 15	1 11	1 16					
41	10	Th.	3	26	0	30	57	32	10 1	7 45	2 18	2 14	2 10	2 13					
42	11	Fri.	2	28	6 59	31	56	33	11 1	8 37	3 18	3 13	3 8	3 12	11th, 10 A.M. ♂ in Perihelion.				
43	12	Sat.	1	29	57	32	55	35	12 1	9 32	4 17	4 12	4 6	4 10					
44	13	S.	6 59	30	56	34	54	36	13 1	10 28	5 12	5 7	5 2	5 6	13th, 3 A.M. ☾ ☽ ☽ ☽ +1° 22'		Septuagesima Sunday.		
45	14	Mo.	58	32	55	35	53	37	14 1	11 26	6 3	5 58	5 53	5 58	14th, 8 P.M. ♀ stationary.		Valentine.		
46	15	Tu.	57	33	53	36	51	38	15 1	A.M. rises.	rises.	rises.	rises.						
47	16	Wd.	55	34	52	37	50	39	16 1	23	6 21	6 24	6 26	6 35					
48	17	Th.	54	35	51	38	49	40	17 1	1 18	7 36	7 37	7 39	7 46	17th, 11 P.M. ☽'s perigee.				
49	18	Fri.	52	37	50	39	48	41	18 1	2 12	8 47	8 48	8 48	8 55	18th, 4 A.M. ☾ ♀ ☽ ☽ +10° 1'				
50	19	Sat.	51	38	48	41	47	42	19 1	3 5	10 5	10 4	10 3	10 8					
51	20	S.	49	39	47	42	45	43	20 1	3 58	11 18	11 15	11 13	11 18			Sexagesima Sunday.		
52	21	Mo.	48	41	45	43	44	45	21 1	4 51	mor.	mor.	mor.	mor.			Washington's Birthday.		
53	22	Tu.	46	42	44	44	42	46	22 1	5 44	29	26	22	28					
54	23	Wd.	45	43	42	45	41	47	23 1	6 39	1 38	1 33	1 29	1 34	23d, ☾ ♀ ☽ Inf.				
55	24	Th.	43	44	41	46	39	48	24 1	7 33	2 42	2 38	2 33	2 37	24th, 6 A.M. ☾ h ☽ ☽ -1° 26'		Matthias.		
56	25	Fri.	42	45	40	48	38	49	25 1	8 28	3 42	3 37	3 31	3 35					
57	26	Sat.	40	47	38	49	37	50	26 1	9 22	4 44	4 30	4 24	4 27	26th, 10 P.M. ♀ in ☽				
58	27	S.	38	48	37	50	35	51	27 1	10 13	5 19	5 15	5 10	5 14	27th, 6 P.M. ☾ ♀ ☽ ☽ +1° 8'		Quinquagesima Sun.		
59	28	Mo.	6 37	5 49	6 35	5 51	6 34	5 52	28 1	11 3	5 58	5 54	5 50	5 54	28th, 3 P.M. ♀ gr. elon. W. 27° 6'				

NEW JERSEY,

as will be seen by the accompanying map,* lies between the southeastern part of New York and Pennsylvania. Its principal production is said to be peaches, but I observed no peach-trees in the part which we crossed through. We were not, the children said, out of sight of a house all the way. We stopped first at Elizabeth, which I suppose to have been named in honor of good Queen Bess, but nobody I spoke to knew anything about the origin of the name. Here we crossed diagonally the road to Philadelphia. Plainfield is a place, of whose inhabitants I do not know the number, in a flat and warm region of country. Somerville seems to be a manufacturing town; I noticed a sign of a maker of oval photograph frames. After crossing a wooded ridge, we came out on Philipsburg, where we found large iron-works; and here we crossed the river into

PENNSYLVANIA.

I regretted, when it was too late, that none of us had set foot in New Jersey after landing; we had in our eyes some of the soil.

In Pennsylvania we crossed to Harrisburg, the seat of government, where we saw the dome or circular tower of the State House. I was much interested, at the station, in seeing five or six stout workmen change the water-tanks which are provided for passengers in the cars, taking out the empty ones, and filling them with Wenham ice and water, brought in by the hydrants by a long hose. Ellen calculated that the consumption of each car must be about fifty gallons. Of this I confess I drank a good deal myself. At Altoona, at eight and a half in the evening, (twenty-two minutes after three, by London time,) we again took sleeping-cars, where, instead of blankets above the sheets, we had what are called comforters, — rugs quilted of cotton-wool. We are now so used to this system of travel that I did not wake till half past six in the morning, twenty-two minutes after one, London time, near Newcastle, in Ohio. In Pennsylvania we crossed the anthracite coal country, where we were quite cool, met a thunder-storm in the valley of the Susquehanna, not far below the Vale of Wyoming, which we were sorry not to see. The productions of Pennsylvania are coal, iron, wheat, and rye.

Of the flora of the day the report is, that the daisies are gigantic; they have long, high stems. My daughters also observed in seed

Taraxacum Dens-leonis (vulg., *Dandelion*),

which they had before seen in blossom, and, in blossom now,

Ranunculus acris (vulg., *Buttercups*),

Linum usitatissimum (vulg., *Common Flax*),

and a white flower and a purple marsh-flower, of which they did not know the names, and unfortunately none grew near the dining station, or in the neighborhood of Harrisburg.

WEST VIRGINIA.

Between one and two in the morning we passed that portion of West Virginia known as the Pan Handle. West Virginia sided with the Federals in the late war, and was rewarded by being set off from Virginia as a separate State of the Union. It was too dark for me to make much observation of the soil or the inhabitants, even had I been awake, and we collected no specimens for the hortus-siccus. The climate seemed to us all very warm, and the air close; there is an odor of coal-oil or naphtha in it; which may result from our proximity to the oil-wells. We left it by a bridge at Steubenville, over the Ohio River.† This river takes its name from an Indian word, signifying the beautiful, and gives that name to the State of Ohio, which we next entered.

* We omit the map, which is a transcript of that in Appleton's Railroad Guide.

† We omit in the American edition a drawing of this bridge, which has been reduced by Miss Ellen from the company's "posters."

III. THE WESTERN STATES.

OHIO.

On leaving the atmosphere of the sleeping-car, which, as I have said, was somewhat close, and going forward to stand upon the platform of the train, I was struck with the appropriateness of the name. The country seemed newer, to take the American word, than any we had yet passed; yet we were seldom out of sight of houses or cabins. The log-cabin, as its name implies, is built of logs. At Denison the train stopped for half an hour for our breakfast. The coffee was very bad; the steak was thin and tough; the eggs were very good; and we were very hungry. The table-cloth was spotless, to Mrs. G.'s great delight and mine. She expressed her pleasure to me, because we had learned from a fellow-traveller that intelligent travellers in this country always travelled on Monday or Tuesday, that they might have clean table-cloths and towels. I had regretted that we should not be able to lie over till next Monday, after I learned this, but our arrangements would not permit.

The capital of the State, which we passed through, is Columbus. Here is also the State Prison, which we saw, but could not visit. It is the custom in America to have the State Prisons in the towns where the legislative bodies meet, perhaps to keep them in terror. A gentleman next me asked if there was not "something extra" about the State House. I told him I did not know; but, from the question, I infer that the size of the Legislature, or the extent of the government, may require what we call "an annex" to the building. We left Columbus with regret, for Indianapolis and Chicago.

INDIANA.

A desire to see as many seats of government as possible led me to take a longer route than necessary, and to pass through Indianapolis. The name denotes that it is the city of Indiana. It stands on a flat and is very hot. The streets are regularly laid out, as I believe are those of most towns in America. As we waited for the train to Chicago, Mrs. G. and I and the girls took a little walk in the city. I am not sure whether we saw the State House or not. I accosted a native whom we met, and asked, "Would you show me, please, the way to the State House?" His reply was, "Which?" From this I inferred that, as at Columbus, there are two State Houses, in different parts of the town. Possibly the senate, which corresponds to the house of lords, sits in one, and the commons in the other; but I am sure it was not so in Boston. Unfortunately we had no time to continue the inquiry. We left this interesting capital without regret, at about dark.

The people of Indiana, as I had before learned, are called "Hoosiers"; but when I addressed a lad in the railway carriage, and asked him if he were "a Hoosier," I found he was displeased. I suppose he came from some other State, but he would not explain himself. In crossing from Indianapolis to Chicago, we passed over a long prairie country, but unfortunately it was too dark for us to make out much of the scenery.

The wheat and oats are abundant in the States of Ohio and Indiana. The Indian corn, which was the grain of the Indians, is so little advanced that we cannot as yet understand its growth.

ILLINOIS.

It seems to be our fortune to arrive in the large cities to breakfast, and the girls say they shall remember America as the country of shower-baths and bath-tubs. We had, however, no such opportunity in Ohio, and after forty-six hours of scarcely broken travel from New York, we were glad of the welcome of the Tremont House in Chicago. We met, at a late breakfast, at nine o'clock, and found a telegram from George. The five fellow arrived at the Westminster at New York the day we left, too

late for us. He has taken the New York and Erie route to this city, and we shall meet him to-night. Till then we shall scarcely feel that our journey is begun.

I called on the consul as soon as breakfast was over, but missed him. With the ladies, however, I visited the new tunnel under the river which makes the harbor, which seemed to us short indeed in comparison with Sir Isambert Brunel's masterpiece, but is a creditable work for a new country. It is not yet quite completed. We went to the top of the City Hall, and, in company with a gentleman I met at the hotel by the name of Jones, we visited one of the curious elevators which pump up corn from the vessels and canal-boats, and deliver it again. We also visited the water-works which supply the city with water from the depths of the lake. Mr. Jones offered to show us the neighborhood of the city, and we rode along Wabash Avenue, their finest street, quite into the country. He showed me some fine sites for building, if I wished to settle here, but we told him that Mrs. G. would never be satisfied far from Bloomsbury Square.

Mr. Leadbetter called while we were out, and we dined at the hotel. We then agreed, as we had seen the city so thoroughly, and as I wished to visit Michigan, that we would ride out on the eastward train to Michigan City, which is on the frontier of that State; meet George and return with him.

MICHIGAN.

I can hardly regret this determination, though we were not so fortunate as to meet my son. There are two trains through Michigan, it appears, which, at the moment we started, I had not noticed in the Official Guide, which is the American Bradshaw. George had taken the Michigan Southern, and we were on the Michigan Central.

Michigan is a level State, so that, although Michigan City is scarcely within its lines, I was able to see a good deal of it by mounting on a wood-car while we remained at the station. The business seems to be conducted mostly by railway. The motto of the State is "*Si peninsulam amoenam queris, circumspice*," "If you are seeking a pleasant peninsula, look round."

This I did for a few minutes, and confess I was somewhat disappointed. The bustle and confusion of a large railway junction is anything but pleasant. We had but a few minutes to remain in Michigan City. The eastward train there meets the express train from Cincinnati to Chicago, and by this train we returned to that city, arriving a little before ten o'clock, but not having seen my son.

It subsequently proved that he had arrived in the city, and at the Tremont House, a little after eight o'clock. Some one at the office of the inn told him that we had taken the train for Davenport, in Iowa, and, without sufficient inquiry, scarcely snatching his supper, he rode to the station of that road to catch the express. On our arrival at the hotel we were told that a gentleman had inquired for us, but I supposed it was Mr. Leadbetter again. Just as I was retiring for the night, however, while looking casually on the register which is kept open at all American inns, for the information of the police, public and private, I saw George's familiar name. They assured me that he had gone to Iowa. My first thought was to start in pursuit the next morning. But on consultation with Mrs. G., we agreed it would be better to telegraph him to meet us at La Crosse in Wisconsin.

I defer my remarks on Illinois till we visit it again.

WISCONSIN.

After a day in Wisconsin we feel that we see indeed a new country. The girls no longer report that we are "almost never" out of sight of a house. Long prairie reaches where we are out of sight of a tree, stretches of woodland sometimes, which it

seems hopeless to break into, teach us what the settlers encounter. Janesville, Madison, and Portage City are the largest towns we have seen; La Crosse, where we are, is the chief city of the Democratic party in America, but I have unfortunately no letters here, and, being an inland town, there is no English consul. It is late as I write, our arrival at the hotel being at midnight, so that I can scarcely speak of the city. Sunday, the fourth of July, is the anniversary of the separation of these States from the crown of England, and is generally celebrated as a holiday. The celebration this year is postponed until to-morrow, except by the Germans, who prefer to celebrate to-day. We have attended service at the Episcopal chapel.

MINNESOTA.

We had here, on the whole, a favorable opportunity to examine the trade and productions of this new State, which received its State government as lately as 1857. After breakfast, as we walked from the hotel to see the flow of the great Mississippi River, we noticed a ferry-boat starting for La Crescent, — a town opposite La Crosse on the western side. It must not be supposed that the inhabitants of Minnesota are Mahometans. But the name La Crosse having been given to the Wisconsin town by some early missionary, I suppose the name of La Crescent was seized upon here, in allusion to a popular prejudice here that towns on the west side of great rivers *increase*, while those on the east side are less rapid in their growth.

As we loitered by the river-side, the blowing of steam and ringing of the bell announced that a river steamer, the Gen. Logan, was about to begin her voyage to St. Louis. The ladies are so tired of travel by land that I went on board to inquire as to her departure, and secured passage on her for my family. She will touch at the river landings, and we can take up George at Prairie du Chien (the Dog's Prairie) or at Dunleith, or at Rock River. I have telegraphed him to wait us at one of these points.

Minnesota seems to be a State of dealers in timber and rough wood, of ferry-men and other boatmen. A railroad runs from La Crescent to Rushford.

IOWA.

We sent our luggage to the Gen. Logan, but she did not leave her moorings till near two o'clock, although we were on board four hours, and were constantly assured that she would go "right away," which, in the language of this country, means "directly." The girls would have been glad to improve this time in botanizing. We have pleasant state-rooms opening on a balcony called the guard, which looks upon the river.

The recent rains have made the river very high, and, as the captain had no landing to make before we arrived at Prairie du Chien, we reached that town before evening. Meanwhile we had had an opportunity to see much of Minnesota and Iowa, from the deck of the boat as we passed by. Harvest is just beginning through all this country, and in one or two cases where farms approach the river, we could see the reapers, no longer with their sickles, but trotting round in their little go-carts gathering in the wheat and other grain. It is still so wet, however, that there is some delay about the harvest. Before arriving at Prairie du Chien we were able to land at Iowa, at places known as Hogg's Landing and Wilmot's Creek. It does not differ, as far as we could see, from the country on the other side. The day has been very hot.

We had to wait but little at Prairie du Chien, and, soon after dark, were on our way again. The ladies enjoyed the comparative stillness of the steamboat berths, and we slept late. Going on deck I found that our run had been very rapid in the night, and we were approaching the celebrated bridge at Rock Island.

Here we expected to meet George, and we left our friendly Captain Parsons and landed here.

We were again disappointed. I could learn nothing of George at any of the hotels. There is no railroad below Rock Island on the river shore, and it seemed certain that he had attempted to strike us at Fulton, higher up the stream. I telegraphed him at that point to await us there. We were fortunate enough to be able to strike a pleasant evening train up the river, and before dark again had retraced our course and arrived in Fulton.

At Fulton, on the hotel book, was his name! The keeper of the hotel said he had inquired after the Gen. Logan on arriving, and learning that she had passed down the stream, had taken another boat which was passing, and had followed us to Rock Island! Ellen declares that at this very spot on the river the same adventure happened to Evangeline in one of Mr. Longfellow's poems. But Maud thinks this was lower down, at a spot which we shall visit in a few days. I telegraphed him at once not to attempt to overtake us here, but to await our arrival at St. Louis.

I was obliged to do this that we might secure passage by daylight in the train for Omaha in Nebraska, which leaves Clinton, opposite this place, at seven o'clock every morning. This we succeeded in doing, and after a little more than twenty-four hours, having tried the sleeping-car again, on yet a different arrangement, we find ourselves in Omaha.

NEBRASKA.

We have been travelling with four young men who are on their way to Porthos, where they have established their families. I was sorry not to visit that place with them, as it is to be the commercial capital of the whole country within a few years. I was very fortunate in meeting these gentlemen, who kindly gave me a full account of it. It is on the Missouri River, just half-way between the two oceans, and when railroads now contemplated in each direction are finished, it will be the great *entrepôt* of Eastern and Western trade. It is also half-way between the Gulf of Mexico and the parallel of 54° north latitude, and must be always a great centre of the trade north and south. Whether the Seat of Government is soon removed there or not, Porthos must become a great mercantile city, and nothing would have interested me more than a visit to it.

Of course, also, the temptation is very great to leave Omaha westward and cross the continent to San Francisco by the Union Pacific Railway, just now opened. Four days would carry us to the Pacific Ocean, and in five more we could return to St. Louis, adding thus five to our list of States visited. But the plans we made in London do not permit this extension of time. To see the Southern States thoroughly will require all the time I have between this and July 24th, on which day our berths are taken in the New York steamer. With reluctance, therefore, we turn eastward, at nine o'clock, Omaha time, which is twenty-four minutes after two by London time. We have travelled more than one quarter round the world.

Finding, after breakfast, a boat with steam up, about to start for the lower landings, we enjoyed a day's sail between Kansas and Missouri, arriving at St. Joseph early enough the next morning to take an express train for Kansas City. We entered this city by a new bridge over the Missouri River, finished and opened on Saturday last. We went on shore at Elwood, in Kansas, and by starlight had a fine view of that State.

We have thus made a survey of all the States generally known as the Loyal or Northern States in the late contest. Missouri, Tennessee, Kentucky, Delaware, and Maryland were generally in the hands of the Federals, but were known as Border States. These we are yet to visit, as well as the Gulf States and

Arkansas and the Carolinas. I see that I have nowhere summed up our view of ILLINOIS. It is a State rapidly growing in population, with large supplies of provisions for all parts of the world.

IV. THE SOUTHERN STATES.

If I abridge my sketches of this interesting region, it is not that our notes were less thorough than in the region we have passed. Our route will be best understood if I speak of it once for all. Crossing Missonri in an afternoon and night, we took the fine steam-packet "Gray Eagle" at St. Louis, and, in a sail down the Mississippi of a day and a half, reached Cairo at the southern point of Illinois. At Cairo we spent Sunday, and, leaving early Monday morning by steam-packet, landed at Columbus in Kentucky, whence to Memphis by rail is about nine hours, and thus we examined Kentucky and Tennessee. By a ferry-boat at Memphis we crossed into Arkansas, and thus at the landing we were able to study that interesting State. By rail again to Vicksburg, in Mississippi, is 291 miles; here by ferry we crossed into Louisiana, returning to Vicksburg. Twenty hours more thence took us to Mobile, in Alabama, and a steamboat excursion to the opposite side of the bay permitted us to land in Florida. From Mobile to Montgomery, to Atlanta, in Georgia, through Augusta to Branchville and Wilmington, in the Carolinas, is a fatiguing railroad ride by day and night of sixty-eight hours, three nights and two days. At Wilmington, what is called the Great Northern Line took us to Weldon, thence to Richmond, in Virginia, and to Washington, the capital of the Federal States in the war, and now of the reunited country. Of all this region I will now speak in detail.

KANSAS.

Our impressions of Kansas are of a warm, low country with little timber. The settlements are new. The people seem to deal mostly in wood for steamboats.

MISSOURI.

We saw this State thoroughly, passing from Kansas City in the west to St. Louis in the east, and coasting the eastern line, on the river. We passed through the capital, Jefferson. There is but one State House. The trade of the State seems to be mostly periodicals, cheap novels, novels bound in cloth, candies in papers of different kinds, figs in wooden boxes, chewing tobacco, and maple-sugar. These were offered to us freely in the cars. The climate is warm.

KENTUCKY

was one of the doubtful States in the war, and is not thoroughly reconstructed. The climate is very hot.

TENNESSEE.

The same remarks apply to Tennessee. We saw cotton growing here for the first time. The girls were much interested in the growth of this useful plant. The weather was too hot for long excursions.

MISSISSIPPI.

This is one of the Gulf States. We found the climate hot, as we had expected. At the station at Vicksburg I offered, in pay for my tickets, some of the bonds of the State which had been placed in my hands for negotiation by the father of my wife. The ticket-seller was very angry, and asked if I saw anything green. This was an allusion to the Federal currency, the bills of which are printed with a green back. I was obliged to give this, instead of the bonds.

LOUISIANA.

The soil appeared to be fertile, but the climate, like that of the other Gulf States, is very warm. There are many venomous in-

MARCH.



Day of Year.	Day of Month.	Day of Week.	THE SUN.						THE MOON.						PHENOMENA.						SUNDAYS, HOLY DAYS, and ANNIVERSARIES.
			Latitude of BOSTON.		Latitude of NEW YORK.		Latitude of WASHINGTON.		WASHINGTON.		BOS- TON.	NEW YORK.	WASH- ING- TON.	SAN FRAN.	Moon's Phases. d. h. m.						
			Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Age at Noon.	Souths.	Sets.	Sets.	Sets.	Sets.	● NEW MOON	○ FIRST QUARTER	○ FULL MOON	○ LAST QUARTER	● NEW MOON		
			b. m.	b. m.	b. m.	b. m.	b. m.	b. m.	d. h.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	2 32 A.M.	10 8 3 A.M.	17 8 44 A.M.	23 11 30 P.M.	31 8 50 P.M.	
60	1	Tu.	6 35	5 51	6 33	5 52	6 32	5 53	29 1	11 49	5 18	5 21	5 23	5 30	WASHINGTON.						Shrove Tuesday, Daird.
61	2	Wd.	34	52	32	53	31	54	0 8	P.M. 34	6 14	6 16	6 18	6 25	1st, 12 P.M. ♀ gr. hel. Lat. N.						Ash Wednesday, Chad.
62	3	Th.	32	53	30	54	29	55	1 8	1 17	7 14	7 14	7 15	7 21	2d, 6 A.M. ♂ ♄ . . ♂ +2° 54'						
63	4	Fri.	30	54	29	55	28	56	2 8	1 58	8 12	8 12	8 12	8 17	5th, 1 A.M. ♂ ♄ . . ♄ +3° 41'						
64	5	Sat.	29	55	27	56	26	57	3 8	2 40	9 10	9 9	9 8	9 12	5th, 8 P.M. ♄'s Apogee.						[Quadragesima.
65	6	S.	27	56	26	57	25	58	4 8	3 22	10 9	10 7	10 5	10 8	6th, 12 P.M. ♂ ♄ . . ♄ +4° 13'						1st Sunday in Lent.
66	7	Mo.	26	58	25	59	23	59	5 8	4 4	11 7	11 4	11 1	11 5							Perpetua.
67	8	Tu.	24	59	23	6 0	22	6 0	6 8	4 49	mor.	mor.	11 59	mor.							
68	9	Wd.	23	6 0	21	1	21	1	7 8	5 36	6	3	mor.	2	9th, 2 A.M. ♀ in Aphelion.						
69	10	Th.	21	1	20	2	19	2	8 8	6 26	1 3	1 1	56	1 0	10th, 6 A.M. ♂ ♄ ♀ . ♄ -9° 51'						
70	11	Fri.	19	2	18	3	18	3	9 8	7 18	2 2	1 58	1 53	1 56	12th, 1 P.M. ♂ ♂ ☉						
71	12	Sat.	17	3	17	4	16	4	10 8	8 12	2 57	2 53	2 48	2 51	12th, 1 P.M. ♂ ☿ . ☿ +1° 16'						Gregory.
72	13	S.	15	4	15	5	14	5	11 8	9 8	3 48	3 44	3 39	3 43	14th, 2 P.M. ♀ stationary.						2d Sunday in Lent.
73	14	Mo.	14	6	13	6	13	6	12 8	10 5	4 36	4 32	4 27	4 32							
74	15	Tu.	12	7	12	7	11	7	13 8	11 1	5 19	5 16	5 12	5 17							
75	16	Wd.	10	8	10	8	10	8	14 8	11 56	rises.	rises.	rises.	rises.							
76	17	Th.	9	9	9	9	8	9	15 8	A.M. 6	26	6 26	6 27	6 34	18th, 6 A.M. ♄'s Perigee.						Patrick.
77	18	Fri.	7	10	7	10	7	10	16 8	51	7 42	7 42	7 21	7 47	18th, 8 P.M. ☐ ♄						
78	19	Sat.	5	12	5	11	5	11	17 8	1 45	8 59	8 57	8 35	8 59							[begins.
79	20	S.	3	13	3	12	4	12	18 8	2 40	10 14	10 11	10 8	10 13	20th, 2 P.M. ☉ enters ♀ spring						3d Sunday in Lent.
80	21	Mo.	1	14	2	14	2	13	19 8	3 36	11 26	11 22	11 18	11 23							Benedict.
81	22	Tu.	0	15	0	15	0	14	20 8	4 32	mor.	mor.	mor.	mor.							
82	23	Wd.	5 58	16 5	58	16 5	59	15	21 8	5 28	35	31	26	30	23d, 3 P.M. ♂ ♄ . . ♄ -1° 6'						
83	24	Th.	56	17	57	17	57	16	22 8	6 24	1 37	1 32	1 27	1 30							
84	25	Fri.	55	18	55	18	55	17	23 8	7 18	2 32	2 27	2 22	2 25							[Day
85	26	Sat.	53	19	54	19	54	18	24 8	8 11	3 20	3 14	3 10	3 14	26th, 2 A.M. ☿ stationary.						Annunciation. Lady
86	27	S.	51	21	52	20	52	19	25 8	9 0	4 0	3 56	3 52	3 56							
87	28	Mo.	49	22	50	21	51	20	26 8	9 47	4 35	4 31	4 27	4 32	28th, 5 A.M. ♂ ♄ . ♄ +7° 30'						4th Sunday in Lent.
88	29	Tu.	47	23	48	22	49	21	27 8	10 32	5 5	5 1	4 55	5 5	29th, 0 A.M. ♄ gr. hel. Lat. S.						
89	30	Wd.	45	24	46	23	47	22	28 8	11 15	5 32	5 23	5 21	5 24	30th, 1 P.M. ♂ ♄ . . ♄ +2° 21'						
90	31	Th.	5 44	6 25	5 45	6 24	5 46	6 23	29 8	11 57	5 57	5 54	5 54	6 2	30th. ♀ at greatest brilliancy.						

sects. We killed many mosquitoes. We saw here the remains of some of Gen. Grant's works.

I must interrupt the order of my narrative, to say that at Vicksburg we were doomed to another disappointment in regard to George. At St. Louis we had felt sure of meeting him. But, on our arrival at the Planters' House, we found a note from him saying that his friend, Mr. Morley, had invited him to visit the stupendous iron-mines a few hours from the city. It so happened that the "Gray Eagle" had been recommended to me as a specially fine boat; I telegraphed to George, therefore, to bid him cross from the Iron Mountain and meet us at Cairo, which he could do more easily than he could return to St. Louis. Unfortunately he missed my despatch, returned to St. Louis, failed to overtake us at Cairo, and, by I know not what misfortune, again at Vicksburg. We shall certainly find him at Washington.

ALABAMA.

This State is distinguished for its cotton, and for being the seat of the chief government of the Confederacy early in the war. I called on the English consul at Mobile, but he was absent. We found it too hot for much visiting, but in a pleasure steamer made an agreeable excursion to

FLORIDA.

This State was bought of Spain by the Americans. The land is low and the climate hot in July, at which time we visited it.

GEORGIA.

In Georgia we came into higher country. Atlanta, which takes its name from the Atlantic ocean, which is supposed to be named from the fabled Atlas, is a thriving manufacturing town, which has doubled since the war, when it was captured by Sherman. We saw many of the field-works of the General's. It was too warm, however, for much study of the scenes of interest.

SOUTH CAROLINA

is known as the Palmetto State. It is the State which fired the South. We thought it might well have done so, for the climate is oppressively warm. The chief production is cotton.

NORTH CAROLINA

is known as the Rip Van Winkle State, and was thought cool by the Confederates, as I was told by an officer of high rank. We thought it, on the other hand, very warm. The chief productions are pitch and pea-nuts. We had longer opportunity to see this State than most of the Southern States. We arrived at Wilmington at five o'clock, or thereabouts, Sunday morning. I would willingly have avoided travelling at all on that day, but at Branchville, where we had intended to spend it, there is absolutely no sleeping accommodation for travellers.

We attended St. John's Church in the evening, but had not the pleasure of making any acquaintance. I did not like to call on the consul, and we spent the day quietly at our hotel.

VIRGINIA.

This was the largest of the Confederate States till the western half, West Virginia, was cut off. We found it even warmer than that State. Richmond is a beautiful city, with fine water-power, not much improved, on account of the heat of the climate. We passed through it about dark, but could see the prison and State House. I think there is but one State House, though there are two prisons.

From Richmond we went to Aquia Creek and the Potomac River, and there, after a continuous railroad ride of five days and more, only broken by our excursion at Mobile, we gladly took

berths on the steamboat again, for Washington. This closes our review of the Confederate States, all of which, except Texas, we have been able to visit.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA. WASHINGTON

At Washington we found the weather extremely hot, and not well fitted for excursions. The ladies, however, did not regret this so much, as they were a good deal exhausted by the rapidity of our recent movements. I called on our minister, Mr. Thornton, but he had, unfortunately, removed to Newburyport, in Massachusetts, with his family, for the hot weather. President Grant was also absent at Long Branch, a watering-place not far from New York, so that we lost the opportunity to see him.

The Congress is not in session. It sits every alternate summer, but, unfortunately for us, this is the summer when it does not sit. I regretted this the less, having had the opportunity I have described to study the legislative customs of the country, in Massachusetts.

We visited the Patent Office, where are a great number of models of inventions; the Capitol, which is a large building of marble; the Smithsonian Institute, which stands in a large garden, and what is known as the East Room at the White House. The West Room, I know not why, is not shown to visitors.

If I were to come to America again, I think I should spend all my time in this or some other city. I have now so far acquainted myself with the outline of the country that I feel better prepared for a more quiet post of observation. We waited here for George till the last moment, but were obliged on the morning of the 23d to leave without him.

MARYLAND.

Leaving home, as we came to call Washington, at seven o'clock on the morning of Friday, we arrived in New York at five o'clock the same afternoon. This enabled us to cross the State of Maryland, from southwest to northeast, and to pass through the historic city of Baltimore. Baltimore is known as the Monumental City, as I learned from the newspapers, but, though we saw one or two shot-towers, we saw neither monument, nor do I know for what they were built. Judging from the population at the station, the white and black races are about evenly represented.

DELAWARE.

We have been very much interested in this State. The stay of the train at Wilmington is nearly ten minutes, and we were able to walk into one of the streets of that curious old town. An ancient church is in sight from the train. Delaware is mostly inhabited by negroes, who seem to spend most of their lives at the station, with nothing to do there.

PENNSYLVANIA AND NEW JERSEY.

I have little to add to the account of these States which I have already given. Philadelphia is a large city, built mostly of brick. We passed through Trenton, the capital of New Jersey. It has but one State House.

Arrived once more at the Westminster Hotel, after our parting absence of a month, to our great joy we met George! He had arrived at Washington before us, direct from Memphis. At the Legation, they had assured him that we had been and gone. It must have been, that Greenfell, of Liverpool, of Greenfell, Atwood and Greenfell, who is somewhere in this country, had called and left his card. George, therefore, had hurried to this city, and resolved, as he said, not to leave the Westminster for an instant, day or night, till we should arrive.

It was the easier for George to do this, because in the same hotel

was residing a charming young lady from New Madrid, in Missouri, with whose family he had travelled from Memphis. Anticipating the pleasure it would give his mother and me to gain a daughter in America, George had offered to this dear girl all he had to offer, while they rested a day in Washington. With the approval of her estimable parents, she had accepted the proposal, and, as I write these lines, at twelve o'clock at night, I have just left the young people together, having wished them every blessing.

George will remain some months in America. His mother, his sisters; and I sail to-morrow morning.

His hat looks well, but not so well as when he started.

To resume my observations. I do not wonder that the inhabitants of this country are thin and short-lived. I have not slept well five nights since I landed here. I do wonder that they are so tall, for their beds are but six feet long. I do not wonder that they are dyspeptic, for a constant diet of sandwiches, figs, candies, and praslins must be very injurious in the course of years. I do wonder that they make money, for the necessity of telegraphing is constant, and the charges are exorbitant.

I have visited thirty-one States of the Union, and have conversed with citizens of all the others. I have visited also the District of Columbia, and Washington, the capital of the country. I have also visited Montgomery and Richmond, the two capitals of the Confederacy. I have visited fourteen of the capitals of States, if I am right in the impression that Kingston is one of the capitals of Rhode Island. In Boston I was able, just after the adjournment of the Legislature, to see the arrangements of the different branches of the government.

But there is no place like home. And of this we are more satisfied than ever. We have acquainted ourselves with the customs of a republic, and are more than ever willing to adapt ourselves to those of the good city of London.

Saturday, July 24th.—Thirty days from our landing from the *Carlotta* in Portland, we set sail for England, in the stanch ship "*City of London*." Happy be the omen of a name so like home!

BOPEEP: A PASTORAL.

By W. D. HOWELLS.

"O, to what uses shall we put
The wildweed flower that simply blows?
And is there any moral shut
Within the bosom of the rose?"

TENNYSON.

I.

SHE lies upon the soft, enamored grass,
I' the wooing shelter of an apple-tree,
And at her feet the trançéd brook is glass,
And in the blossoms over her the bee
Hangs charmed of his sordid industry;
For love of her the light wind will not pass.

II.

Her golden hair, blown over her red lips,
That seem two rose-leaves softly breathed apart,
A'wart her rounded throat like sunshine slips;
Her small hand, resting on her beating heart,
The crook that tells her peaceful shepherd-art
Scarce keeps with light and tremulous finger-tips.

III.

She is as fair as any shepherdess
That ever was in mask or Christmas scene:
Bright silver spangles hath she on her dress,
And of her red-heeled shoes appears the sheen;
And she hath ribbons of such blue or green
As best suits pastoral people's comeliness.

IV.

She sleeps, and it is in the month of May,
And the whole land is full of the delight
Of music and sweet scents; and all the day
The sun is gold; the moon is pearl all night,
And like a paradise the world is bright,
And like a young girl's hopes the world is gay.

V.

So waned the hours; and while her beautcons sleep
Was blest with many a happy dream of Love,
Untended still, her silly, vagrant sheep
Afar from that young shepherdess did rove,
Along the vales and through the gossip grove,
O'er daisied meads and up the thyny steep.

VI.

Then (for it happens oft when harm is nigh,
Our dreams grow haggard till at last we wake)
She thought that from the little runnel by
There crept upon a sudden forth a snake,
And stung her hand, and fled into the brake;
Whereat she sprang up with a bitter cry,

VII.

And wildly over all that place did look,
And could not spy her ingrate, wanton flock,—
Not there among tall grasses by the brook,
Not there behind the mossy-bearded rock,—
And pitiless Echo answered with a mock
When she did sorrow that she was forsook.

VIII.

Alas! the scattered sheep might not be found,
And long and loud that gentle maid did weep,
Till in her blurred sight the hills went round,
And, circling far, field, wood, and stream did sweep;
And on the ground the miserable Bopeep
Fell and forgot her troubles in a swoond.

IX.

When she awoke, the sun long time had set,
And all the land was sleeping in the moon,
And all the flowers with dim, sad dews were wet,
As they had wept to see her in that swoon.
It was about the night's low-breathing noon;
Only the larger stars were waking yet.

X.

Bopeep, the fair and hapless shepherdess,
Rose from her swooning in a sore dismay,
And tried to smooth her damp and rumpled dress,
That showed in truth a grievous disarray;
Then where the brook the wan moon's mirror lay,
She laved her eyes, and curled each golden tress.

XI.

And looking to her ribbons, if they were
 As ribbons of a shepherdess should be,
 She took the hat that she was wont to wear
 (Bedecked it was with ribbons flying free
 As ever man in opera might see),
 And set it on her curls of yellow hair.

XII.

"And I will go and seek my sheep," she said,
 "Through every distant land until I die;
 But when they bring me hither, cold and dead,
 Let me beneath these apple-blossoms lie,
 With this dear, faithful, lovely runnel nigh,
 Here, where my cru — cru — cruel sheep have fed."



XIII.

Thus sorrow and despair make bold Bopeep,
 And forth she springs, and hurries on her way:
 Across the lurking rivulet she can leap,
 No sombre forest shall her quest delay,
 No crooked vale her eager steps bewray:
 What dreadeth she that seeketh her lost sheep?

XIV.

By many a pond, where timorous water-birds,
 With clattering cries and throbbing wings, arose,
 By many a pasture, where the soft-eyed herds
 Looked shadow-huge in their unmoved repose,
 Long through the lonesome night that sad one goes
 And fills the solitude with wailing words;

XV.

So that the little field-mouse dreams of harm,
 Snuggled away from harm beneath the weeds;
 The violet, sleeping on the clover's arm,
 Wakes, and is cold with thoughts of dreadful deeds;
 The pensive people of the water-reeds
 Hark with a mute and dolorous alarm.

XVI.

And the fond hearts of all the turtle-doves
 Are broken in compassion of her woe,
 And every tender little bird that loves
 Feels in his breast a sympathetic throe;
 And flowers are sad wherever she may go,
 And hoarse with sighs the waterfalls and groves.

XVII.

The pale moon droppeth low; star after star
 Grows faint and slumbers in the gray of dawn;
 And still she lingers not, but hurries far,
 Till in a dreary wilderness withdrawn
 Through tangled woods she lorn and lost moves on,
 Where griffins dire and dreadful dragons are.

XVIII.

Her ribbons all are dripping with the dew,
 Her red-heeled shoes are torn, and stained with mire,
 Her tender arms the angry sharpness rue
 Of many a seraggy thorn and envious brier;
 And poor Bopeep, with no sweet pity nigh her,
 Wrings her small hands, and knows not what to do.

XIX.

And on that crude and rugged ground she sinks,
 And soon her seeking had been ended there,
 But through the trees a fearful glimmer shrinks,
 And of a hermit's dwelling she is 'ware:
 At the dull pane a dull-eyed taper blinks,
 Drowsed with long vigils and the morning air.

XX.

Thither she trembling moves, and at the door
 Falls down, and cannot either speak or stir:
 The hermit comes, — with no white beard before,
 Nor coat of skins, nor cap of shaggy fur:
 It was a comely youth that lifted her,
 And to his hearth, and to his breakfast, bore.

XXI.

Arrayed he was in princeliest attire,
 And of as goodly presence sooth was he
 As any little maiden might admire,
 Or any king-beholding cat might see.
 "My poor Bopeep," he sigheth piteously,
 "Rest here, and warm you at a hermit's fire."

XXII.

She looked so beautiful, there, mute and white,
 He kissed her on the lips and on the eyes
 (The most a princee could do in such a plight);
 But chiefly gazed on her in still surprise,
 And when he saw her lily eyelids rise,
 For him the whole world had no fairer sight.

APRIL.



Day of Year.	Day of Month.	Day of Week.	THE SUN.						THE MOON.						PHENOMENA.				SUNDAYS, HOLY DAYS, and ANNIVERSARIES.
			Latitude of BOSTON.		Latitude of NEW YORK.		Latitude of WASH'TON.		WASHINGTON.		BOS- TON-	NEW YORK.	WASH- ING- TON.	SAN FRAN.	Moon's Phases. d. h. m.				
			Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Age at Noon.	Souths.	Sets.	Sets.	Sets.	Sets.	☾ FIRST QUARTER . . .	d. h. m.			
			h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	d. h.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	☾ FULL MOON . . .	15 5 18 P.M.			
91	1	Fri.	5 42	6 26	5 44	6 25	5 45	6 24	0 15	P.M. 38	7 3	7 2	7 1	7 6	1st, 10 A.M. ☾ ☽ ☽ +3° 37'				
92	2	Sat.	41	27	42	26	43	25	1 15	1 20	8 1	8 0	7 58	8 1	2d, 4 A.M. ☾ 's Apogee.	Capture of Richmond.			
93	3	S.	39	28	41	27	42	26	2 15	2 2	9 0	8 58	8 55	8 59	5th Sunday in Lent.	[Passion S.]			
94	4	Mo.	37	29	39	28	40	27	3 15	2 46	9 59	9 56	9 52	9 56	4th, 6 A.M. ☾ ☽ ☽ +3° 53'		Ambrose.		
95	5	Tu.	36	30	37	29	38	28	4 15	3 32	10 58	10 54	10 49	10 53					
96	6	Wd.	34	31	36	30	37	28	5 15	4 20	11 56	11 51	11 46	11 49					
97	7	Th.	32	33	34	31	36	29	6 15	5 10	mor.	mor.	mor.	mor.	7th, 4 A.M. ☽ stationary.				
98	8	Fri.	31	34	32	32	34	30	7 15	6 2	52	46	41	44	7th, 7 P.M. ☽ ☽ ☽				
99	9	Sat.	29	35	31	33	32	31	8 15	6 56	1 44	1 38	1 33	1 36	7th, 10 P.M. ☽ ☽ ☽ -0° 50'	Surrender of Lee.			
100	10	S.	27	36	29	34	31	32	9 15	7 50	2 31	2 25	2 21	2 25	8th, 9 P.M. ☽ ☽ ☽ +1° 1'	6th Sunday in Lent.			
101	11	Mo.	25	37	28	35	29	33	10 15	8 45	3 13	3 9	3 4	3 9	9th, 3 A.M. ☽ ☽ ☽	[Palm Sunday.]			
102	12	Tu.	24	38	26	36	28	34	11 15	9 39	3 51	3 48	4 45	3 49	11th, 2 P.M. ☽ ☽ ☽ +0° 42'				
103	13	Wd.	22	40	24	37	26	35	12 15	10 33	4 26	4 24	5 22	4 28	13th, 10 A.M. ☽ ☽ ☽ sup.	Surrender of Ft. Sumter.			
104	14	Th.	20	41	23	38	25	36	13 15	11 28	rises.	rises.	rises.	rises.		Death of Lincoln.			
105	15	Fri.	19	42	21	39	23	37	14 15	A.M.	6 30	6 29	6 28	6 24	15th, 5 P.M. ☽ 's Perigee.	Good Friday.			
106	16	Sat.	17	43	20	40	22	38	15 15	23	7 48	7 45	7 43	7 45					
107	17	S.	15	44	18	41	21	39	16 15	1 19	9 4	9 0	8 57	9 2	17th, 11 A.M. ☽ in ☽	Easter Day.			
108	18	Mo.	14	45	16	42	19	40	17 15	2 17	10 18	10 13	10 9	10 13	17th, 7 P.M. ☽ ☽ ☽ +1° 5'	Battle of Cerro Gordo.			
109	19	Tu.	13	46	15	43	18	41	18 15	3 16	11 25	11 16	11 11	11 16	19th, 11 P.M. ☽ ☽ ☽ -0° 49'	Alphege. Battle of Lex-			
110	20	Wd.	11	47	14	44	16	42	19 15	4 14	mor.	mor.	mor.	mor.		[ington.]			
111	21	Th.	9	48	13	45	15	43	20 15	5 11	26	19	15	19					
112	22	Fri.	8	49	11	46	14	44	21 15	6 6	1 18	1 12	1 9	1 13	22d, 1 A.M. ☽ in Perihelion.				
113	23	Sat.	6	51	10	47	12	45	22 15	6 57	2 1	1 56	1 53	1 58		George [Low Sunday.]			
114	24	S.	5	52	8	48	11	46	23 15	7 46	2 38	2 34	2 32	2 36	1st Sunday after Easter.	Mark.			
115	25	Mo.	3	53	7	49	9	47	24 15	8 31	3 8	3 5	3 3	3 8					
116	26	Tu.	2	54	5	50	8	48	25 15	9 14	3 35	3 33	3 32	3 37	26th, 5 A.M. ☽ ☽ ☽ +4° 36'				
117	27	Wd.	1	55	4	51	7	49	26 15	9 56	4 0	3 59	3 59	4 5	27th, 1 A.M. ☽ in ☽				
118	28	Th.	4 59	56	3	52	5	50	27 15	10 37	4 26	4 26	4 26	4 32	28th, 6 P.M. ☽ ☽ ☽ +3° 39'				
119	29	Fri.	58	57	2	53	4	51	28 15	11 19	4 51	4 51	4 53	5 0	29th, 11 A.M. ☽ ☽ ☽ +4° 48'				
120	30	Sat.	4 56	6 58	5 0	6 54	5 3	6 52	29 15	P.M. 1	5 16	5 17	5 20	5 27	29th, 6 A.M. ☽ 's Apogee.				

XXIII.

"Rude is my fare : a bit of venison steak,
A dish of honey and a glass of wine,
With clean white bread, is the poor feast I make.
Be served, I pray : I think this flask is fine,"
He said. "Hard is this hermit life of mine :
This day I will its weariness forsake."

XXIV.

And then he told her how it chanced that he,
King Cole's son, in that forest held his court,
And the sole reason that there seemed to be
Was, he was being hermit there for sport ;
But he confessed the life was not his forte,
And therewith both laughed out right jollily.

XXV.

And sly Bopeep forgot her sheep again
In gay discourse with that engaging youth :
Love hath such sovran remedies for pain !
But then he was a handsome prince, in truth,
And both were young, and both were silly, sooth,
And everything to Love but love seems vain.



XXVI.

They took them down the silver-clasped book
That this young anachorite's predecessor kept, —
A holy seer, — and through it they did look ;
Sometimes their idle eyes together crept,
Sometimes their lips ; but still the leaves they swept,
Until they found a shepherd's pictured crook.

XXVII.

And underneath was writ it should befall
On such a day, in such a month and year,
A maiden fair, a young prince brave and tall,
By such a chance should come together here :
They were the people, that was very clear :
"O love," the prince said, "let us read it all !"

XXVIII.

And thus the hermit's prophecy ran on :
Though she her lost sheep wist where to find,
Yet should she bid her weary care begone,
And banish every doubt from her sweet mind :
They, with their little snow-white tails behind,
Homeward would go, if they were left alone.

XXIX.

They closed the book, and in her happy eyes
The prince read truth and love forevermore :
Better than any hermit's prophecies ! —
They passed together from the cavern's door ;
Embraced, they turned to look at it once more,
And over it beheld the glad sun rise,

XXX.

That streamed before them aisles of dusk and gold
Under the song-swept arches of the wood,
And forth they went, tranced in each other's hold,
Down through that rare and luminous solitude,
Their happy hearts enchaned in the mood
Of morning, and of May, and romance old.

XXXI.

Sometimes the saucy leaves will kiss her cheeks,
And he must kiss their wanton kiss away :
To die beneath her feet the wood-flower seeks,
The quivering aspen feels a fine dismay,
And many a scented blossom on the spray
In odorous sighs its passionate longing speaks.

XXXII.

And forth they went down to that stately stream,
Bowed over by the ghostly sycamores
(Awearily, as if some heavy dream
Held them in languor), but whose opulent shores
With pearléd shells and dusts of precious ores
Were tremulous brilliance in the morning beam ;

XXXIII.

Where waited them, beside the lustrous sand,
A silk-winged shallop, sleeping on the flood ;
And smoothly wafted from the hither strand,
Across the calm, broad stream they lightly rode.
Under them still the silver fishes stood ;
The eager lilies, on the other land,

XXXIV.

Beekoned them ; but where the castle shone
With diamonded turrets and a wall
Of gold-embedded pearl and costly stone,
Their vision to its peerless splendor thrall
The maiden fair, the young prince brave and tall,
Thither with light, unlingering feet pressed on.

XXXV.

A gallant train to meet this loving pair,
In silk and steel, moves from the castle door,
And up the broad and ringing castle stair
They go with gleeful minstrelsy before,
And "Hail our prince and princess evermore !"
From all the happy throng is greeting there.

XXXVI.

And in the hall the prince's sire, King Cole,
Sitting with crown and royal ermine on,
His fiddlers three behind with pipe and bowl,
Rises and moves to lift his kuceling son,
Greeting his bride with kisses many a one,
And tears and laughter from his jolly soul ;

XXXVII.

Then both his children to a window leads
 That over daisied pasture-land looks out,
 And shows Bopeep where her lost flock wide feeds,
 And every frolic lambkin leaps about.
 She hears Boy-Blue, that lazy shepherd, shout,
 Slow pausing from his pipe of mellow reeds ;



XXXVIII.

And, turning, peers into her prince's eyes ;
 Then, caught and clasped against her prince's heart,
 Upon her breath her answer wordless dies,
 And leaves her gratitude to sweeter art :
 To lips from which the bloom shall never part,
 To looks wherein the summer never dies !

MY FIRST WALTZ.

By W. M. THACKERAY.

I WOULD as soon have thought of learning to dance as of learning to climb chimneys. Up to the age of seventeen, I had a great contempt for the female race, and when age brought with it warmer and juster sentiments, where was I ? — I could no more dance nor prattle to a young girl than a young bear could. I have seen the ugliest, little, low-bred wretches, carrying off young and lovely creatures, twirling with them in waltzes, whispering between their glossy curls in quadrilles, simpering, with perfect equanimity, and cutting *pas* in that abominable cavalier *seul*, until my soul grew sick with fury. In a word, I determined to learn to dance.

But such things are hard to be acquired late in life, when the bones and the habits of a man are formed. Look at a man in a hunting-field who has not been taught to ride as a boy. All the pluck and courage in the world will not make the man of him that I am, or as any man who has had the advantages of early education in the field.

In the same way with dancing. Though I went to work with immense energy, both in Brewer Street, Golden Square (with an advertising fellow), and afterwards with old Coulon at Paris, I never was able to be *easy* in dancing ; and though little Coulon instructed me in a smile, it was a cursed forced one, that looked like the grin of a person in extreme agony. I once caught sight of it in a glass, and have hardly ever smiled since.

Most young men about London have gone through that strange secret ordeal of the dancing-school. I am given to understand, that young snobs from attorneys' offices, banks, shops, and the

like, make not the least mystery of their proceedings in the saltatory line, but trip gayly, with pumps in hand, to some dancing place about Soho, waltz and quadrille it with Miss Greengrocer or Miss Butcher, and fancy they have had rather a pleasant evening. There is one house in Dover Street, where, behind a dirty curtain, such figures may be seen hopping every night, to a perpetual fiddling ; and I have stood sometimes wondering in the street, with about six blackguard boys wondering too, at the strange contortions of the figures jumping up and down to the mysterious squeaking of the kit. Have they no shame, *ces gens* ? are such degrading initiations to be held in public ? No, the snob may, but the man of refined mind never can submit to show himself in public laboring at the apprenticeship of this most absurd art. It is owing, perhaps, to this modesty, and the fact that I had no sisters at home, that I have never thoroughly been able to dance ; for though I always arrive at the end of a quadrille (and thank Heaven for it too !) and though, I believe, I make no mistake in particular, yet I solemnly confess I have never been able thoroughly to comprehend the mysteries of it, or what I have been about from the beginning to the end of the dance. I always look at the lady opposite, and do as she does ; if *she* did not know how to dance, *par hazard*, it would be all up ; but, if they can't do anything else, women can dance, let us give them that praise at least.

In London, then, for a considerable time, I used to get up at eight o'clock in the morning, and pass an hour alone with Mr. Wilkinson, of the Theatres Royal, in Golden Square ; — an hour alone. It was "one, two, three ; one, two three — now jump — right foot more out, Mr. Smith ; and if you *could*, try and look a little more cheerful ; your partner, sir, would like you half the better." Wilkinson called me Smith, for the fact is, I did not tell him my real name, nor (thank Heaven !) does he know it to this day.

I never breathed a word of my doings to any soul among my friends ; once a pack of them met me in the strange neighborhood, when, I am ashamed to say, I muttered something about a "little French milliner," and walked off, looking as knowing as I could.

In Paris, two Cambridge men and myself, who happened to be staying at a boarding-house together, agreed to go to Coulon, a little creature of four feet high with a pig-tail. His room was hung round with glasses. He made us take off our coats, and dance each before a mirror ; once he was standing before us playing on his kit, — the sight of the little master and the pupil was so supremely ridiculous, that I burst into a yell of laughter, which so offended the old man, that he walked away abruptly, and begged me not to repeat my visits. Nor did I. I was just getting into waltzing then, but determined to drop waltzing and content myself with quadrilling for the rest of my days.

This was all very well in France and England ; but in Germany, what was I to do ? What did Hercules do when Omphale captivated him ? What did Rinaldo do when Armida fixed upon him her twinkling eyes ? Nay, to ent all historical instances short, by going at once to the earliest, what did Adam do when Eve tempted him ? he yielded and became her slave, and so I do heartily trust every honest man will yield until the end of the world, — he has no heart who will not. When I was in Germany, I say, I began to learn to waltz. The reader from this will no doubt expect that some new love-adventures befell me, — nor will his gentle heart be disappointed.

Waltzing is a part of a German girl's life. With the best will in the world, which, I doubt not, she entertains for me, for I never put the matter of marriage directly to her, — Dorothea could not go to balls and not waltz. It was madness to me to see her whirling round the room with officers, *attachés*, prim little chamberlains with gold keys and embroidered coats, her hair



J. COLEMAN

Robbitt & Hooper N.Y.

floating in the wind, her hand reposing upon the abominable little dancer's epaulet, her good-humored face lighted up with still greater satisfaction. I saw that I must learn to waltz too, and took my measures accordingly.

The leader of the ballet at the Kalbsbraten theatre in my time was Springbock, from Vienna. He had been a regular Zephyr once, 't was said, in his younger days; and though now fifteen stone weight, I can, *hélas!* recommend him conscientiously as a master; and determined to take some lessons from him in the art which I had neglected so foolishly in early life.

It may be said, without vanity, that I was an apt pupil, and in the course of half a dozen lessons I had arrived at very considerable agility in the waltzing line, and could twirl round the room with him at such a pace as made the old gentleman pant again, and hardly left him breath enough to puff out a compliment to his pupil. I may say that in a single week I became an expert waltzer; but as I wished, when I came out publicly in that character, to be quite sure of myself, and as I had hitherto practised, not with a lady, but with a very fat old man, it was agreed that he should bring a lady of his acquaintance to perfect me, and accordingly, at my eighth lesson, Madame Springbock herself came to the dancing-room, and the old Zephyr performed on the violin.

If any man ventures the least sneer with regard to this lady, or dares to insinuate anything disrespectful to her or myself, I say at once, that he is an impudent calumniator. Madame Springbock is old enough to be my grandmother, and as ugly a woman as I ever saw; but though old, she was *passionnée pour la danse*, and not having (on account, doubtless, of her age and unprepossessing appearance) many opportunities of indulging in her favorite pastime, made up for lost time by immense activity whenever she could get a partner. In vain, at the end of the hour, would Springbock exclaim, "Amalia, my soul's blessing, the time is up!" "Play on, dear Alphonso!" would the old lady exclaim, whisking me round: and though I had not the least pleasure in such a homely partner, yet for the sake of perfecting myself, I waltzed and waltzed with her, until we were both half dead with fatigue.

At the end of three weeks I could waltz as well as any man in Germany.

At the end of four weeks there was a grand ball at court in honor of H. H. the Prince of Dummerland and his princess, and then I determined I would come out in public. I dressed myself with unusual care and splendor. My hair was curled and my mustache dyed to a nicety; and of the four hundred gentlemen present, if the girls of Kalbsbraten *did* select one who wore an English hussar uniform, why should I disguise the fact? In spite of my silence, the news had somehow got abroad, as news will in such small towns, — Herr von Fitz-Boodle was coming out in a waltz that evening. His highness the duke even made an allusion to the circumstance. When on this eventful night, I went, as usual, and made him my bow in the presentation, "*Vous, monsieur,*" said he, "*vous qui êtes si jeune, devez aimer la danse.*" I blushed as red as my trousers, and bowing, went away.

I stepped up to Dorothea. Heavens! how beautiful she looked! and how archly she smiled, as, with a thumping heart, I asked her hand for a *waltz!* She took out her little mother-of-pearl dancing-book, — she wrote down my name with her pencil, — we were engaged for the fourth waltz, and till then I left her to other partners.

Who says that this first waltz is not a nervous moment? I vow I was more excited than by any duel I ever fought. I would not dance any contre-danse or galop. I repeatedly went to the buffet and got glasses of punch (dear simple Germany! 't is with rum-punch and egg-flip thy children strengthen themselves for the dance!) — I went into the ball-room and looked, — the

couples bounded before me, the music clashed and rung in my ears, — all was fiery, feverish, indistinct. The gleaming white columns, the polished oaken floors in which the innumerable tapers were reflected, — all together swam before my eyes, and I was in a pitch of madness almost when the fourth waltz at length came. "*Will you dance with your sword on?*" said the sweetest voice in the world. I blushed, and stammered, and trembled, as I laid down that weapon and my cap, and hark! the music begun!

O, how my hand trembled as I placed it round the waist of Dorothea! With my left hand I took her right, — did she squeeze it? I think she did, — to this day I think she did. Away we went; we tripped over the polished oak floor like two young fairies. "*Courage, monsieur,*" said she, with her sweet smile; then it was "*Très bien, monsieur*"; then I heard the voices humming and buzzing about. "*Il danse bien, l'Anglais*"; "*Ma foi, oui,*" says another. On we went, twirling and twisting, and turning and whirling; couple after couple dropped panting off. Little Klingenspoehr himself was obliged to give in. All eyes were upon us, — we were going round *alone*. Dorothea was almost exhausted, when

* * * *

I have been sitting for two hours since I marked the asterisks, thinking — thinking. I have committed crimes in my life, — who has n't? But talk of remorse, what remorse is there like *that* which rushes up in a flood to my brain sometimes when I am alone, and causes me to blush when I'm abed in the dark?

I fell, sir, on that infernal slippery floor. Down we came like shot; we rolled over and over in the midst of the ball-room, the music going ten miles an hour, eight hundred pair of eyes fixed upon us, a cursed shriek of laughter bursting out from all sides. Heavens! how clear I heard it, as we went on rolling and rolling! "My child! my Dorothea!" shrieked out Madame Speck, rushing forward; and as soon as she had breath to do so, Dorothea of course screamed too, then she fainted, then she was disentangled from out my spurs, and borne off by a bevy of tittering women. "Clumsy brute!" said Madame Speck, turning her fat back upon me. I remained upon my *séant*, wild, ghastly, looking about. It was all up with me, — I knew it was. I wished I could have died there, and I wish so still.

Klingenspoehr married her, that is the long and short; but before that event I placed a sabre-cut across the young scoundrel's nose, which destroyed *his* beauty forever.

O Dorothea! you can't forgive me, — you ought n't to forgive me; but I love you madly still.

TWO IFS.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

If it might only be
That in the singing sea,
The living, lighted sea,
There were a place for you to creep
Away within the tinted weeds, and sleep,
A cradled, curtained place for you
To take the happy rest for two!

And then if it might be
Appointed unto me,
(God knows how sweet to me!)
To plunge into the sharp surprise
Of burning battles' blood and dust and cries,
And face the hottest fire for you,
And fight the deadly fight for two!

MAY.



Day of Year.	Day of Month.	Day of Week.	THE SUN.								THE MOON.								PHENOMENA.					SUNDAYS, HOLY DAYS, and ANNIVERSARIES.
			Latitude of BOSTON.		Latitude of NEW YORK.		Latitude of WASH'TON.		WASHINGTON.		BOS- TON.	NEW YORK.	WASH- ING- TON.	SAN FRAN.	Moon's Phases. d. h. m.									
			Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Age at Noon.	Souths.	Sets.	Sets.	Sets.	Sets.	☾ FIRST QUARTER . . .	8 10 29 A.M.	☾ FULL MOON . . .	15 0 55 A.M.	☾ LAST QUARTER . . .	22 1 1 A.M.	☾ NEW MOON . . .	30 4 49 A.M.		
			h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	d. h.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.									
121	1	S.	4 55	6 59	4 59	6 55	5 26	5 2	0 23	P.M. 44	7 54	7 50	7 47	7 50	1st, 4 A.M. ☾ ☽ ♄ . . ☽ +2° 54'	2d Sunday after Easter. [Philip and James.								
122	2	Mo.	54	7 0	58	56	1 53	1 23	1 29	8 53	8 49	8 45	8 48	2d, 1 A.M. ☾ ♄ ☽ . . ♄ +3° 30'										
123	3	Tu.	53	2	57	57	0 54	2 23	2 17	9 51	9 47	9 42	9 45	2d, 3 A.M. ☾ ☽ ☽ . . ☽ +6° 24'	Invention of the Cross.									
124	4	Wd.	51	3	55	58	4 58	55	3 23	3 8	10 48	10 43	10 37	10 40		2d, 9 A.M. ☽ gr. hel. Lat. N.								
125	5	Th.	50	4	54	59	57	56	4 23	3 58	11 41	11 35	11 30	11 33	4th, 1 P.M. ☽ gr. elon. W. 46° 5'	Johan. a. Port. Latin.								
126	6	Fri.	49	5	53	7 0	56	57	5 23	4 50	mor.	mor.	mor.	mor.	6th, 5 A.M. ☾ ☽ ☽ . . ☽ +0° 43'									
127	7	Sat.	47	6	52	1	55	58	6 23	5 43	27	22	17	21	3d Sunday after Easter.									
128	8	S.	46	7	50	3	54	59	7 23	6 36	1 10	1 6	1 1	1 6										
129	9	Mo.	45	8	49	4	53	7 0	8 23	7 28	1 49	1 46	1 42	1 47	4th Sunday after Easter.									
130	10	Tu.	44	9	48	5	52	1	9 23	8 21	2 24	2 22	2 19	2 25										
131	11	Wd.	42	10	47	6	51	2	10 23	9 13	2 56	2 55	2 53	3 0	11th, 5 A.M. ☽ gr. elon. E. 21° 42'	Dunstan.								
132	12	Th.	41	11	46	7	50	3	11 23	10 6	3 27	3 27	3 27	3 34										
133	13	Fri.	40	12	45	8	49	4	12 23	11 1	3 58	3 59	4 0	4 8	5th Sunday after Easter. [Rogation.									
134	14	Sat.	39	13	44	9	48	5	13 23	11 58	rises.	rises.	rises.	rises.		14th, 3 A.M. ☽ 's Perigee.								
135	15	S.	38	14	43	10	47	6	14 23	A.M. 7 50	7 46	7 42	7 47	6th Sunday after Easter. [Augustin of Canterbury.										
136	16	Mo.	37	15	42	11	47	6	15 23	57	9 7	9 2	8 56		9 1									
137	17	Tu.	36	16	42	12	46	7	16 23	1 57	10 13	10 8	10 2	10 6	17th, 7 A.M. ☾ ☽ ☽ . . ☽ -0° 44'	1st Sun. after Ascension.								
138	18	Wd.	35	17	41	13	45	8	17 23	2 57	11 10	11 5	11 0	11 4										
139	19	Th.	34	18	39	13	44	9	18 23	3 55	mor.	11 58	11 53	11 56	23d, 10 P.M. ☽ stationary.									
140	20	Fri.	33	19	39	14	43	10	19 23	4 50	3	mor.	mor.	mor.										
141	21	Sat.	32	20	38	15	43	11	20 23	5 41	40	34	32	37	24th, 9 P.M. ☾ ♄ ☽	Ascension. Augustin of [Canterbury.								
142	22	S.	32	21	37	16	42	12	21 23	6 28	1 12	1 7	1 6	1 11	25th, 9 P.M. ☽ in ☽									
143	23	Mo.	31	22	37	17	41	13	22 23	7 13	1 37	1 36	1 36	1 40	26th, 0 A.M. ☾ ☽ ☽ . . ☽ +3° 19'	26th, 2 A.M. ☾ ☽ ☽ . . ☽ +3° 47'								
144	24	Tu.	30	23	36	18	40	13	23 23	7 55	2 6	2 4	2 3	2 10										
145	25	Wd.	29	24	35	19	39	14	24 23	8 36	2 32	2 31	2 31	2 38	26th, 2 A.M. ☾ ☽ ☽ . . ☽ +3° 47'	26th, 3 P.M. ☽ 's Apogee.								
146	26	Th.	29	25	35	19	39	15	25 23	9 17	2 55	2 56	2 56	3 4										
147	27	Fri.	28	26	34	20	38	16	26 23	9 59	3 19	3 21	3 22	3 30	26th, 5 P.M. ☾ ☽ ☽ . . ☽ -0° 29'	28th, 2 P.M. ☾ ☽ ☽ . . ☽ +4° 27'								
148	28	Sat.	28	27	33	21	38	16	27 23	10 42	3 45	3 48	3 50	3 59										
149	29	S.	27	28	33	22	37	17	28 23	11 27	sets.	sets.	sets.	sets.	28th, 8 P.M. ☾ ☽ ☽ . . ♄ +3° 6'	30th, 7 P.M. ☾ ☽ ☽ . . ☽ +1° 27'								
150	30	Mo.	26	29	32	23	37	18	0 7	P.M. 14	7 46	7 42	7 37	7 40										
151	31	Tu.	4 26	7 29	4 32	7 23	4 36	7 19	1 7	1 3	8 44	8 38	8 33	8 36										

SWIMMING.

By THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

It is clear that physical training is coming more into vogue in our colleges. But even athletic exercises may interfere with one another, and there may be a loss in one art, to set against a greater gain in another. For instance, twenty-five years ago the Harvard students were not such oarsmen as now; but were they not better swimmers?

In those days, to tell the truth, they were not oarsmen at all. There was a vague impression that boats meant dissipation, and were a sort of daylight theatre. There was no express law against them, to be sure. But it was a standing rule that no student should keep a domestic animal; and the rumor went that a member of the Junior class had lately been censured for keeping a boat, on the ground that a boat was a domestic animal within the meaning of the statute.

Therefore that instinct which leads all young human things to the water, guided us into the depths of Charles River instead of upon its surface. The present row of boat-houses was not, and the "College Wharf" was divided between the means of caloric and the means of coolness, between coal-sheds and bathing-sheds. These grew at last into a sort of irregular caravansary, with a series of little dens attached, small enough and hot enough to have enhanced the miseries of an Early Christian, and therefore giving all the better preparation for the coolness and the elbow-room of the water. We used to go at high-tide daily, sometimes twice a day; and we stayed sometimes two hours at a time, in which respect our example is not to be commended to ingenuous youth. I remember students who took rooms in the streets near the river, expressly for the luxury of these baths. We could practise leaping or diving from any height, beginning with the humble ladder that led down into the watery basement and ending with the dangerous platform which some adventurous divers had built upon the ridge-pole, fifteen or twenty feet above the stream. At that time there was the same concentration of interest upon the daily baths that is now given to the boating; a good swimmer was a man of distinction, like a good oar in these days. I saw some very good swimming at the boat-houses last summer, to be sure; but it was evidently a subordinate and ornamental affair, a sort of voluntary study, not an essential part of the regular curriculum.

Be this as it may, there were some of us in those days who did not wait for the College Wharf before taking our matriculation in Charles River. We fortunate Cambridge-born boys had learned to swim long before, a mile or two farther up stream, in a region then enchanted, the Simond's Hill of Lowell's Indian Summer Revery. What a scorching Paradise was that walk from town, along a road now overlaid as thickly with poetic association as with its native dust!

Passing from the village street, we paused to rest beneath Lowell's willows,

"Those six old willows at the Causey's end,
Such trees Paul Potter never dreamed nor drew."

Then forth we fared along the "treeless causey" itself, stragglingly, as boys will, now chasing a butterfly, now watching for a muskrat, then straying down upon the marsh where Holmes had trodden in childhood before us,

"With reeking sandal and superfluous gun."

We paused inevitably at the culvert where the brimming tide sent its busy whirlpools down in waving spiral lines to seek the outlet, — foaming, hurrying, scattering, recombining, — till there

seemed coolness enough for a thousand mermaids in those delicious depths. Then we passed the sand-bluffs, where the swallows tilted airily into their little holes or slid shyly from them; and hastening along a breezy path by the marsh-side, we came to an old, decaying wharf, or abutment of a wharf, and there was our bathing-place. It was a little below the bend in Charles River,

"Where yon shadowy woodlands hide thee,
And thy waters disappear,"

as described in Longfellow's verses. But these poems which I have quoted were all unwritten or unpublished then, and the youngest of the three poets was simply one of the older boys who bathed with us.

These older boys were reading Spenser in those days, as became the poetic destinies of some of them. We walked a mile to the school-house, and I well remember the day when I went plodding on behind my elder brother, — the athletic leader of the school, — as he, arm in arm between Lowell and Story, discoursed with them sweet legends from the "Faerie Queene." What mature and cultivated men they seemed! how far within the portals of knowledge! We juveniles were content to linger on the threshold and to treasure their scattered crumbs. But anything that was fairy-land must be free pasturage for us also; and when we discovered near our bathing-place the most delicious little green dressing-room that ever tempted sunburnt bodies with its cooling shade, what name so fitting as the Spenserian "Bower of Bliss"? Is the Bower all vanished, I wonder, or is only that boyish baptism forgotten?

Such was our swimming-school. Earth has no laurels more flattering than we won in each other's eyes amid those waters, when first we dared three or four unaided strokes beyond our depth, and then clung trembling to some sedgy bank on the farther side of some little cove, looking back over the narrow interval of unfathomed depth, across which Cæsar and his fortunes had swum.

"E come quel che con lena affannata
Uscito fuor del pelago alla riva
Si volge all' acqua perigliosa, e guata."

A few more trial-trips and, behold! we had actually crossed Charles River itself, and stood waist-deep among the rushes of the farther shore.

On one memorable day I recall the vision of some college students who came swimming round the curve of the river into our placid waters, having dared a bold adventure and ascended a mile or two upon the flood-tide. Others, their tired companions, had taken to the shore again, and came running across the meadows to meet them. How we stared at these shouting invaders! To a Cambridge child every undergraduate is a demi-god, and I think that, in spite of Carlyle, we revered them a great deal more for having no clothes on.

Sometimes the invasion came down stream instead of up; some huge flatboat, such as Thoreau has immortalized, came drifting down with the tide, propelled by polemen at the sides, with a steersman at the stern. We swam out eagerly to meet the jovial mariners. How safe and supported we felt in clinging to that great mass of timber; and with what a renewed sense of freedom we spurned it at length, and made our way to the friendly shore!

Perhaps there is no childish enjoyment which remains so fresh into maturer years as that of swimming. There is a physical felicity in the mere nakedness; can it retain such a zest, I wonder, for savages who never wore more than a rag of clothing in their lives? The spreading of seven million pores to the soft caresses of air and water! We seem to live only in so much of our persons as the sun and winds and waves may touch, and

this brief nudity seems to make every moment of passing existence more intense.

It must be this luxurious sensibility of the whole surface, which makes boys take such special delight in bathing in the rain. The rain-drops titillate so softly, they make a delicious alternation with the more ample washing of the waves. It is like the successive appliances of a Turkish bath. Yet, Wilson says of the Pelew-Islanders, that they showed a peculiar dislike to this contact of the drops, and always jumped overboard when a shower came on.

I have sometimes doubted whether bathing, even in sea-water, be so positive a tonic as we often suppose. Certainly its immediate effects are the other way. When camping out in the woods, I have found that a single dip in the morning was all that I could afford, before a day's exertion. Let any boat's crew stop half-way and take a bath, and they will find their time seriously impaired upon the home-stretch. I am now satisfied that the immoderately long baths of boyhood are an absolute injury. But with moderation, there comes undoubtedly an invigorating as well as purifying influence from swimming. It is, however, the refreshment and renewal which are worth most. Thoreau says that it was written upon the bath-tub of King Tching-thang, "Renew thyself completely each day; do it again, and again, and forever again." It was a regal motto.

And most assuredly swimming is a tonic to the mind. There is nothing which symbolizes the contests and the triumphs of life like wrestling with a heavy surf. It is your only sham-fight worth mentioning. I do not mean the lazy surf-swimming of level beaches, where your feet may at any moment drop and touch the sands; but I mean such a mighty play of all one's forces as may be found in the rock-bathing off Cape Ann, for instance. The strife is in this respect, above all, like a battle, that it affects your imagination, and you pass through the phases of tremor and of thrill, reluctance and absorption, from a half-wish that it might never begin, to a whole wish that it might never end. To plunge headforemost into the boiling surge, knowing that, while the surface water would beat your breath away, there is safety below; to come up panting into the air, and find that you touch it only with your lips, while the great ocean grasps your body and your limbs; then to swim boldly out through the successive rollers, diving through each, and still coming up into some green interval of heaving calm; or to loll backward on the swell that rises, and just as the great wave crests over you to turn and dive; or outside of all the lines of wave to float and sway and give yourself to the mighty motion, as unresisting as a spray of kelp, but as conscious of buoyant vitality as a dolphin or a seal; — this is the glory of swimming.

I have ventured out in this way, into stormier water than I perhaps should ever seek again, when the great wrestle of waves was such that it implied a tension of the whole nervous system to meet them. It seemed as if one mental tremor, one instant's relaxation of the forces, one concession of weakness, would surrender everything, and would leave one of no more account than a swaying weed. Each wave as it came demanded a new self-assertion, and if courage had gone I think all would have gone. The most desperate swimming must be like looking in the eye of a savage animal; doubt is death. What shows it to be largely a matter of imagination is the tranquillizing influence of a companion; the presence of another swimmer breaks the nervous strain, although you may know that he could not really help you if endangered; and two may be safe and joyous where either singly might quail and go down.

It is this imaginative element, I suppose, which always makes a feat of swimming seem more remarkable when performed by night, or in the darkness of a cave. There is, for instance, a narrative of a swim performed by some seal-fishermen within a

cave on the north coast of Ireland, that I never can read without a thrill. It is narrated in Trench's "Realities of Irish Life," and is certainly one of its most vivid realities.

After all, the chief discomfort of a swim in a heavy sea lies in the return to shore, when one encounters the undertow of a beach or the irregular lashing of the surf among the rocks. The safety in such cases lies in watching the waves and choosing one's opportunity. I have never yet seen anything to justify the tradition of the seventh or the tenth wave. But I have often noticed that high "rollers" seem to come in threes, and on bold shores I have relied on this theory with success. It is easy enough to get into the water, however turbulent; the difficulty lies in getting out again; and by watching for a heavy wave and then allowing for two more behind it, I have always landed with tolerable ease.

The most laborious swimming that I have ever tried was not in the ocean, but in fresh water; in the rapids beneath some fall or mill-race. The motion is far more confusing, for the swirling eddies beneath the surface seem to be twisting one's limbs into corkscrews. In the ocean, the breaking crest is the chief danger for a swimmer, as for a boat, and you can float safely among the unbroken waves, however agitated; but in these swift eddies the smoothest surface is the most treacherous, and the merest floating exhausts. You have not a moment of rest. Still the sport is exciting, and there are always quieter currents of backwater that will bring you, almost without effort, to the shore. I have fancied that one might be saved, even on the brink of Niagara, by reaching one of those eddies which sometimes lay the floating leaves so gently on the grassy bank.

What is the best mode of swimming? The American Indians, according to McKenney, swim "dog-paddle" as we say, — the "crawl-stroke" as it is sometimes called. It is said by Steedman, in his "Manual of Swimming," that this is the method employed by the Slavonic races, and that he himself finds it easier than any other, — a thing of which I cannot conceive. He says, moreover, that our Indian tribes, and the Mandans in particular, swim in a very different manner from this, thrusting forward each arm alternately, lifting it just into the air and then scooping it backwards through the water. This method, too, though agreeable enough occasionally, seems to me far more exhausting than the usual breast-movement.

The minutest description I have seen of a swimmer in the South-Sea Islands, is in the translation of Labillardière's "Voyage in Search of La Perouse." The author says of a native of Van Dieman's Land: "He swam constantly on the belly, his neck being entirely out of water and making very short strokes with his left hand, which he kept constantly before him, while he gave a great spread to his right hand, which he carried to the thigh on the same side at every stroke. The body was at the same time inclined to the left, which increased the rapidity with which it cut the water. I never saw an European swim with such confidence or with such speed." But I have been told by those who had swum with Sandwich-Islanders, that they commonly practised breast-swimming.

Of course, much depends on early habit; but I think that most of us, if we had a long swim to accomplish, would do better to avoid everything but our ordinary movement, relieved by turning on the back, and by floating. If, however, the hands become stiff by long use, so that it is hard to keep the fingers together, the dog-paddle will sometimes come in as a great relief.

The most remarkable feat of prolonged swimming, of which I have ever read an authentic account, was that of Samuel Bruck, an English boatman, who was capsized in attempting to aid a vessel in distress, all his mates being drowned. "In about a quarter of an hour after the boat was capsized, and when both it and the men had disappeared, Bruck got hold of a rush horse-

collar, used as a fender to the boat, and put it on his arm. Being supported by it, he was enabled to get out his knife, and cut off his oiled petticoat-trousers, frock, and waistcoat, but he dared not attempt to take off his cloth trousers, lest they should entangle his legs. He soon abandoned the collar, as it retarded his progress, and swam in the direction of Winterton High Light. The flood-tide, however, soon carried him out of sight of it. He then aligned two stars, which however became obscured by a cloud. He now supposed all was over, and was about to give himself up as lost, when suddenly the moon shone out very bright. Finding himself much fatigued with his shoes, with great difficulty he cut the laces and got them off. Shortly after, he saw the land by the reflection of the moon. He drove over the cross-sands ridge with the flood-tide. Keeping himself in an upright position, he presently got a glimpse of Lowestoft High Light, and soon after of a buoy, towards which he swam, and found it to be the checkered buoy of St. Nichol's Sand. He then perceived he was getting fast to the westward, but found by the roar of the sea that he had to swim across Corton Sand, which he did with great difficulty, as the sea was running over his head. He then got a sight of a vessel, which reanimated him, and on the water slack he went toward her very fast, but on the ebb coming away, he reached within about three hundred yards of her, and could not fetch her. He hailed her with all his strength, and was instantly answered by the watch on deck, who lowered a boat and got him on board at half past one in the morning, on the 7th of October, 1835." He had been in the water seven and a half hours, and had swum nearly fifteen miles. This is far beyond what I have ever seen definitely reported of any South-Sea-Islander.

Water is the only element in which flesh has an advantage over bone and muscle. The average specific gravity of a living human body is about one tenth less than that of fresh water, the difference as compared with sea water being still greater; while in the Dead Sea and the Great Salt Lake it is almost impossible for a man to sink. But so long as one can keep himself in a position to breathe freely, he can float in any water, and skill is only required in maintaining this equilibrium. The more flesh, the less weight, in proportion to the amount of water displaced. The more corpulent, the less need of being drowned, if you will but throw your head back and keep still. Of course to achieve a certain distance by water requires muscular or propelling power, but to remain afloat needs only natural buoyancy. The elephant floats higher, it is said, than any other quadruped, in spite of its vast bulk; and there was a certain elephantine Italian abbe, Paul Moccia by name, who could walk in the water of the Mediterranean, with nearly half his body raised above the surface. The bodies of the South-Sea-Islanders have more of adipose tissue than those of whites, and the same is true of the Southern negroes, whose buoyancy in the water surprised me. For the same reason girls float more easily than boys, so far as my observation goes, and learn to swim more readily, though they cannot usually move through the water so fast.

It is not to be supposed that any one will voluntarily enter the water except by diving, provided the depth be sufficient. That accomplishment is very easily learned, by beginning from an elevation of a few inches and gradually increasing the height. In time you may come to rival Arthur, "the glory of headers," with his thirty-feet diving, in Clough's delightful poem. I never saw any one, however, dive from a height much beyond twenty feet. Even that is a good deal of a journey to perform head-downward, and a black soldier of my regiment used to vary the attitude by turning two neat summersets on the way.

I have found it a good preparation for a deep dive to inhale a few draughts of fresh air just previously, expelling it forcibly each time, in order to fill the lungs with a wholly pure supply. In

teaching boys to dive, moreover, you should give them something definite for which to plunge; beginning with something large and conspicuous, like a dropped towel, they can end by picking up a cent. One of the most graceful swimmers I have ever seen comes down our beach carrying a white stone, which he throws to a distance of a rod or two, after entering the surf. Diving at the same moment, he reappears above the place where the stone fell, and bears it in his hand. Then he throws it again and again, and always recovers it. It looks easy when he does it, but my efforts at imitation have not been encouraging.

The most noted under-water swimmer of my college days was our only Dane, — he who afterwards translated "Heinrich von Ofterdingen" into English, — and we fancied his feats to be a sort of national accomplishment. I never shall forget the amazement with which we used to watch for him to reappear after a plunge. It seems in memory that it was a third of the distance across the river, but memory is an unrivalled magnifier, and I will not be positive. To us, who found a dozen strokes beneath the water the limit of our range, he seemed a kind of Viking. After all, he probably was not submerged more than a minute and a half, and it is doubtful whether any professional diver remains more than two minutes below. As for Nicolo Pesce, "the fish," whose performances long passed current in books, he is now pretty thoroughly dismissed to the regions of fable, whence the Jesuit Athanasius Kircher first drew him. He used, it is said, to spend five days at sea, with no other food than the fish which he caught and eat raw. Sailors encountered him here and there in the Mediterranean, bearing despatches in water-proof bags for the king of Sicily. His fingers and toes were webbed, the tradition says, and he could take into his lungs a day's supply of air. He finally plunged into Charybdis for a golden cup thrown thither by the king, and reappeared with it after three quarters of an hour; but perished in a second attempt. Schiller's ballad, "Der Taucher," is founded on his fate.

It is not surprising that such tales of wonder should be told. I suppose that much of the charm of water lies in its being the only magical element, — the only one into which you can disappear and then reappear at will. If you doubt its spell, dip your head beneath it, and then open your eyes, — a thing which Dr. Franklin, strange to say, declared to be impossible. All tales of mermaids and enchanted caves then become easy of belief, in a sphere where all looks so strange. A stone upon the bottom expands and hovers and approaches as if it were a shark, and a floating wisp of sea-weed is very like a whale. You yourself appear to suffer a sea-change, and if you came up with pearls for eyes and kelp for hair it would not seem unaccountable. That instant of plunge seems to annihilate all time, and when you lift your head again, it is as if hours or years had passed, and you believe the story of Mohammed's miraculous dip in the basin.

Even when you float passively upon the waves, there is a sense of perfect self-abandonment to the elemental forces, such as scarcely a hawk's soaring can rival, for that must involve a perpetual tension of wing. You feel yourself no longer an individual will, but only the breathing atom of a universe. As you drift with wind and tide, there may presently be vindicated in your person, you think, that theory propounded by Sir Thomas Browne, that the human body is a magnet. "It is something singular what some conceive, and Eusebius Nierembergius, a learned Jesuit of Spain, delivers, that the body of man is magnetical, and being placed in a boat, the vessel will never rest until the head respecteth the north." Science has picked up so many a stray wonder from this quaint writer, and established it for solid fact, that I always fancy some fortunate swimmer thus boxing the compass as he floats, and vibrating in unison with that vast polarity which thrills through all created things.



Day of Year.	Day of Month.	Day of Week.	THE SUN.								THE MOON.								PHENOMENA.					SUNDAYS, HOLY DAYS, and ANNIVERSARIES.
			Latitude of BOSTON.		Latitude of NEW YORK.		Latitude of WASH. TON.		WASHINGTON.		BOS- TON.	NEW YORK.	WASH- ING- TON.	SAN- FRAN.	Moon's Phases.									
															d. h. m.									
			Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Age at Noon.	Souths.	Sets.	Sets.	Sets.	Sets.										
			h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	d. h.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.									
152	1	Wd.	4 25	7 30	4 32	7 24	4 36	7 20	2 7	1 55	9 38	9 33	9 27	9 31	WASHINGTON.					Nicomede.				
153	2	Th.	25	31	31	25	35	20	3 7	2 47	10 28	10 23	10 18	10 21	2d, 12 M. ☾ ☽ ☽ +0° 27'									
154	3	Fri.	24	32	31	25	35	21	4 7	3 40	11 13	11 8	11 3	11 7										
155	4	Sat.	24	32	30	26	35	22	5 7	4 32	11 52	11 48	11 44	11 48	4th, 10 A.M. ☾ ☽ ☽ Inf.									
156	5	S.	24	33	30	27	34	22	6 7	5 23	mor.	mor.	mor.	mor.	5th, 1 A.M. ☽ in Aphelion.						Whitsunday. Pentecost. [Boniface.			
157	6	Mo.	23	34	30	27	34	23	7 7	6 15	25	23	20	0 25										
158	7	Tu.	23	34	29	28	34	24	8 7	7 5	57	55	55	1 0										
159	8	Wd.	23	35	29	29	34	24	9 7	7 56	1 28	1 27	1 28	1 34										
160	9	Th.	22	36	29	29	33	25	10 7	8 48	1 58	2 00	2 0	2 8										
161	10	Fri.	22	36	29	30	33	25	11 7	9 43	2 29	2 32	2 34	2 42										
162	11	Sat.	22	37	29	30	33	26	12 7	10 39	3 3	3 7	3 10	2 19	11th, 8 A.M. ☾'s Perigee.					Barnabas.				
163	12	S.	22	37	29	31	33	26	13 7	11 39	rises.	rises.	rises.	rises.						Trinity Sunday.				
164	13	Mo.	22	38	29	31	33	26	14 7	A.M.	7 52	7 47	7 42	7 46	13th, 2 P.M. ☾ ☽ ☽ -0° 51'									
165	14	Tu.	22	38	29	32	33	27	15 7	0 39	8 56	8 51	8 45	8 49										
166	15	Wd.	22	39	29	32	33	27	16 7	1 39	9 49	9 44	9 39	9 43	15th, 4 A.M. ☽ in ☽									
167	16	Th.	22	39	29	32	33	28	17 7	2 37	10 34	10 29	10 25	10 29	16th, 11 A.M. ☽ ☽ ☽									
168	17	Fri.	22	40	29	33	33	28	18 7	3 31	11 11	11 8	11 4	11 8	16th, 1 P.M. ☽ stationary.					Alban. Battle of Bunker [Hill.				
169	18	Sat.	22	40	29	33	33	28	19 7	4 21	11 43	11 40	11 37	11 41	{Summer begins.					1st Sunday after Trinity.				
170	19	S.	22	40	29	33	34	29	20 7	5 8	mor.	mor.	mor.	mor.	21st, 11 A.M. ☽ enters ☽.									
171	20	Mo.	22	40	29	34	34	29	21 7	5 51	10	8	6	12	22d, 10 A.M. ☽ ☽ ☽ +3° 53'									
172	21	Tu.	23	41	29	34	34	29	22 7	6 34	35	34	33	39	22d, 10 P.M. ☽ gr. hel. Lat. S.									
173	22	Wd.	23	41	30	34	34	29	23 7	7 15	59	59	59	1 6	23d, 7 A.M. ☽'s Apogee.									
174	23	Th.	23	41	30	34	34	29	24 7	7 56	1 23	1 24	1 26	1 33	25th, 4 A.M. ☽ ☽ ☽ +2° 11'									
175	24	Fri.	23	41	30	34	35	30	25 7	8 38	1 49	1 51	1 54	2 1	25th, 11 A.M. ☽ gr. hel. Lat. S.					Nativity of John Baptist.				
176	25	Sat.	24	41	31	34	35	30	26 7	9 22	2 17	2 20	1 23	2 31	26th, 3 P.M. ☽ ☽ ☽ +3° 27'									
177	26	S.	24	41	31	34	35	30	27 7	10 9	2 48	2 52	1 56	3 4	26th, 4 P.M. ☽ ☽ ☽ +2° 42'					2d Sunday after Trinity.				
178	27	Mo.	25	41	31	34	36	30	28 7	10 58	3 24	3 29	2 33	3 42	26th, 10 P.M. ☽ ☽ ☽ -0° 28'									
179	28	Tu.	25	41	32	34	36	30	29 7	11 49	sets.	sets.	sets.	sets.	27th, 8 A.M. ☽ ☽ ☽ +0° 44'									
180	29	Wd.	26	41	32	34	37	30	0 18	0 42	7 25	7 20	7 14	7 18	28th, ☽ eclipsed, invis. at W.					Peter.				
181	30	Th.	1 27	7 41	4 33	7 34	4 37	7 30	1 18	1 36	8 17	8 11	8 6	8 10	28th, 7 P.M. ☽ gr. cl. W. 21° 53'									
															29th, 9 P.M. ☽ ☽ ☽ +0° 16'									

THE SONG-BIRDS OF AMERICA.

BY THOMAS M. BREWER.

IN resuming our grateful theme, so full of attraction and interest, and a variety apparently inexhaustible, — the singing-birds of our country, — we are once more met on its threshold with doubt and perplexities. Where shall we begin? Which of our unmentioned songsters shall we turn to next? How may we best present the claims to admiration of those of whose marvellous powers of song we have made no mention? Hardest question of all to solve: When and where must we, having commenced, pause that we may bring our sketch within our assigned limits? For we are even now hardly on the threshold of a subject wellnigh exhaustless. Our groves and our fields, nay, even our gardens and our streets, teem with unmentioned vocalists, each and all of whom have claims upon our pen worthy of something more than a mere passing mention. Since we ventured, a year since, our imperfect glance over this wide and limitless field, more light has been thrown upon some of its darker corners. Researches and observations made in new and before untrodden domains of nature have revealed, if not new species with plumages before unknown, at least new claimants to swell the list, already so large, of those the powers and beauty of whose song entitle them to high places among our singing-birds, but whose personal history has been until now concealed. More of this we may give at some future time, when we can speak of these interesting additions to our knowledge without anticipating those whose right it is to be heard first, and to tell their own story of discovery.

Conscious as we Americans are of the exuberant abundance and variety and the exhaustless wealth of song in all parts of our land, from the ice-fields of Alaska to the tropical fauna of St. Lucas, and from Florida to Greenland, not less on the barren plains of Wyoming and Dacotah, or amid the dark and sunless forests of Oregon, than in the groves of Pennsylvania and the Carolinas, we can well afford to smile in silent indifference when we hear the ever-repeated refrains of foreign writers still dwelling upon our lack of song-birds in America, and our inferiority in this respect to Europe! The same cry was heard more than half a century ago, and was then manfully met and contradicted by our pioneer ornithologist, Wilson. An old countryman himself, and limited in his knowledge of our ornithology, compared with what we now know in regard to our real wealth of song, he was a far better judge of the comparative claims of the two hemispheres than the superficial carpers whose pretentious ignorance he exposed. Whatever superiority Europe might seem to possess in vocalists that enlivened their cultivated grounds, Wilson, who had never heard of our Dacotah Skylarks, our Northern Linnets, or our Western Thrushes, accorded to our wildwood singers a great superiority over those of Europe; and he was right in so doing.

Before we resume our subject, our first duty as a faithful historian is to retrace our steps, and to here and there reconstruct one or two portions of our previous notes where they may have left an imperfect or incorrect impression, or where more light has since been given. Our protest against the most recent phase of scientific classification which counts in the Crow as one of the *Oscines*, or Singing-Birds of America, and counts out the Fly-Catchers, and stigmatizes them as *Clamatores*, or Screechers, has found confirmation and new strength in additional evidence coming to us from widely distant sources. Testimony from gentlemen of unquestionable accuracy fully confirms our previous belief that several species of our true Fly-Catchers are singers, in the fullest sense of that term. Each one of these has its own peculiar song.

One at least of them is worthy of especial mention as among the many remarkable song-birds of America. This is the *Yellow-bellied Fly-Catcher* (*Empidonax flaviventris*), a bird in regard to whose habits and the nature of whose existence very little is known even to naturalists. It escaped the notice of Wilson and Nuttall, and to Audubon was only known, in his later days, from the description of it by its first discoverer, Professor Baird. The latter met with it, in its spring migrations, as it passed rapidly through Pennsylvania. During the summer months it may be found in the extreme northern portions of the United States and in the British Provinces. Nowhere abundant, it has been found, during the coincident periods of song and reproduction, on the southwestern shore of Lake Michigan, in Eastern Maine, and throughout New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. It occurs, in all probability, at various points between these extremes, north of their parallel, but to an as yet unascertained extent. Shy and retiring in habit, abiding only in secluded places on the edge of woods, or low moist thickets, in the vicinity of water, it is noticed only by the inquisitive naturalist whose eye nothing escapes. Though not mentioned as one of "the birds of New England," it is found in every one of these States in its semiannual migrations, and in three during its days of song. The writer has found them breeding among the islands around Eastport and in the vicinity of Halifax, where, in the summer of 1851, he met with their nests, though their extreme timidity was an almost insuperable obstacle to any observations in regard to their habits. There too he heard — or, rather, was very confident that he heard — the beautiful song of the male bird. As he could not find it in his heart to take the life of this exquisite little musician, even to make sure who or what he was, — a most unscientific weakness, — he was not at the time positive as to its identity. Subsequent information, from different sources, abundantly confirms his conclusions, and establishes beyond all possible doubt its claims to being a vocalist, and one, in the sweetness, richness, and exquisite beauty of its notes, of a very high order. Without being either powerful or exhibiting any very great variety, the song of this Fly-Catcher is noticeable chiefly for its remarkable melody. It consists of a succession of several notes enunciated with nearly equal pitch, and a very pleasing effect. This brief refrain it repeats at short intervals, in the vicinity of its mate, but only while undisturbed and all around is perfectly still, but ceases wholly at the least unusual sound.

In speaking somewhat slightly of the vocal powers of several tribes, Ravens, Crows, Grackles, and the like, counted as singers in our systems, we somewhat carelessly included the Jays in this list. There may be, there probably are, some of this family to whom our slur may be not inappropriate, but with our common *Blue-Jay* this is very far from being the case. This Jay is one of our best musicians. Combining force and power with melody and harmony at one time to contrast at another its most delicate and exquisite notes with sounds of discord, compared with which the screeching of an ungreased cart-wheel is harmony itself, this bird is, without exception, our most original and singularly inconsistent musician. Not unaptly compared, by some, to the trumpeter of an orchestra, it is not only or chiefly on account of his loud-voiced and far-resounding notes that the *Blue-Jay* deserves his place in the front ranks of our natural musicians. His own unimitative low notes are often indescribably charming, and his imitations of our best singers are frequently singularly felicitous and striking. If, therefore, any one was led to infer from our remark that we do not admit the claims of our Jay to high distinction as a first-class singer, one who may take his place without dispute among the *Oscines*, we hasten to remove the mistake.

In mentioning the remarkable melody of our American Mock-

ing Thrushes, represented in the United States by the Mocking-Bird and the Cat-Bird, we included in this group, on the authority of Nuttall and Townsend, the *Mountain Mocking-Bird*. It is not entitled to any such position. Indeed, its whole name is singularly inappropriate, and should be abandoned. It is not at all a bird of the mountains, being found only on the plains; and I have the authority of Mr. Robert Ridgway, naturalist to the governmental survey party under the charge of Clarence King, and an accurate and perfectly reliable observer, for this fact, and also for the statement that this singular and unique variety of thrush is entirely unimitative in its notes. It has a sweet and pleasant song, but all its notes are peculiar and original.

Always excepting the *Mocking-Bird*, whose wonderful powers place it so very far above and beyond comparison, our most popular and welcome musician is the *Bobolink*. Original, natural, and never imitative, its song is in the highest degree exquisitely musical. In the variety of its notes, the rapidity with which they are uttered, and the touching pathos, beauty, and melody of their tone and expression, they are unequalled by those of any other bird to which our ears have listened. We certainly have nothing among the varied songs of our feathered musicians of America that resembles or even approaches it.



In the earliest approach of spring, in Louisiana, when small flocks of male Bobolinks make their first appearance, they are said, by Mr. Audubon, to sing in concert, and their song thus given is at once exceedingly novel, interesting, and striking. Uttered with a volubility that almost borders upon the burlesque and the ludicrous, the whole effect is greatly heightened by the singular and striking manner in which, first one singer, and then another, one following the other until all have joined their voices, take up the note and strike in, after the leader has set the first example and given the signal. In this manner sometimes a party of thirty or forty Bobolinks will begin, one after the other, until the whole party unite in producing an extraordinary medley, to which no pen can do justice, but which is described as very pleasant to listen to. Suddenly the music ceases with a suddenness not less striking and extraordinary. These concerts are repeated from time to time, usually as often as the flock alight.

By the time these birds have reached, in their spring migra-

tions, the fortieth parallel of latitude, they no longer move in large flocks, but have begun to separate into small parties, and finally into pairs. Here in New England the Bobolink treats us to no such concerts as those described by Audubon, where many voices join in creating their peculiar jingling melody. When they first appear here, usually after the middle of May, they are in small parties, composed of either sex, absorbed in their courtships, and, of course, overflowing with song. When two or three male Bobolinks, decked out in their gayest spring apparel, are paying their attentions to the same drab-colored demoiselle, the contrast of whose sober brown apparel is so striking, their performances are quite entertaining. Each seems to endeavor to outstrip the other. The females, on the contrary, appear coy and retiring, keeping closely to the ground, but always followed or attended by the several aspirants for their affection. After a contest often quite exciting, these rivalries are adjusted, the rejected suitors are driven off by their more fortunate competitor, and the happy pair take possession of their new home. In these love quarrels their song appears to the greatest advantage. They pour out incessantly their strains of quaint but entrancing music, now on the ground, now on the wing, now on the top of a fence, a low bush, or the swaying stalk of a plant that bends with their weight. The great length of their song, the immense number of short and variable notes of which it is composed, the volubility and confused rapidity with which they are poured forth, — no human ear being able to separate one note from the other, — the quaint and eccentric breaks, in the midst of which we detect the words "bob-o-link" so distinctly enunciated, unite to form a general result to which we can find no parallel in any of the musical performances of our other song-birds. It is at once a unique and a charming production. Nuttall speaks of their song as "monotonous," which we consider neither true nor consistent with his own description of it. To us they are ever wonderfully full of variety, pathos, and beauty.

When their love contests are ended (and the happy pair take possession of their allotted meadow, and prepare to construct their nest and rear their family), then we see the male bird hovering in the air over the spot where his homely wife is brooding over her charge, and all the while warbling forth his incessant and happy love-song, or else swinging on some slender stalk or weed that bends under him, and ever overflowing with song and eloquent with melody. As his domestic cares and parental responsibilities increase, his song grows less and less frequent, then degenerates into a few short notes, and at last altogether ceases. His five children in due time assume the development of mature birds, and all wear the sober garb of their mother. And now there comes a marvellous change over our once gayly attired musician. His beautiful dress of glossy white and black, so striking in its contrast, changes with an almost magical rapidity into homely brown and drab, until he is in no wise distinguishable either in dress or in note from wife or children.

In the North, where the Bobolink breeds, he never molests the crops, but confines his food almost entirely to insects, or the seeds of valueless weeds, in the consumption of which he confers a benefit rather than harm. At the South he is accused of injuring the young wheat, as he passes northward in his spring migrations, and of preying upon the rice plantations on his return. They appear, in almost innumerable flocks, in the middle of August, among the marshes of Pennsylvania, where they are known as *Reed-birds*. Two weeks later they begin to swarm among the rice plantations of South Carolina, where they are generally known as the *Rice-birds*. In October they again pass on southward, making another halt in the West Indies. There they feed upon the seeds of the Guinea-grass, upon which they grow excessively fat, and are known in Jamaica as the *Butter-bird*.

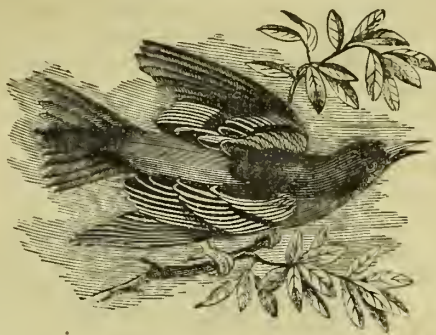
Everywhere they are sought out by sportsmen and shot in immense numbers for the table of the epicure. More recently they have been found to feed freely upon the larvæ of the dreaded cotton-worm, and thus to render a great service to the planter.

The familiar *Baltimore Oriole*, so common throughout New England, where it is also known by a variety of other names, such as the *Golden Robin*, the *Fiery Hlang-bird*, and similar terms suggested by its bright plumage or its curiously wrought and pensile nest, represents a remarkable family of songsters, of whom our bird is the best known. In our poverty of specific terms wherewith to designate our own American birds, we call it an Oriole, yet it is quite distinct from a true Oriole, which is a genus peculiar to the Old World. Naturalists call our birds *icteri*. They are represented by a large variety of species, all of which would deserve a place in a volume devoted to song-birds. Our Bird of Baltimore, so called because its brilliant contrast of orange and black was suggestive of the coat of arms of Cecil, Lord Baltimore, deserves special mention. He is a gay, lively, and brilliant fellow, visiting us with a punctuality that disregards all weather, about the 10th of every May, and, during the rest of that month and a part of June, enlivening our gardens with peculiarly rich and mellow notes. Their period of song is very brief, soon terminating when their family cares increase, and their tender brood require their anxious attention. Early in July, and sometimes even before that period, the Baltimore bird has ceased to favor us with those very remarkable notes which never fail to attract attention by their peculiarity, and to elicit admiration by their rich and charming melody. Its song varies with the time and the circumstances. When they first arrive, in the absence of their mates, none of whom have as yet made their appearance, their notes are loud and their voices are somewhat shrill, and their song partakes somewhat of the nature of tender lamentations and complainings. They are, at these times, very active and restless, moving rapidly through the branches of the trees, just opening into leaf and bloom, and searching busily for the insects which form their principal food. This song changes into a richer, lower, and more pleasing refrain when they are joined by their partners. Then their mellow whistle resounds in every garden and orchard, and even in the parks and cultivated squares of our cities. The Boston Common is every year enlivened with the attractive songs of several pairs of these brilliant birds.

Mr. Nuttall, often so felicitous in expressing by written equivalents the notes of various species of our song-birds, imitates the song of the Baltimore to run somewhat thus: "*tshippe-tshajia-too-too-tshippe-tshippe-too-too*," with several other very similar variations and modifications. But these symbols supply a very inadequate idea of their song, and would give to one who had never heard them none at all. It can only be appreciated by being heard, and only fully enjoyed by a careful study of its varying beauties. It is, indeed, of almost endless variety, each individual having his own variations, and no two ever singing in exactly the same manner, and, what is of quite uncommon occurrence among birds, the female Baltimore has quite a pretty song of her own, which she busily chants while she is weaving her beautifully wrought nest.

The Baltimore, apart from his musical contributions to our enjoyment, has many other claims to be regarded with favor, not that he is not without his occasional indiscretions. That powerful wedge-shaped bill of his is, at times, altogether too convenient an instrument with which to pry open the tender pods of young peas, and tempt him to regale himself upon their contents. This sin, by the way, Henry Ward Beecher wrongfully lays at the door of the Cherry-bird; but whatever other sins that bird may have to answer for, it is entirely guiltless of this. With its slender weak bill, such an achievement as to force open a pea-pod

would be simply impossible. And when constructing her nest, the female Baltimore is not over-scrupulous where she procures her materials, and never hesitates to rob her weaker neighbors who may have chanced to collect such material as she covets. But these are only as spots on the sun's surface. To the agriculturist this bird is of immense service, destroying a vast number of highly noxious insects. In its domestic relations it is devoted and exemplary, especially in the courage with which it defends its young, exposing itself fearlessly to danger and even to death in their defence. Their ingenuity and skill in the construction



of their nest is not their least remarkable peculiarity. This structure is a cylindrical and pendulous pouch, suspended from the extremity of some hanging branch, and is constructed by means of the interweaving of the natural filaments of several flax-like plants into a homogeneous fabric of great strength, and admirably adapted to its purposes. Open at the top, containing within a large and deep cavity, warmly lined, suspended out of the reach of enemies, and protected by a leafy canopy from sun or storm, the whole structure is most admirably contrived for the wants of its family.

Even at the risk of being criticised for degenerating into the "catalogue style,"—whatever that may be,—we will not leave the subject of the Baltimore without at least making brief mention of three other noticeable songsters of its family. First of these, the *Orchard Oriole*, which systematists have so absurdly stigmatized as a "spurious" bird, simply because it is not the Baltimore, but which is every whit a genuine and legitimate species, abounds from Southern New York to Texas. It is an active, sprightly, and very lively species, and has a rapidly enunciated, hurried, and energetic song, which some writers speak of as confused,—but the confusion is all in their own brain, and not in the notes of our songster, whose rapid utterances are distinct enough, though all too swift for our slow ears. His song consists of shrill and lively notes, uttered with an apparent air of great agitation, and is quite as distinct and agreeable, though neither so full nor so rich, as those of our Golden Robin. Their nest, though very different, is quite as curious as that of the Baltimore; it is pensile, but open at the top, and made of an elaborately interwoven tissue of long and slender grasses, and is semi-spherical in shape.

Bullock's Oriole is to the Pacific coast—from the Rocky Mountains to the ocean—almost an exact reproduction of our own Baltimore. Its nest is so exactly similar as not to be distinguishable, and the plumage of the two species is the same in regard to the colors, the only differences being in their distribution. Its song is also quite similar, and is described as a plaintive piping warble, but neither so varied nor so prolonged as the more familiar notes of its Eastern kinfolk.

Without any question, the best songster belonging to this family found in the United States is the *Black-headed Oriole*



Day of Year.	Day of Month.	Day of Week.	THE SUN.						THE MOON.						PHENOMENA.				SUNDAYS, HOLY DAYS, and ANNIVERSARIES.
			Latitude of BOSTON.		Latitude of NEW YORK.		Latitude of WASH'TON.		WASHINGTON.		BOS- TON.	NEW YORK.	WASH- ING- TON.	SAN FRAN.	Moon's Phases. d. h. m.				
			Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Age at Noon.	Souths.	Sets.	Sets.	Sets.	Sets.	☽ FIRST QUARTER . .	☾ FULL MOON . . .	☾ LAST QUARTER . .	☽ NEW MOON . . .	
			h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	d. h.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	5 11 22 P.M.	12 5 27 P.M.	20 9 9 A.M.	28 6 10 A.M.	
182	1	Fri.	4 26	7 41	4 33	7 34	4 38	7 30	2 18	2 29	9 52	9 48	9 44	9 48	WASHINGTON. 1st, 8 P.M. ☉ in Apogee.				Visitation of Mary. 3d Sunday after Trinity. { Translation of Martin. { Declaration of Inde- pendence.
183	2	Sat.	27	41	33	34	38	29	3 18	3 21	10 30	10 27	10 24	10 27					
184	3	S.	27	41	34	34	39	29	4 18	4 12	11 2	11 0	10 58	11 3					
185	4	Mo.	28	40	34	34	39	29	5 18	5 2	11 32	11 31	11 30	11 37					
186	5	Tu.	28	40	35	33	40	29	6 18	5 52	mor.	mor.	mor.	mor.					
187	6	Wd	29	40	36	33	40	29	7 18	6 43	1	1	1	8					
188	7	Th.	30	39	36	33	41	29	8 18	7 34	29	30	32	40					
189	8	Fri.	30	39	37	33	41	28	9 18	8 28	1 2	1 5	1 7	1 16	8th, 10 P.M. ☾'s Perigee.				
190	9	Sat.	31	38	37	32	42	28	10 18	9 25	1 39	1 43	1 46	1 55					
191	10	S.	32	38	38	32	43	27	11 18	10 23	2 21	2 25	2 30	2 40	10th, 8 P.M. ☽ h ☾ - 1° 4'				4th Sun. after Trinity.
192	11	Mo.	33	37	39	31	43	27	12 18	11 23	rises.	rises.	rises.	rises.					
193	12	Tu.	34	37	40	31	44	27	13 18	A.M.	7 37	7 32	7 26	7 26	12th, ☾ eclipsed, invis. at W.				
194	13	Wd.	34	36	40	30	45	26	14 18	21	8 31	8 26	8 20	8 20	13th, 2 P.M. ☽ ♀ ♀ - 1° 7'				
195	14	Th.	35	36	41	30	45	25	15 18	1 18	9 7	9 3	8 59	9 3	14th, 7 A.M. ☐ ☽ ☉				
196	15	Fri.	36	35	42	29	46	25	16 18	2 10	9 41	9 38	9 35	9 40	14th, 7 P.M. ☽ ☾ ☉				Swithun.
197	16	Sat.	37	34	43	28	47	24	17 18	2 59	10 11	10 9	10 6	10 43					
198	17	S.	38	34	43	28	48	24	18 18	3 45	10 37	10 36	10 35	10 41					
199	18	Mo.	39	33	44	27	48	23	19 18	4 23	11 6	11 6	11 6	11 8	19th, 1 A.M. ☽ in Perihelion.				
200	19	Tu.	39	32	45	27	49	22	20 18	5 10	11 27	11 28	11 29	11 34	19th, 7 P.M. ☽ ☽ ☾ . ☽ + 3° 53'				
201	20	Wd.	40	31	46	26	50	22	21 18	5 52	11 51	11 53	11 55	mor.	21st, 1 A.M. ☾'s Apogee.				Margaret.
202	21	Th.	41	31	47	25	51	21	22 18	6 34	mor.	mor.	mor.	2	21st, 4 P.M. ☽ ☽ ☾ . ☽ + 0° 43'				
203	22	Fri.	42	30	48	25	52	20	23 18	7 17	16	19	22	30	24th, 12 M. ☽ ☽ ☾ . ☽ + 2° 15'				
204	23	Sat.	43	29	48	24	53	19	24 18	8 2	45	49	52	1 1	25th, 11 A.M. ☽ ☽ ☾ . ☽ + 0° 41'				
205	24	S.	44	28	49	23	54	18	25 18	8 50	1 19	1 23	1 28	1 37	25th, 2 P.M. ☽ ☽ ☾ . ☽ + 2° 8'				6th Sun. after Trinity. James. Anne.
206	25	Mo.	45	27	50	22	54	17	26 18	9 40	2 0	2 5	2 10	2 20	26th, 7 A.M. ☽ stationary.				
207	26	Tu.	46	26	51	21	55	16	27 18	10 33	2 48	2 53	2 59	3 9	26th, 11 P.M. ☽ ☽ ☉ Sup.				
208	27	Wd.	47	25	52	20	56	16	28 18	11 27	sets.	sets.	sets.	sets.	27th, 10 A.M. ☽ ☽ ☾ . ☽ + 0° 7'				
209	28	Th.	48	24	53	19	57	15	0 6	P.M. 21	7 51	7 47	7 41	7 43	27th, ☉ eclipsed, invis. at W.				
210	29	Fri.	49	23	54	18	58	14	1 6	1 15	8 30	8 27	8 23	8 26	28th, 9 A.M. ☽ ☽ ☾ . ☽ + 0° 8'				
211	30	Sat.	50	22	55	17	59	13	2 6	2 8	9 4	9 2	8 59	9 5	29th, 10 A.M. ☽ gr. hel. Lat. N.				
212	31	S.	51	21	56	16	59	12	3 6	2 59	9 35	9 34	9 33	9 39	29th, 11 A.M. ☽ ☽ ☾ . ☽ - 1° 29'				7th Sun. after Trinity.

of Texas and New Mexico. Unlike its kindreds, it is somewhat shy and secluded in its habits, but, like them, it is seemingly never at rest, and constantly on the move in quest of insects. General Couch, who met with this species in the Mexican province of Tamaulipas, described its strains as having at times a touch of such exquisite sadness that he could hardly believe them produced by a bird, and adds that he never heard the lay of any songster of the feathered tribes expressed with more sweetness than were the notes of this Oriole. In Monterey it is the favorite cage-bird, and the observations of General Couch appear to have warranted Mr. Cassin in pronouncing this species one of the most gifted of this very musical family.

By far the sweetest singer that visits our cities and enlivens our streets and public squares with their exquisitely soft and beautiful melody is the *Warbling Vireo*. In size, color, and general appearance this bird is said to bear a somewhat close resemblance to the Nightingale of Europe. It is almost exclusively a resident of villages and towns, and is rarely to be met with except among the tall trees in the vicinity of dwellings, where it appears to delight to dwell, and from their highest tops to suspend its pensile and cup-shaped nests. They especially abound among the elm-trees of the Boston Common, where, at almost any hour of the day, from early in the month of May until quite late in the summer, may be heard the prolonged notes of this sweetest and most constant of our songsters. The melody of its voice, which is not powerful, is flute-like and tender in its airs, but far surpasses even the sweetest sounds of that instrument. Throughout May and June, and a part of July, their charming song may be heard amid the din of our cities, from the earliest dawn until nightfall, rarely ceasing even in the noontide heat, when nearly every other bird is silent. In his movements this Vireo is almost as incessant as in his song, and his easy, tender, and charming notes are given forth as he moves through the tree-tops in search of insects, or as he accompanies and assists his mate in the construction of their nest. They are among our most constant singers, and their song is prolonged until quite late in the season. Mr. Nuttall once heard one singing even as late in the season as October.

In their habits they are as gentle and confiding as their song is exquisitely soft and beautiful. They seem to seek, as if by choice, the most intimate society of man, placing themselves and their families under his protection against their natural enemies, in the most frequented places, yet even there quite out of harm's way among the leafy tree-tops, where their cradle-nest swings secure from sun or storm, and safely hidden from foes. Their nest is a beautiful basket-like fabric suspended from the extremities of the loftiest branches of the highest trees, and often at a great elevation. Like all the nests of this family, it is pensile, and concealed beneath the leaves of the branch from which it is suspended.

The other members of the Vireo family are not so noted for the excellence of their song, though all are interesting and attractive birds. The emphatic and interrupted melody of the Red-eyed Vireo might, at times, be almost mistaken for the piping of the Robin, so closely does it resemble the voice of that bird, though thinner and less melodious. The *Yellow-throated* and the *White-eyed Vireos* are both very constant singers, the latter one of more compass and power than the *Warbling Vireo*, but the song of neither bears any comparison in variety or sweetness of melody.

No one at all observant of the beauties of nature can have visited the White Mountains, in the early summer, without having been attracted by the clear and remarkable notes, or whistle, of a rather common singer, enjoying there a local fame, and bearing the name of *Peabody-bird*. It is the *White-throated Sparrow*

of our books. This is a bird belonging to our more Northern fauna, which rarely or never stops to breed so far to the south as Massachusetts, but is abundant throughout Northern New York and the States of Vermont, New Hampshire, and Maine, as well as in all the British Provinces, but not in the more arctic regions. Wilson, who only knew of them as they passed through the Middle States, going to or coming from their summer homes, yet saw or heard enough to enable him to state that they possess "remarkably sweet and clear notes." Audubon, who had a better opportunity to observe their habits in Labrador, speaks of their song as "sweet and plaintive." But these terms hardly do justice to its peculiar charm and beauty. Its song is rather sprightly and pleasing than plaintive. In regions where these birds are abundant, and where their song is constantly heard during the months of May and June, various attempts have been made to translate their notes into vulgar English. Some of these versions are ludicrous and burlesque, and bear of course only a faint resemblance to the original. Near the Glen House, at the White Mountains, where they are very abundant, on the banks of the Peabody River, their song is imagined to run thus: "*Pea—pea—pea—pea-bo-dy—pea-bo-dy—pea-bo-dy*." In Nova Scotia, where they are as common as the Song Sparrow is in Massachusetts, especially in and around Halifax, the interpretation of their notes is, "*I—have—got—plenty to-eat but no che-eze*." In each case their refrain is measured by twelve syllables, but these versions bear but a slight resemblance to the real notes. As they are repeated quite constantly and with little or no variation, it soon becomes monotonous.



The *White-throated Sparrow* belongs to a race of conirostral birds peculiar to this country. Among its varieties are many excellent musicians, which our limits will not permit us even to enumerate. Of these the *Song Sparrow* is by far the most common and familiar, and is one of the most abundant of our New England birds. It is a very numerous species throughout nearly all the Atlantic States and the region east of the Mississippi. In the Middle States it resides throughout the year. It is our very earliest, is also one of our latest and one of our sweetest singers. Its song is somewhat brief, and resembles the opening notes of the Canary, but is much superior in sweetness, though less resonant and powerful. Plain and homely in its plumage, its sweet song and confiding manners should render this bird a welcome visitor to every garden and around every rural home. It is gentle and confiding, is readily attracted by attention to its wants, and may soon be taught to keep about the door for its daily crumbs of bread, and to return year after year to the same locality. The song of this sparrow often varies in the

same individual at different seasons of the year, and presents variations in different individuals, but always preserves certain peculiarities that readily distinguish their notes from those of any other bird.

Another of our wonderful feathered musicians, but little known to the world at large, though placed by our best judges in the highest rank, second only in the excellence of its song to the unrivalled Mocking-bird, is the *Rose-breasted Grosbeak*. In regard



to the personal history of this beautiful species, very little is with certainty known. It is nowhere a very abundant species. Although occasionally met with north of the fortieth parallel, from the seaboard to the plains, so far it has only been found in a few favorite localities. On the Connecticut River, in the vicinity of Hartford, is one of the few regions in New England where these Grosbeaks are occasionally to be found. Individual birds have also been obtained in the woods of Fresh Pond, Cambridge, on the banks of the Hudson, and on the shores of Lake Erie. Mr. Say met with it on the banks of the Missouri River, and it has also been procured in the British possessions, on the banks of the Saskatchewan River. Its brilliant plumage of white, black, and rose-color, as well as its beautiful and remarkable song, make this species a highly prized cage-bird. In disposition it is remarkably gentle and confiding, and very soon becomes accustomed to and apparently quite reconciled to its confinement, and very tame. Its song is a remarkably sweet and prolonged succession of beautiful notes, and is very frequently repeated, at intervals, through the night. While singing, it expands its wings and gently moves them up and down, as if beating its own time, after the manner of the Mocking-bird.

The Pacific States possess the counterpart of our more Eastern species in the *Black-headed Grosbeak*, in whose plumage a brilliant orange-color replaces the rose-tint. The song of the Western species is described by Mr. Nuttall as fully equal and even superior to that of the Rose-breasted. He met with it on the central table-lands of the Rocky Mountains, along the upper branches of the Colorado River, where he found it frequenting the thick groves of the stream, and where, throughout its dense forests, the "powerful song" and the inimitable voice of this "most delightful finch" cheered our naturalist amidst the wildest desolation of that "forest primeval," where this superb vocalist made the woods echo and re-echo to his untiring song. Its notes greatly resemble those of his Eastern relative, and may be heard at intervals from early dawn even to the close of night. They are described as loud, varied, high-toned, and melodious, rising and falling with the sweetest cadence, fascinating the listener most powerfully with sensations of a pleasing sadness, its closing notes often appearing like a shrill cry of appealing distress, and

then finally sinking faintly and still charmingly on the ear. Unlike the Eastern species, it is very shy and retiring in its habits, and can be but rarely observed closely while thus engaged in song. On these occasions he sits up conspicuously on a lofty bough, near the summit of the tree, his throat swelling with the excitement, and seemingly enjoying his own music quite as much as the delighted listener.

The *Cardinal Grosbeak*, the *Red-bird* of the Southern States, combines the rare union of brilliant and showy plumage with unusual powers of song. With us of New England it is only known by its reputation as a cage-bird, both its plumage and its song giving to it a high value. It very rarely and only by accident visits Massachusetts, though a pair was once known to spend the summer in the Cambridge Botanical Garden. It is by no means a common bird, even in Pennsylvania. In all the Southern States, from Virginia to Mexico, it is a well-known favorite, frequenting gardens and plantations, and even breeding within the limits of cities and the larger towns. Its song is loud, varied, pleasant, and mellow, delivered with energy and ease, and repeated incessantly until its frequent repetitions somewhat diminishes its charms. Its peculiar whistle is not only loud and clear, resembling the finest notes of the flageolet, but is so sweet and so varied, that by some writers it has been considered equal even to the notes of the far-famed Nightingale of Europe. It is, however, very far from being among our best singers; yet as it is known to remain in full song more than two thirds of the year, and while thus musical to be constant and liberal in the utterance of its sweet notes, it deserves a conspicuous place among our singing-birds. In its cage life this Grosbeak soon becomes tame and contented, and will live many years in confinement. Wilson mentions one instance where a *Red-bird* was kept twenty-one years. They sing nearly throughout the year, or from January until October. In the extreme Southern States they may be found in every month of the year. Another very remarkable peculiarity, and one very unusual among birds, is that the female Cardinal Grosbeak is an excellent singer, and her notes are nearly as good and as sweet as those of her mate.

One of the most pleasing and beautiful singers in the gardens about Boston is the *Purple Finch*, or *American Linnet*. Once quite rare in this vicinity, with the increase of localities favorable for its preservation and reproduction, these graceful little finches have become, in certain propitious places, quite abundant. No less than seven pairs of those favorite songsters made their home and reared their families within the limits of our three-acre lot, two of them having their nests in the same fir-tree. Yet the several male birds would occasionally exhibit marked evidences of mutual jealousy and a spirit of exclusiveness. The extreme southern corner of the ridge-pole was the favorite post of one of the more domineering spirits among them, and there he would make his staid whole hours at a time, giving forth the sweet notes of his exquisite song. And when, in his absence, this place would be almost sure to be taken by some one of his kindred, this intrusion would be indignantly resented, and the presuming interloper speedily driven away. These encounters were not unfrequent, and were always very amusing. The beautiful crimson coloring of the mature male Linnet and their sweet song make this species a popular cage-bird. They are easily taken in trap-cages; and although at first wild and impatient of confinement, they can soon be made accustomed to their prison-houses, and even to sing as readily and as sweetly as when at large. Their song resembles that of the Canary, but is softer and sweeter, and though less varied is more touching and pleasing. The notes of this species continued through the pleasant months, or from May nearly until October, are a great accession to our out-of-door concerts, and give to these attractive and favor-

ite singers a deservedly high place among our finest and sweetest songsters. They usually make their first appearance in spring, just as the cherry and the peach trees are coming into bloom, and occasionally make quite a havoc with the opening blossoms. A flock of these Linnets sometimes alight on one of these trees and soon strew the ground with their attractive flowers, cutting off each blossom with their bills with all the precision and neatness of the sharpest pruning-knife. I have never been able to ascertain that they devour any portion of these blossoms, though Wilson speaks of their feeding upon their petals. In every instance witnessed it was, to all appearances, done as if in sheer frolic, and in the exuberant spirit of children unconscionable of the harm they were doing, but for no well-defined purpose.

We have recently seen it stated that when the city fathers of Philadelphia caused a large number of the European Sparrows to be set at liberty within the limits of that city, a small but adventurous party of these birds proceeded upon a journey of exploration to Germantown, and then and there made a foray upon the cherry-trees, which chanced to be in blossom, and soon strewed the ground with their white petals. If the worthy dwellers within those historic precincts shook their heads with grave doubts and some misgivings at these first-fruits of their recent importation, and, for the moment, were uncertain whether they least preferred "measure-worms" or these their antidotes, we can hardly blame them. The best of birds will have their moments of indiscretion, and our own favorite Purple Finches occasionally mar their welcome among us by just such practical but unappreciated jokes, which to the sober-minded fruit-growers of Germantown were far from amusing.

But we have exhausted our space, and yet are very far from having done full justice to it. We have not even mentioned several very important families of song-birds, containing within their ranks many of our sweetest musicians. Our Wood-warblers, of whom there are at least fifty species, alone deserve a larger space than we can give to the entire article. The Titmice also have within their ranks a variety and a beauty of song not to be disregarded. The large family of Wrens are, with hardly an exception, first-class musicians, and so on. Yet we must, for the present, at least, pass them by. Nor can we now speak at any length of the exquisitely sweet song possessed by a little Western Sparrow with whom our dear friend Cassin — now, alas for us! withdrawn from mortal vision — has associated the writer's name. We have still a great and all-untold wealth of song yet to come, less known, it may be, than many we have mentioned, yet all worthy of high places among our feathered musicians. Any attempt to describe, on paper, their wealth of notes, their sweetness, variety, compass, and powers of voice, or by our rude outlines to delineate their delicacy, pathos, energy, and variety, like all endeavors to reproduce that which, in nature, is far beyond the feeble powers of human description, can only be a mere skeleton that caricatures rather than portrays the living realities it does not and cannot describe.

LITTLE MISS WREN.

By MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

OF all the seasons for marriages that I have ever known, this wet, dirty, snowy, frosty winter (of 1829), with its hot fits and its cold fits, and its fogs that were neither hot nor cold, but a happy mixture of all the evils of both, — chilly as sleet, stifling as steam, — of all seasons, this, which having murderously slaughtered two hundred head of fine geraniums, my property, I set down as fatal; of all the seasons that I remember, this has been the most

fertile in marriages. Half the belles in our neighborhood have disappeared, — not whisked away by fraud or force, as Lovelace carried off Clarissa, but decorously wooed and won, as Sir Charles Grandison wedded Miss Byron. Still they are gone.

On Monday a rich member of Parliament drives away to Paris with one county beauty; on Tuesday, a dashing Captain of Hussars sets out for Florence with another; on Wednesday, a third glides quietly away to a country parsonage with her handsome bridegroom, a young clergyman. Balls and concerts are spangled with silver favors; white gloves are your only present; the pretty nuptial cards, knotted together with satin ribbon, fly about like so many doves; and bride-cake is in such abundance that even the little boys and girls at home for the holidays, chartered gluttons as they are, cry, "Hold, enough!"

There is no end to the shapes in which matrimony meets you. Miss A's servant comes to you wanting a place, — her mistress is going to be married! Mr. B's hunters are on sale, their master is going to be married! The dress-maker won't undertake to make a new gown under a fortnight, — Lady C is going to be married! The grove is taken by a Mr. D, of whom nobody knows anything, — except that he is going to be married! Nay, marriages jostle: my worthy friend, the rector of Ashley, a most popular person at all times, and certainly the favorite marrier of the county, was wanted to tie the hymeneal knot the same morning by two couples who live forty miles apart; and Sir Edward E.'s wedding has been delayed for a fortnight, because that grand minister to the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious" bridals, the coachmaker, was going to be married himself!

Nothing but wedding-parties are heard of hereabouts; not to be engaged to two or three would be a sad loss of caste and of consequence. I, for my own part, have been invited by half a dozen young ladies to see them exchange their freedom "for a name and for a ring," and am just returned from the most magnificent espousals that have been celebrated even in this season of wedlock.

One of the most distinguished and remarkable persons in these parts, not very fruitful of celebrated personages, is undoubtedly my fair friend Miss Philippa Wren, of Wrennest in this county, — a lady well known through the neighborhood, not merely because she is an heiress of good family, and heiresses of any sort are rarities everywhere, nor because she is amiable and accomplished, as the newspapers say of heiresses and of young ladies in general, but for a quality proper and peculiar to her own individual person, — that quality, in short, which has procured for her the universal cognomen of little Miss Wren.

Partly, no doubt, this distinguishing characteristic may have belonged to her by inheritance. The Wrens have been a tiny race from generation to generation, gradually diminishing in size and stature, tapering away like the point of a pyramid, until they reached the very climax of smallness in the person of their fair descendant, the least woman, not to be quite a dwarf, that ever was seen out of Liliput.

When born it was such a fairy that nurses, doctors, aunts, and grandmamas almost lost the fear of rearing in the perplexity of dressing it, flung away the superb baby-linen in despair, and were fain to wrap the young stranger in cotton until the apparel of a neighboring doll could be borrowed for its service. All the gossips gazed, marvelled, and admired, and as time wore on, and the little lady of the manor grew older, without, as it seemed, growing bigger, the admiration increased. Every epoch of infancy was a fresh theme of village wonder. Walking and talking assumed in her ease the form of miracles; and that such an atom should cut teeth seemed little less incredible than that Richard should be born with them. All through her childhood, the tiny heiress passed, with every stranger that saw her, for a



Day of Year.	Day of Month.	Day of Week.	THE SUN.						THE MOON.						PHENOMENA.					SUNDAYS, HOLY DAYS, and ANNIVERSARIES.									
			Latitude of BOSTON.		Latitude of NEW YORK.		Latitude of WASH'TON.		WASHINGTON.		BOS- TON-	NEW YORK.	WASH- ING- TON.	SAN- FRAN.	Moon's Phases. d. h. m.														
			Rises.		Sets.		Rises.		Sets.		Rises.		Sets.	Sets.	Sets.	Sets.	☾ FIRST QUARTER . . .	☾ FULL MOON . . .	☾ LAST QUARTER . . .		☾ NEW MOON . . .								
			h. m.	d.	h. m.	d.	h. m.	d.	h. m.	d.	h. m.	d.	h. m.	d.	h. m.	d.	4	3	43		A. M.	11	4	5	A. M.	19	2	42	A. M.
213	1	Mo.	4 52	7 20	4 57	7 15	5 0	7 11	4 6	3 50	10 6	10 5	10 5	10 11	10 5	10 11	WASHINGTON. 7th, 1 A. M. ☾ h. c. . h-1°13'												
214	2	Tu.	53	19	58	14	1	10	5 6	4 40	10 35	10 36	10 37	10 43	10 37	10 43													
215	3	Wd.	54	17	59	13	2	9	6 6	5 31	11 6	11 8	11 11	11 17	11 11	11 17													
216	4	Th.	55	16	59	12	3	8	7 6	6 23	11 40	11 43	11 47	11 54	11 47	11 54													
217	5	Fri.	56	15	5	10	4	7	8 6	7 18	mor.	mor.	mor.	mor.	mor.	mor.	8th Sun. after Trinity. [Name of Jesus.]												
218	6	Sat.	57	14	1	9	4	6	9 6	8 14	17	21	25	35	25	35													
219	7	S.	58	13	2	8	5	5	10 6	9 12	1 3	1 8	1 13	1 23	1 13	1 23													
220	8	Mo.	59	11	3	7	6	4	11 6	10 10	1 56	2 1	2 7	2 17	2 7	2 17													
221	9	Tu.	5	0	10	4	6	7	3 12	6	11 6	2 54	2 59	3 4	3 14	3 4	3 14	Laurence.											
222	10	Wd.	1	8	5	4	8	1	13 6	12 0	rises.	rises.	rises.	4 16	rises.	4 16													
223	11	Th.	2	7	6	3	9	0	14 6	A. M.	7 39	7 36	7 32	rises.	7 32	rises.													
224	12	Fri.	3	6	7	2	10	6	59 15	6	50	8 8	8 8	8 5	8 10	8 5	8 10												
225	13	Sat.	4	4	8	0	11	58	16 6	1 38	9 38	9 37	8 35	8 41	9 37	8 35	8 41	9th Sun. after Trinity.											
226	14	S.	5	3	9	6	59	12	56 17	6	2 22	9 4	9 3	9 9	9 3	9 9													
227	15	Mo.	6	1	10	58	13	55	18 6	3 5	9 29	9 29	9 29	9 35	9 29	9 35													
228	16	Tu.	7	0	11	56	14	53	19 6	3 47	9 53	9 54	9 56	10 3	9 56	10 3													
229	17	Wd.	8	6	58	12	55	15	52 20	6	4 29	10 19	10 21	10 24	10 31	10 21	10 24	15th, 9 P. M. ☾ ☽ . ☽ -0°34' 16th, 3 A. M. ☽ ☽ . ☽ -3°45'											
230	18	Th.	10	57	13	54	16	51	21 6	5 11	10 47	10 50	10 53	11 1	10 53	11 1													
231	19	Fri.	11	55	14	52	17	50	22 6	5 55	11 19	11 23	11 27	11 34	11 27	11 34													
232	20	Sat.	12	54	15	51	18	49	23 6	6 41	11 50	mor.	mor.	mor.	mor.	mor.													
233	21	S.	13	52	16	49	18	47	24 6	7 30	mor.	1	6	12	6	12	21st, 6 A. M. ☽ ☽ . ☽ +1°46' 21st, 8 P. M. ☽ in ☽ 23d, 11 A. M. ☽ ☽ . ☽ +0°41' 23d, 8 P. M. ☽ ☽ . ☽ -0° 4' 24th, 2 P. M. ☽ ☽ . ☽ -1° 9'												
234	22	Mo.	14	50	17	48	19	46	25 6	8 21	37	0 42	0 47	57	0 42	0 47													
235	23	Tu.	15	49	18	46	20	44	26 6	9 14	1 29	1 34	1 40	1 50	1 34	1 40													
236	24	Wd.	16	47	19	45	21	43	27 6	10 9	2 28	2 33	2 38	2 48	2 33	2 38													
237	25	Th.	17	46	20	43	22	41	28 6	11 3	sets.	sets.	sets.	3 51	sets.	3 51	26th, 3 P. M. ☽ stationary. 28th, 8 A. M. ☽ ☽ . ☽ -6°13' 29th, 5 P. M. ☽'s Perigee.												
238	26	Fri.	18	44	21	42	23	40	29 6	11 58	7 2	6 59	6 56	sets.	6 59	6 56													
239	27	Sat.	19	43	22	40	24	38	0 20	P. M.	51	7 35	7 33	7 31	7 31	7 36													
240	28	S.	20	41	23	38	25	37	1 20	1 43	8 7	8 6	8 6	8 12	8 6	8 12													
241	29	Mo.	21	40	24	37	25	35	2 20	2 35	8 36	8 37	8 38	8 45	8 37	8 38	[Augustine of Hippo. 11th Sun. after Trinity. John Baptist beheaded.]												
242	30	Tu.	22	38	25	35	26	34	3 20	3 27	9 8	9 10	9 12	9 18	9 10	9 12													
243	31	Wd.	5 23	6 36	5 26	6 34	5 27	6 32	4 20	4 20	9 41	9 44	9 47	9 54	9 44	9 47													
																		31st, 11 A. M. ☽ ☽ . ☽ +0°24'											

rare specimen of precocious talent, was my-deared, petted, fondled, and noticed at eighteen; and might now, at five-and-twenty, sink at least fifteen years of her age with perfect impunity, in any company in Europe.

Such a deception, however, is the furthest thing possible from her desire. She would rather, if one of the two evils must be endured, look fifteen years older. Shrewd, quick-witted, keen and capable on all other points, the peculiarity of her person was in this, as in many other instances, influenced by her character and her destiny. The sole object of her ambition, "vaulting ambition that o'erleaps itself," is to be great (I use the word in the purely primitive sense, large, big, and tall) in despite of nature. Even that ambitious fowl, a she-bantam, does not imitate more absurdly the magnificent demeanor of a Poland hen, than poor Miss Wren emulates the superb and dignified graces of her next neighbor, Miss Stork, a grenadier of a woman, who labors under the converse misfortune to that which has befallen herself, and stands six feet without her shoes. Never was erectness so exemplary and unrelaxing. A poker seems to poke when compared with her perpendicularity. Governesses and dancing-masters reversed, in her case, their usual lectures, complained of her inflexible uprightness, and scolded her for holding up her head. She constantly perches herself on the highest chair in the room, and stands, walks, and dances on tiptoe, — a process which, like most attempts to seem what we are not, only serves to make her calanuity the more remarkable.

In her dress she practises the same manœuvres with the same ill success; wears very high bonnets with very high plumes; piles as many flowers upon her head as might serve to deck a May-pole; has heels on her boots, false bottoms to her slippers; and punctually follows, in the rest of her equipment, the fashion of her above-mentioned neighbor, Miss Stork, the ultimate object of her ambition. Frills, collars, flounces, and trimmings of all sorts are made exactly after her pattern, deducting no inch of fulness or atom of width; so that, the fair model Miss Stork herself being by no means sparing of adornments, her poor little imitator looks like a mere bundle of finery, an abridgment of the reigning fashion, and makes pretty much such a figure as a well-sized puppet might exhibit, if dressed in an extempore suit of woman's clothes cut shorter for the occasion. Remonstrance is quite out of the question. Even the omnipotent dictum of a French milliner, and the oily flattery of a lady's maid, have been tried in vain on Miss Wren. She turned off her shoemaker for unpalatable praise of her little foot, for which, indeed, the famous "glass slipper" of the fairy-tales would hardly have been small enough, and cashiered a conscientious mantua-maker for offering to deduct a sovereign in the price of a satin cloak in consideration of its shortness. What worse could she have done had the lady of the needle been wholly honest, and deducted two sovereigns, as well she might, from the seven-guinea cloak? I do think she would have brought an action for libel.

She inhabits large houses; sits on great chairs; rides high horses; has a Newfoundland dog for a pet; and drives a huge, heavy landau, where she is perched between a tall footman and a fat coachman, and looks, when one catches sight of her, something like a minnow between a salmon and a turbot, or a goldfinch between a peacock and a goose. The bigger the thing the more she affects it: plays on the organ, although the chords are as unreachable to her delicate fingers as Gulliver found those of his instrument at Brobdignag; paints at an easel so high that she is forced to stand on steps; and professes to read comfortably from no book smaller than a folio, though it is morally certain that she must walk backwards and forwards to compass the page.

The slender jessamine hand, written with a crowquill on pink note-paper, which some fine ladies cultivate so successfully, is her

aversion; her letters are substantial specimens of stationery, written in a huge text hand on thick extra-post paper, and sealed with a coat of arms as big as a crown-piece, — which magnificent seal, by the way, depending by a chain that might lock a wagon-wheel, from a watch of her maternal grandfather's, as big as a saucer, she constantly wears about her person.

In flowers her taste is of equal magnitude. Dahlias, sun-flowers, hollyhocks, and tree-roses, together with the whole tribe of *majors* (*minors*, of course, she avoids and detests), and all those shrubs and creepers whose blossoms are out of reach, are her favorites. She will dangle a bush of rhododendron or azalea in her hand, and wear a magnolia in her bosom for a nosegay. In her love of space, her desire for "ample room and verge enough," she has done her best to convert her pretty place of Wrennest into a second edition of Timon's Villa. "*Her* pond an ocean, *her* parterre a down," and in her passion for great effects would think no more of moving an oak of a century old from its native forest than I should of transplanting a daisy. Cloud-capt mountains, inaccessible rocks, and the immeasurable ocean, are the only prospects for her; she raves of the stupendous scenery of America, and will certainly some day or other make a journey of pleasure to the Andes or the Cordilleras.

As in nature, so in art, the grand is her standard of excellence. Colossal statues and pictures larger than life she delights in; worships Martin, adores Michael Angelo, prefers St. Peter's to the Parthenon, and the Farnese Hercules to the Apollo Belvidere. When she dies she will desire a pyramid for her mausoleum. The dome of St. Paul's, which served her celebrated namesake, would hardly satisfy her ambition. But why do I talk of tombs and of namesakes? Am I not just come from the wedding breakfast? and is not "Little Miss Wren" Miss Wren no longer? Even whilst I write bells are ringing, horses prancing, bridesmaids simpering, and wedding-cake travelling nine times through the Baroness Blankenhause's fairy ring. The bridegroom is a fair, well-conditioned Saxon, six feet three inches high, and broad in proportion, with a superb genealogical tree, quarterings innumerable, and an estate by no means suitable to his dimensions: for the rest, remarkable for nothing except his great turn for silence,* the number of cigars which he puffs away in the course of the day, and two little Marlborough spaniels which he is accustomed to carry about in his coat-pockets. I hope he won't put his wife there. Really the temptation will be strong; but the Baron is a giant of grace, a well-mannered monster; and, to judge from the carefulness and delicacy with which he lifted his fair bride over a puddle in the churchyard to save her white satin shoes (she protesting all the time against such a display of his gallantry, and declaring that she could have stepped over the pool had it been twice as wide), — to judge from that *coup d'essai* in husbandship, I see no cause to doubt that he will treat my friend as tenderly and gingerly as if he were a little girl of six years old, and the fair Philippa his first wax-doll.

* Persons of the larger size are often very silent. An ingenious friend of mine holds a theory that the desirable quantity of animal spirits is originally distributed pretty equal amongst men; but that it is lost, absorbed, and diluted in people of unusual bulk, and only shines forth in full vigor in those of a smaller frame: as the glass of alcohol, which will powerfully impregnate a pint of water, will be scarcely perceived in a gallon. For instance (waiving particular examples of which he brought many), he holds that a company of light infantry would prove far more vivacious than a troop of life-guards; and has no hesitation in asserting that the famous tall regiment of Frederick the Great must have been the dullest part of the whole Prussian army. I do not answer for the truth of his assertion, though my friend makes out a very good case, as your clever theorist seldom fails to do, right or wrong. Indeed, I brought Falstaff as a case in point against him. He admitted the mere bulk, the "huge rotundity," and the quantity of animal spirits that distinguished the witty knight, "but then," added he, "I am sure he was short."



SOMEBODY'S HUMMING-BIRD.

BY NORA PERRY.

In gay groves once you sped
On glancing wing,
Or dipped your gleaming head
In many a spring,
Dew-welling
And up-swelling
From roses red.

Or in some garden fair,
Or glen remote,
While flitting here and there,
You hummed your note
Of pleasure,
For the measure
Of days so rare.

But on no bending bough
In gay green grove,
Or flowery garden now,
You flit and rove,
Sweet comer
Of the summer.
Shall I tell how

Your little feet find rest,
Your wings repose,
Within a golden nest,
Where neither rose
Or lily,
White and chilly,
Hideth your breast?

A nest, that 's like a throne
Upon a bower,
Where, reigning all alone,
Without a flower
To kiss there,
You never miss there
The brightest rose that 's blown.

Where fixt and fast you swing,
Half poised for flight,
On stirless, heedless wing,
Night after night,
While harpers play,
And dancers gay,
Through merry measures swing.

Through merry measures, where
A girl's face glances
Beneath its golden hair,
As down the dances
Her twinkling feet
To swift tunes beat,
While you above there,

O ruby-throated Hummer!
In your bower,
Forgetful of the summer
In its flower,
Caught in a snare
Of golden hair,
Watch each new comer

With eyes wide and unwinking
In their brightness,
And little head unthinking
Of the slowness
Of its hold
Upon the gold
Gay tresses, overlinking

Curl on curl, round a face
Rising fair,
Like a lily in its grace,
Or a rare
Tub-rose,
When it glows
Pink-white from its vase.

But rose or lily rare,
She has caught you
In a gay golden snare,
And has taught you,
Little Hummer,
That the summer,
Though so fair,

May spread many a net,
For unheeding
Little rovers, who forget
Where they 're speeding,
Until, lo!
Ere they know,
They are set

Fast forever in a snare, —
Be its name
Lily, rose, or golden hair,
All 's the same.
So, gay Hummers
Of the summers
Yet to come, — beware!

CHOPS THE DWARF.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

At one period of its reverses, the House to Let fell into the occupation of a Showman. He was found registered as its occupier, on the parish books of the time when he rented the House, and there was therefore no need of any clew to his name. But he himself was less easy to be found; for he had led a wandering life, and settled people had lost sight of him, and people who plumed themselves on being respectable were shy of admitting that they had ever known anything of him. At last, among the marsh lands near the river's level, that lie about Deptford and the neighboring market-gardens, a Grizzled Personage in velvet-teen, with a face so cut up by varieties of weather that he looked as if he had been tattooed, was found smoking a pipe at the door of a wooden house on wheels. The wooden house was laid up in ordinary for the winter near the mouth of a muddy creek; and everything near it, the foggy river, the misty marshes, and the steaming market-gardens, smoked in company with the grizzled man. In the midst of this smoking party, the funnel-chimney of the wooden house on wheels was not remiss, but took its pipe with the rest in a companionable manner.

On being asked if it were he who had once rented the House to Let, Grizzled Velvet-teen looked surprised, and said yes. Then his name was Magsman? That was it, Toby Magsman, — which lawfully christened Robert; but called in the line, from a infant, Toby. There was nothing agin Toby Magsman, he believed? If there was suspicion of such, mention it!

There was no suspicion of such, he might rest assured. But some inquiries were making about that House, and would he object to say why he left it?

Not at all; why should he? He left it along of a Dwarf.

Along of a Dwarf?

Mr. Magsman repeated, deliberately and emphatically, Along of a Dwarf.

Might it be compatible with Mr. Magsman's inclination and convenience to enter, as a favor, into a few particulars?

Mr. Magsman entered into the following particulars.

It was a long time ago, to begin with; — afore lotteries and a deal more was done away with. Mr. Magsman was looking about for a good pitch, and he see that house, and he says to himself, "I'll have you, if you're to be had. If money'll get you, I'll have you."

The neighbors cut up rough, and made complaints; but Mr. Magsman don't know what they *would* have had. It was a lovely thing. First of all, there was the canvas representin the picter of the Giant, in Spanish trunks and a ruff, who was himself half the heighth of the house, and was run up with a line and pulley to a pole on the roof, so that his Ed was coeval with the parapet. Then there was the canvas representin the picter of the Albina lady, showin her white air to the Army and Navy in correct uniform. Then there was the canvas representin the picter of the Wild Indian a scalpin a member of some foreign nation. Then there was the canvas representin the picter of a child of a British Planter, seized by two Boa Constrictors, — not that *we* never had no child, nor no Constrictors neither. Similarly, there was the canvas representin the picter of the Wild Ass of the Prairies, — not that *we* never had no wild asses, nor would n't have had 'em at a gift. Last there was the canvas representin the picter of the Dwarf, and like him too (considerin), with George the Fourth in such a state of astonishment an him as his Majesty could n't with his utmost politeness and stoutness express. The front of the House was so covered with canvases, that there was n't a spark of daylight ever visible on that side.

"MAGSMAN'S AMUSEMENTS," fifteen foot long by two foot high, ran over the front door and parlor winders. The passage was a Arbor of green baize and garden-stuff. A barrel-organ performed there unceasing. And as to respectability, — if threepence ain't respectable, what is?

But the Dwarf is the principal article at present, and he was worth the money. He was wrote up as MAJOR TRPSCHOFFKI, OF THE IMPERIAL BULGRADERIAN BRIGADE. Nobody could n't pronounce the name, and it never was intended anybody should. The public always turned it, as a regular rule, into Chopski. In the line he was called Chops; partly on that account, and partly because his real name, if he ever had any real name (which was very dubious), was Stakes.

He was a un-common small man, he really was. Certainly not so small as he was made out to be, but where *is* your Dwarf as is? He was a most uncommon small man with a most uncommon large Ed; and what he had inside that Ed, nobody never knowed but himself; even supposin himself to have ever took stock of it, which it would have been a stiff job for even him to do.

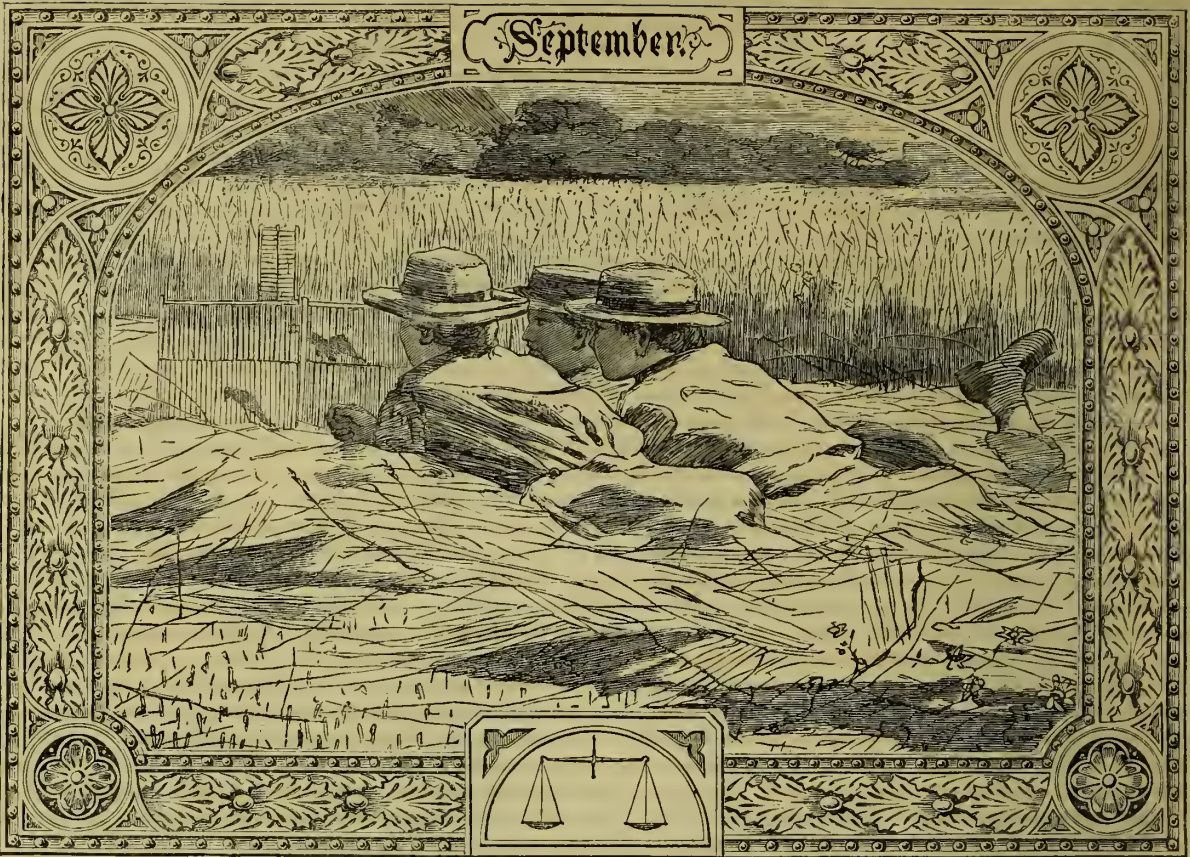
The kindest little man as never growed! Spirited, but not proud. When he travelled with the Spotted Baby, though he knowed himself to be a nat'ral Dwarf, and knowed the Baby's spots to be put upon him artificial, he nursed that Baby like a mother. You never heard him give a ill-name to a Giant. He *did* allow himself to break out into strong language respectin the Fat Lady from Norfolk; but that was an affair of the 'art; and when a man's 'art has been trifled with by a lady, and the preference giv to a Indian, he ain't master of his actions.

He was always in love, of course; every human nat'ral phenomenon is. And he was always in love with a large woman; *I* never knowed the Dwarf as could be got to love a small one. Which helps to keep 'em the Curiosities they are.

One sing'lar idea he had in that Ed of his, which must have meant something, or it would n't have been there. It was always his opinion that he was entitled to property. He never would put his name to anything. He had been taught to write, by the young man without arms, who got his living with his toes (quite a writing-master *he* was, and taught scores in the line), but Chops would have starved to death afore he'd have gained a bit of bread by putting his hand to a paper. This is the more curious to bear in mind, because *ne* had no property, nor hope of property, except his house and a sarser. When I say his house, I mean the box, painted and got up outside like a reg'lar six-roomer, that he used to creep into, with a diamond ring (or quite as good to look at) on his forefinger, and ring a little bell out of what the Public believed to be the Drawing-room winder. And when I say a sarser, I mean a Chaney sarser in which he made a collection for himself at the end of every Entertainment. His cue for that he took from me: "Ladies and gentlemen, the little man will now walk three times round the Cairawan, and retire behind the curtain." When he said anything important, in private life, he mostly wound it up with this form of words, and they was generally the last thing he said to me at night afore he went to bed.

He had what I consider a fine mind, — a poetie mind. His ideas respectin his property never come upon him so strong as when he sat upon a barrel-organ and had the handle turned. Arter the vibration had run through him a little time, he would sereech out: "Toby, I feel my property coming — grind away! I'm counting my guineas by thousands, Toby — grind away! Toby, I shall be a man of fortun! I feel the Mint a jingling in me, Toby, and I'm swelling out into the Bank of England!" Such is the influence of music on a poetie mind. Not that he was partial to any other music but a barrel-organ; on the contrary, hated it.

He had a kind of a everlasting grudge agin the Public: which is a thing you may notice in many phenomenons that get their



Day of Year.	Day of Month.	Day of Week.	THE SUN.						THE MOON.						PHENOMENA.				SUNDAYS, HOLY DAYS, and ANNIVERSARIES.	
			Latitude of BOSTON.		Latitude of NEW YORK.		Latitude of WASH. TON.		WASHINGTON.		BOS- TON-	NEW YORK.	WASH- ING- TON.	SAN- FRAN.	Moon's Phases. d. h. m.					
			Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Age at Noon.	Souths.	Sets.	Sets.	Sets.	Sets.	☾ FIRST QUARTER . . .	☾ FULL MOON . . .	☾ LAST QUARTER . . .	☾ NEW MOON . . .		
			h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	d. h.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.		
244	1	Th.	5 24	6 34	5 26	6 32	5 28	6 31	5 20	5 14	10 16	10 20	10 24	10 33	WASHINGTON. 1st, 0 A.M. ♀ in Aphelion.				Giles.	
245	2	Fri.	26	33	28	30	29	29	6 20	6 10	10 59	11 4	11 9	11 15						
246	3	Sat.	27	31	29	29	30	28	7 20	7 7	11 46	11 54	12 0	mor.	3d, 6 A.M. ♂ h d. . h-1° 11'					
247	4	S.	28	29	30	27	31	26	8 20	8 4	mor.	mor.	mor.	10					12th Sun. after Trinity.	
248	5	Mo.	29	27	31	26	32	25	9 20	9 0	46	51	57	1 7						
249	6	Tu.	30	26	32	24	33	23	10 20	9 53	1 48	1 53	1 58	2 8						
250	7	Wd.	31	24	33	22	34	21	11 20	10 44	2 52	2 56	3 0	3 10					Enusclus.	
251	8	Th.	32	22	34	20	34	20	12 20	11 32	3 57	4 0	4 4	4 13	8th, 6 A.M. ♀ gr. elon. E. 26°55'				Nativity of Mary.	
252	9	Fri.	33	20	35	19	55	18	13 20	A.M.	rises.	rises.	rises.	rises.						
253	10	Sat.	34	19	36	17	36	16	14 20		17	7 4	7 3	7 2	7 9					Battle of Lake Erie.
254	11	S.	35	17	37	16	37	15	15 20	1 0	7 29	7 29	7 29	7 36					13th Sun. after Trinity.	
255	12	Mo.	36	15	37	14	38	13	16 20	1 42	7 52	7 54	7 55	8 3	12th, 9 A.M. ♂ ♄ . ♄ +3°35'					
256	13	Tu.	37	14	38	13	39	12	17 20	2 24	8 18	8 20	8 22	8 30						
257	14	Wd.	38	12	39	11	40	10	18 20	3 6	8 45	8 48	8 51	9 0	14th, 2 P.M. ♄'s Apogee.				Holy-Cross Day.	
258	15	Th.	39	10	40	9	41	9	19 20	3 50	9 15	9 19	9 23	9 32	15th, 2 A.M. ☐ h ☉					
259	16	Fri.	40	8	41	7	42	7	20 20	4 35	9 49	9 54	9 58	10 8						
260	17	Sat.	41	7	42	6	43	6	21 20	5 22	10 29	10 34	10 39	10 49	17th, 9 P.M. ♂ ♃ . ♃ +1°17'				Lambert.	
261	18	S.	42	5	43	4	43	4	22 20	6 11	11 16	11 21	11 27	11 37	18th, 6 A.M. ☐ ♃ ☉				14th Sun. after Trinity.	
262	19	Mo.	43	3	44	3	44	3	23 20	7 2	mor.	mor.	mor.	mor.						
263	20	Tu.	44	1	45	1	45	1	24 20	7 55	11	16	21	31	20th, 8 A.M. ♂ ☿ . ☿ -0°20'					
264	21	Wd.	45	59	46	59	46	59	25 20	8 49	1 13	1 18	1 22	1 32	20th, 1 P.M. ♀ in Perihelion.				Matthew.	
265	22	Th.	46	58	47	58	47	58	26 20	9 43	2 20	2 24	2 28	2 37	21st, 5 A.M. ♂ ☿ . ☿ -0°44'					
266	23	Fri.	48	56	48	56	48	56	27 20	10 37	3 31	3 34	3 37	3 46	21st, 7 A.M. ♀ stationary.					
267	24	Sat.	49	54	49	54	49	54	28 20	11 30	4 46	4 43	4 49	4 57	21st, 10 A.M. ♀ gr. hel. Lat. S.					
268	25	S.	50	52	50	52	50	53	0 11	P.M.	23	sets.	sets.	sets.	22d, ☉ enters ♋ Autumn com.				15th Sun. after Trinity.	
269	26	Mo.	51	50	51	50	51	51	1 11	1 16	7 4	7 5	7 7	7 15	23d, 2 P.M. ♂ ♄ . ♄ -2°59'				Cyprian.	
270	27	Tu.	52	49	52	49	52	49	2 11	2 10	7 36	7 39	7 41	7 50	25th, 10 P.M. ♂ ♄ . ♄ -9°28'					
271	28	Wd.	53	47	53	47	53	47	3 11	3 6	8 13	8 17	8 20	8 30	26th, 3 P.M. ♄'s Perigee.				Michael.	
272	29	Th.	54	45	54	46	54	46	4 11	4 3	8 56	9 1	9 5	9 15					Jerom.	
273	30	Fri.	55	42	55	44	55	44	5 11	5 1	9 45	9 50	9 55	10 5	30th, 1 P.M. ♂ h d. . h-0°56'					

living out of it. What riled him most in the nater of his occupation was that it kep him out of Society. He was continually sayin : "Toby, my ambition is to go into Society. The curse of my position towards the Public is that it keeps me hout of Society. This don't signify to a low beast of a Indian; he ain't formed for Society. This don't signify to a Spotted Baby; he ain't formed for Society, — I am."

Nobody never could make out what Chops done with his money. He had a good salary, down on the drum every Saturday as the day come round, besides having the run of his teeth, — and he was a Woodpecker to eat, — but all Dwarfs are. The sarser was a little income, bringing him in so many halfpence that he'd carry 'em, for a week together, tied up in a pocket-handkercher. And yet he never had money. And it could n't be the Fat Lady from Norfolk, as was once supposed; because it stands to reason that when you have a animosity towards a Indian which makes you grind your teeth at him to his face, and which can hardly hold you from Goosing him audible when he's going through his War-dance, — it stands to reason you would n't under them circumstances deprive yourself to support that Indian in the lap of luxury.

Most unexpected, the mystery come out one day at Egham Races. The Public was shy of bein pulled in, and Chops was ringin his little bell out of his drawing-room winder, and was snarlin to me over his shoulder as he kneeled down with his legs out at the back door, — for he could n't be shoved into his house without kneeling down, and the premises would n't accomodate his legs, — was snarlin, "Here's a precions Public for you; why the devil don't they tumble up?" when a man in the crowd holds up a carrier-pigeon, and cries out: "If there's any person here as has got a ticket, the Lottery's just drawed, and the number as has come up for the great prize is three, seven, forty-two! Three, seven, forty-two!" I was givin the man to the Furies myself, for calling off the Public's attention, — for the Public will turn away, at any time, to look at anything in preference to the thing showed 'em; and if you doubt it, get 'em together for any individual purpose on the face of the earth, and send only two people in late, and see if the whole company ain't far more interested in takin particuar notice of them two than of you, — I say, I was n't best pleased with the man for callin out, and was n't blessin him in my own mind, when I see Chops's little bell fly out of winder at a old lady, and he gets up and kicks his box over, exposin the whole secret, and he catches hold of the calves of my legs and he says to me, "Carry me into the wan, Toby, and throw a pail of water over me or I'm a dead man, for I've come into my property!"

Twelve thousand odd hundred pound, was Chops's winnins. He had bought a half-ticket for the twenty-five thousand prize, and it had come up. The first use he made of his property was to offer to fight the Wild Indian for five hundred pound a side, him with a poisoned darnin-needle and the Indian with a club; but the Indian bein in want of backers to that amount, it went no further.

Arter he had been mad for a week — in a state of mind, in short, in which, if I had let him sit on the organ for only two minutes, I believe he would have bust — but we kep the organ from him — Mr. Chops come round, and behaved liberal and beautiful to all. He then sent for a young man he knowed, as had a very genteel appearance and was a Bonnet at a gaming-booth (most respectable brought up, father havin been imminent in the livery-stable line, but unforn'tate in a commercial crisis through paintin a old gray, ginger-bay, and sellin him with a pedigree), and Mr. Chops said this to Bonnet, who said his name was Normandy, which it was n't: —

"Normandy, I'm a going into Society. Will you go with me?"

Says Normandy: "Do I understand you, Mr. Chops, to hint-

mate that the 'ole of the expenses of that move will be borne by yourself?"

"Correet," says Mr. Chops. "And you shall have a Princeely allowance too."

The Bonnet lifted Mr. Chops upon a chair to shake hands with him, and replied in poetry, with his eyes seeminly full of tears: —

"My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea,
And I do not ask for more,
But I'll Go; — along with thee."

They went into Society, in a chay and four grays with silk jackets. They took lodgings in Pall Mall, London, and they blazed away.

In consequence of a note that was brought to Bartlemy Fair in the autumn of next year by a servant, most wonderful got up in milk-white cords and tops, I cleaned myself and went to Pall Mall, one evenin appointed. The gentlemen was at their wine arter dinner, and Mr. Chops's eyes was more fixed in that Ed of his than I thought good for him. There was three of 'em (in company, I mean), and I knowed the third well. When last met, he had on a white Roman shirt, and a bishop's-mitre covered with leopard-skin, and played the clarionet all wrong, in a band at a Wild Beast Show.

This gent took on not to know me, and Mr. Chops said: "Gentlemen, this is a old friend of former days"; and Normandy looked at me through a eye-glass, and said, "Magsman, glad to see you!" — which I'll take my oath he was n't. Mr. Chops, to git him convenient to the table, had his chair on a throne (much of the form of George the Fourth's in the canvas), but he hardly appeared to me to be King there in any other pint of view, for his two gentlemen ordered about like Emperors. They was all dressed like May-Day — gorgeous! — and as to Wine, they swam in all sorts.

I made the round of the bottles, first separate (to say I had done it), and then mixed 'em all together (to say I had done it), and then tried two of 'em as half-and-half, and then t' other two. Altogether, I passed a pleasin evenin, but with a tendeuicy to feel muddled, until I considered it good manners to get up and say: "Mr. Chops, the best of friends must part, I thank you for the wariety of foreign drains you have stood so 'ansome, I looks towards you in red wine, and I takes my leave." Mr. Chops replied: "If you'll just hitch me out of this over your right arm, Magsman, and carry me down stairs, I'll see you out." I said I could n't think of such a thing, but he would have it, so I lifted him off his throne. He smelt strong of Maideary, and I could n't help thinking as I carried him down that it was like carrying a large bottle full of wine, with a rayther ugly stopper, a good deal out of proportion.

When I set him on the door-mat in the hall, he kep me close to him by holding on to my coat-collar, and he whispers, —

"I ain't 'appy, Magsman."

"What's on your mind, Mr. Chops?"

"They don't use me well. They ain't grateful to me. They puts me on the mantel-piece when I won't have in more Champagne-wine, and they locks me in the sideboard when I won't give up my property."

"Get rid of 'em, Mr. Chops."

"I can't. We're in Society together, and what would Society say?"

"Come out of Society," says I.

"I can't. You don't know what you're talking about. When you have once gone into Society, you must n't come out of it."

"Then if you'll excuse the freedom, Mr. Chops," were my remark, shaking my head grave, "I think it's a pity you ever went in."

Mr. Chops shook that deep Ed of his to a surprisin extent,

and slapped it half a dozen times with his hand, and with more Wice than I thought were in him. Then he says: "You're a good feller, but you don't understand. Good night, go along. Magsman, the little man will now walk three times round the Cairawan, and retire behind the curtain." The last I see of him on that occasion was his tryin, on the extremest verge of insensibility, to climb up the stairs, one by one, with his hands and knees. They'd have been much too steep for him, if he had been sober; but he would n't be helped.

It war n't long after that, that I read in the newspaper of Mr. Chops's bein presented at court. It was printed: "It will be recollected" — and I've noticed in my life, that it is sure to be printed that it *will* be recollected whenever it won't — "that Mr. Chops is the individual of small stature whose brilliant success in the last State Lottery attracted so much attention." Well, I says to myself, Such is life! He has been and done it in earnest at last! He has astonished George the Fourth!

(On account of which I had that canvas new-painted, him with a bag of money in his hand, a presentin it to George the Fourth, and a lady in Ostrich Feathers fallin in love with him in a bag-wig, sword, and buckles correct.)

I took the House as is the subject of present inquiries — though not the honor of bein acquainted — and I run Magsman's Amusements in it thirteen months — sometimes one thing, sometimes another, sometimes nothin particular, but always all the canvases outside. One night when we had played the last company out, which was a shy company through its raining Heavens hard, I was takin a pipe in the one pair back along with the young man with the toes, which I had taken on for a month (though he never drewed — except on paper), and I heard a kickin at the street door. "Halloa!" I says to the young man, "what's up?" He rubs his eyebrows with his toes, and he says, "I can't imagine, Mr. Magsman," — which he never could imagine nothin, and was monotonous company.

The noise not leavin off, I laid down my pipe, and I took up a candle, and I went down and opened the door. I looked out into the street; but nothin could I see, and nothin was I aware of, until I turned round quick, because some creetur run between my legs into the passage. There was Mr. Chops!

"Magsman," he says, "take me on the hold terms, and you've got me; if it's done, say done!"

I was all of a maze, but I said, "Done, sir."

"Done to your done, and double done!" says he. "Have you got a bit of supper in the house?"

Bearin in miud them sparklin varieties of foreign drains as we'd guzzled away at in Pall Mall, I was ashamed to offer him cold sassage and gin-and-water; but he took 'em both and took 'em free; havin a chair for his table, and sittin down at it on a stool, like hold times. I all of a maze all the while.

It was arter he had made a cleau sweep of the sassage (beef, and to the best of my calculations two pound and a quarter), that the wisdom as was in that little man began to come out of him like perspiration.

"Magsman," he says, "look upon me! You see afore you One as has both gone into Society, and come out."

"O, you are out of it, Mr. Chops? How did you get out, sir?"

"SOLD OUT!" says he. You never saw the like of the wisdom as his Ed expressed, when he made use of them two words.

"My friend Magsman, I'll impart to you a discovery I've made. It's wallable; it's cost twelve thousand five hundred pound; it may do you good in life. — The secret of this matter is, that it ain't so much that a person goes into Society, as that Society goes into a person."

Not exactly keeping up with his meanin, I shook my head, put on a deep look, and said, "You're right there, Mr. Chops."

"Magsman," he says, twitchin me by the leg, "Society has gone into me, to the tune of every penny of my property."

I felt that I went pale, and, though not nat'rally a bold speaker, I could n't hardly say, "Where's Normandy?"

"Bolted. With the plate," said Mr. Chops.

"And t'other one?" — meaning him as formerly wore the bishop's mitre.

"Bolted. With the jewels," said Mr. Chops.

I sat down and looked at him, and he stood up and looked at me.

"Magsman," he says, and he seemed to myself to get wiser as he got hoarser, "Society, taken in the lump, is all dwarfs. At the court of Saint James's, they was all a doin my hold bisness, — all a goin three times round the Cairawan, in the hold Court-suits and properties. Elsewheres, they was most of 'em ringin their little bells out of make-believes. Everywheres, the sarser was a goin round. Magsman, the sarser is the universal Institution!"

I perceived, you understand, that he was soured by his misfortuns, and I felt for Mr. Chops.

"As to Fat Ladies," says he, giving his Ed a tremendous one agin the wall, "there's lots of *them* in Society, and worse than the original. *Hers* was an outrage upon Taste — simply a outrage upon Taste — awakenin contempt — carryin its own punishment in the form of a Indian!" Here he giv himself another tremendous one. "But *theirs*, Magsman, *theirs* is mercenary outrages. Lay in Cashmere shawls, buy bracelets, strew 'em and a lot of 'audsome fans and things about your rooms, let it be known that you give away like water to all as come to admire, and the Fat Ladies that don't exhibit for so much down upon the drum will come from all the pints of the compass to flock about you, whatever you are. They'll drill holes in your 'art, Magsman, like a Cullender. And when you've no more left to give, they'll laugh at you to your face, and leave you to have your bones picked dry by Wulturs, like the dead Wild Ass of the Prairies that you deserve to be!" Here he giv himself the most tremendous one of all, and dropped.

I thought he was gone. His Ed was so heavy, and he knocked it so hard, and he fell so stony, and the sassagerial disturbance in him must have been so immense, that I thought he was gone. But he soon come round with care, and he sat up on the floor, and he said to me, with wisdom comin out of his eyes, if ever it come: —

"Magsman! The most material difference between the two states of existence through which your appy friend has passed," — he reached out his poor little hand, and his tears dropped down on the mustachio which it was a credit to him to have done his best to grow, but it is not in mortals to command success, — "the difference is this. When I was out of Society, I was paid light for being seen. When I went into Society, I paid heavy for being seen. I prefer the former, even if I was n't forced upon it. Give me out through the trumpet, in the hold way, to-morrow."

Arter that, he slid into the line again as easy as if he had been iled all over. But the organ was kep from him, and no allusions was ever made, when a company was in, to his property. He got wiser every day; his views of Society and the Public was luminous, bewilderin, awful; and his Ed got bigger and bigger as his Wisdom expanded it.

He took well, and pulled 'em in most excellent for nine weeks. At the expiration of that period, when his Ed was a sight, he expressed one evenin, the last Company havin been turned out, and the door shut, a wish to have a little music.

"Mr. Chops," I said (I never dropped the "Mr." with him; the world might do it, but not me), — "Mr. Chops, are you sure as you are in a state of mind and body to sit upon the organ?"

His answer was this: "Toby, when next met with on the tramp, I forgive her and the Indian. And I am."

It was with fear and trembling that I began to turn the han-

dle; but he sat like a lamb. It will be my belief to my dying day, that I see his Ed expand as he sat; you may therefore judge how great his thoughts was. He sat out all the changes, and then he come off.

"Toby," he says with a quiet smile, "the little man will now walk three times round the Cairawan, and retire behind the curtain."

When we called him in the morning, we found him gone into a much better Society than mine or Pall Mall's. I giv Mr. Chops as comfortable a funeral as lay in my power, followed myself as Chief, and had the George the Fourth canvas carried first, in the form of a banner. But the House was so dismal arterwards, that I giv it up, and took to the Wan again.

THE MYSTIC.

BY ALFRED TENNISON.

ANGELS have talked with him, and showed him thrones :
 Ye knew him not : he was not one of ye ; —
 Ye scorned him with an undiscerning scorn :
 Ye could not read the marvel in his eye,
 The still serene abstraction : he hath felt
 The vanities of after and before ;
 Albeit, his spirit and his secret heart
 The stern experiences of converse lives,
 The linked woes of many a fiery charge
 Had purified, and chastened and made free.
 Always there stood before him night and day,
 Of wayward, varicolored circumstance,
 The imperishable presences serene,
 Colossal, without form, or sense, or sound,
 Dim shadows but unwaning presences,
 Four faced to four corners of the sky :
 And yet again, three shadows, fronting one,
 One forward, one respectant, three but one ;
 And yet again, again and evermore,
 For the two first were not, but only seemed
 One shadow in the midst of a great light,
 One reflex from eternity or time,
 One mighty countenance of perfect calm,
 Awful with most invariable eyes.
 For him the silent congregated hours,
 Daughters of time, divinely tall, beneath
 Severe and youthful brows, with shining eyes
 Smiling a godlike smile (the innocent light
 Of earliest youth, pierced through and through with all
 Keen knowledges of low-embowed eld)
 Upheld, and ever hold aloft the cloud
 Which droops, low-hung, on either gate of life,
 Both birth and death : he in the centre fixt,
 Saw far on each side through the grated gates
 Most pale and clear and lovely distances.
 He often lying broad awake, and yet
 Remaining from the body, and apart
 In intellect and power and will, hath heard
 Time flowing in the middle of the night,
 And all things creeping to a day of doom.
 How could ye know him ? Ye were yet within
 The narrower circle ; he had wellnigh reached
 The last, which, with a region of white flame,
 Pure without heat, into a larger air
 Upburning, and an ether of black blue,
 Investeth and ingirds all other lives.

FARM-YARD SONG.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

OVER the hill the farm-boy goes.
 His shadow lengthens along the land,
 A giant staff in a giant hand ;
 In the poplar-tree, above the spring,
 The katydid begins to sing ;

The early dews are falling ; —
 Into the stone-heap darts the mink ;
 The swallows skim the river's brink ;
 And home to the woodland fly the crows,
 When over the hill the farm-boy goes,

Cheerily calling, —
 " Co', boss ! co', boss ! co' ! co' ! co' !"
 Farther, farther over the hill,
 Faintly calling, calling still, —
 " Co', boss ! co', boss ! co' ! co' ! co' !"

Into the yard the farmer goes,
 With grateful heart, at the close of day :
 Harness and chain are hung away ;
 In the wagon-shed stand yoke and plough ;
 The straw 's in the stack, the hay in the mow,

The cooling dews are falling ; —
 The friendly sheep his welcome bleat,
 The pigs come grunting to his feet,
 The whinnying mare her master knows,
 When into the yard the farmer goes,

His cattle calling, —
 " Co', boss ! co', boss ! co' ! co' ! co' !"
 While still the cow-boy, far away,
 Goes seeking those that have gone astray, —
 " Co', boss ! co', boss ! co' ! co' ! co' !"

Now to her task the milkmaid goes.
 The cattle come crowding through the gate,
 Lowing, pushing, little and great ;
 About the trough, by the farm-yard pump,
 The frolicsome yearlings frisk and jump,

While the pleasant dews are falling ; —
 The new-milch heifer is quick and shy,
 But the old cow waits with tranquil eye ;
 And the white stream into the bright pail flows,
 When to her task the milkmaid goes,

Soothingly calling, —
 " So, boss ! so, boss ! so ! so ! so !"
 The cheerful milkmaid takes her stool,
 And sits and milks in the twilight cool,
 Saying, " So ! so, boss ! so ! so ! so !"

To supper at last the farmer goes.
 The apples are pared, the paper read,
 The stories are told, then all to bed.
 Without, the crickets' ceaseless song
 Makes shrill the silence all night long ;

The heavy dews are falling.
 The housewife's hand has turned the lock ;
 Drowsily ticks the kitchen clock ;
 The household sinks to deep repose ;
 But still in sleep the farm-boy goes

Singing, calling, —
 " Co', boss ! co', boss ! co' ! co' ! co' !"
 And oft the milkmaid, in her dreams,
 Drums in the pail with the flashing streams,
 Munnuring, " So, boss ! so !"



Day of Year.	Day of Month.	Day of Week.	THE SUN.						THE MOON.						PHENOMENA.					SUNDAYS, HOLY DAYS, and ANNIVERSARIES.		
			Latitude of Boston.		Latitude of New York.		Latitude of Wash'ton.		WASHINGTON.		Bos- TON.	NEW YORK.	WASH- ING- TON.	SAN FRAN.	Moon's Phases. d. h. m.							
			Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Age at Noon.		Sets.	Sets.	Sets.	Sets.) FIRST QUARTER . . . 1 4 11 P.M. O FULL MOON 8 8 35 A.M. (LAST QUARTER . . . 17 1 5 P.M. ● NEW MOON 24 10 27 A.M.) FIRST QUARTER. . . 31 2 53 A.M.							
			h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	d. h.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.								
			h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	d. h.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.								
274	1	Sat.	5 57	5 41	5 56	5 42	5 56	5 42	6 11	5 59	10 40	10 45	10 51	11 1						Remigius. 16th Sun. after Trinity.		
275	2	S.	58	40	57	41	57	41	7 11	6 56	11 40	11 45	11 50	12 0								
276	3	Mo.	59	38	58	39	58	40	8 11	7 50	mor.	mor.	mor.	mor.	3d, 11 P.M. ☉ ☿ ☽ Inf.							
277	4	Tu.	6 0	36	59	38	59	38	9 11	8 41	44	49	53	1 3						Faith.		
278	5	Wd.	1 35	6 0	36	6 0	37	10 11	9 29	1 48	1 52	1 55	2 5	2 5								
279	6	Th.	2 33	1 34	0 35	11 11	10 14	2 51	2 54	2 56	3 5	3 5	3 5	3 5								
280	7	Fri.	3 31	2 33	1 34	12 11	10 58	3 54	3 56	3 58	4 6	4 6	4 6	4 6						17th Sun. after Trinity.		
281	8	Sat.	4 29	3 31	2 32	13 11	11 40	4 56	4 57	4 57	5 5	5 5	5 5	5 5								
282	9	S.	5 28	4 29	3 31	14 11	A.M.	rises.	rises.	rises.	rises.	rises.	rises.	rises.	9th, 3 P.M. ☉ ☽ ☽ . ☽ +3° 30'							
283	10	Mo.	7 26	5 28	4 29	15 11	22	6 20	6 22	6 24	6 32	6 32	6 32	6 32	10th, 10 A.M. ☿ in ♍					Discovery of America.		
284	11	Tu.	8 25	6 27	5 28	16 11	1 3	6 46	6 49	6 51	7 0	7 0	7 0	7 0	11th, 6 P.M. ☉ ☿ ♀ . ☿ —1° 11'							
285	12	Wd.	9 23	7 25	6 26	17 11	1 46	7 15	7 19	7 22	7 31	7 31	7 31	7 31	12th, 4 A.M. ☽'s Apogee.							
286	13	Th.	10 22	8 24	7 25	18 11	2 30	7 47	7 51	7 56	8 5	8 5	8 5	8 5	12th, 8 A.M. ☿ stationary.					Etheldred. Luke.		
287	14	Fri.	11 20	10 22	8 23	19 11	3 16	8 24	8 29	8 34	8 44	8 44	8 44	8 44	12th, 5 P.M. ♀ gr. hel. Lat. N.							
288	15	Sat.	13 18	11 21	9 22	20 11	4 4	9 8	9 13	9 19	9 29	9 29	9 29	9 29	13th, 6 P.M. ☉ ☽ ☽							
289	16	S.	14 17	12 19	10 20	21 11	4 54	9 59	10 4	10 10	10 20	10 20	10 20	10 20	14th, 8 P.M. ♃ stationary.					18th Sun. after Trinity.		
290	17	Mo.	15 15	13 18	11 19	22 11	5 46	10 57	11 2	11 7	11 17	11 17	11 17	11 17	15th, 0 A.M. ☿ in Perihelion.					Etheldred.		
291	18	Tu.	16 13	14 16	12 17	23 11	6 38	12 0	mor.	mor.	mor.	mor.	mor.	mor.	15th, 7 P.M. ☉ ☽ ☽ . ☽ +0° 55'					19th, 2 P.M. ☿ gr. cl. W. 18° 17'		
292	19	Wd.	17 12	15 15	13 16	24 11	7 30	mor.	4	9	18	17th, 5 P.M. ☉ ☽ ☽ . ☽ —0° 38'	18	17th, 5 P.M. ☉ ☽ ☽ . ☽ —0° 38'	19th, 8 P.M. ☉ ☽ ☽ . ☽ +1° 57'					19th, 9 A.M. ☐ ☽ ☽		
293	20	Th.	18 10	16 13	14 15	25 11	8 22	1 8	1 11	1 15	1 24	19th, 2 P.M. ☿ gr. cl. W. 18° 17'	1 24	19th, 2 P.M. ☿ gr. cl. W. 18° 17'	19th, 8 P.M. ☉ ☽ ☽ . ☽ +1° 57'					19th, 9 A.M. ☐ ☽ ☽		
294	21	Fri.	19 9	17 12	15 13	26 11	9 15	2 19	2 21	2 24	2 32	19th, 8 P.M. ☉ ☽ ☽ . ☽ +1° 57'	2 32	19th, 8 P.M. ☉ ☽ ☽ . ☽ +1° 57'	19th, 9 A.M. ☐ ☽ ☽					23d, 3 A.M. ☉ ☽ ☽ . ☿ —3° 12'		
295	22	Sat.	21 8	18 10	16 12	27 11	10 7	3 33	3 34	3 35	3 43	19th, 9 A.M. ☐ ☽ ☽	3 43	19th, 9 A.M. ☐ ☽ ☽	23d, 1 P.M. ☉ ☽ ☽ . ☿ —3° 54'					24th, 11 P.M. ☽'s Perigee.		
296	23	S.	22 6	19 9	17 11	28 11	11 0	4 47	4 47	4 47	4 54	23d, 3 A.M. ☉ ☽ ☽ . ☿ —3° 12'	4 54	23d, 3 A.M. ☉ ☽ ☽ . ☿ —3° 12'	23d, 1 P.M. ☉ ☽ ☽ . ☿ —3° 54'					24th, 11 P.M. ☽'s Perigee.		
297	24	Mo.	23 5	21 7	19 10	0 2	11 54	sets.	sets.	sets.	sets.	23d, 1 P.M. ☉ ☽ ☽ . ☿ —3° 54'	5 1	23d, 1 P.M. ☉ ☽ ☽ . ☿ —3° 54'	24th, 11 P.M. ☽'s Perigee.					25th, 8 A.M. ♀ gr. hel. Lat. N.		
298	25	Tu.	24 3	22 6	20 8	1 2	P.M. 51	6 7	6 10	6 14	6 22	24th, 11 P.M. ☽'s Perigee.	6 22	24th, 11 P.M. ☽'s Perigee.	25th, 8 A.M. ♀ gr. hel. Lat. N.							
299	26	Wd.	26 2	23 5	21 7	2 2	1 49	6 47	6 51	6 56	7 5	25th, 8 A.M. ♀ gr. hel. Lat. N.	7 5	25th, 8 A.M. ♀ gr. hel. Lat. N.								
300	27	Th.	27 0	24 3	22 6	3 2	2 49	7 35	7 40	7 45	7 55											
301	28	Fri.	28 4	25 2	23 4	4 2	3 50	8 30	8 35	8 41	8 51	28th, 0 A.M. ☉ ☽ ☽ . ☽ —0° 36'	8 51	28th, 0 A.M. ☉ ☽ ☽ . ☽ —0° 36'						Simon and Jude.		
302	29	Sat.	29 57	26 1	24 3	5 2	4 49	9 30	9 35	9 41	9 51											
303	30	S.	31 56	27 4	25 2	6 2	5 45	10 33	10 38	10 43	10 52											20th Sun. after Trinity.
304	31	Mo.	6 32	4 55	6 28	4 58	6 26	5 1	7 2	6 38	11 38	11 42	11 46	11 55								

A GOOD WORD FOR WINTER.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

"MEN scarcely know how beautiful fire is," says Shelley; and I am apt to think there are a good many other things concerning which their knowledge might be largely increased without becoming burdensome. Nor are they altogether reluctant to be taught, — not so reluctant, perhaps, as unable, — and education is sure to find one fulcrum ready to her hand by which to get a purchase on them. For most of us, I have noticed, are not without an amiable willingness to assist at any spectacle or entertainment (loosely so called) for which no fee is charged at the door. If special tickets are sent us, another element of pleasure is added in a sense of privilege and pre-eminence (pitifully scarce in a democracy) so deeply rooted in human nature that I have seen people take a strange satisfaction in being near of kin to the mute chief personage in a funeral. It gave them a moment's advantage over the rest of us whose grief was rated at a lower place in the procession. But the words "admission free" at the bottom of a handbill, though holding out no bait of inequality, have yet a singular charm for many minds, especially in the country. There is something touching in the constancy with which men attend free lectures, and in the honest patience with which they listen to them. He who pays may yawn or shift testily in his seat, or even go out with an awful reverberation of criticism, for he has bought the right to do any or all of these and paid for it. But gratuitous hearers are anesthetized to suffering by a sense of virtue. They are performing perhaps the noblest, as it is one of the most difficult, of human functions in getting Something (no matter how small) for Nothing. They are not pestered by the awful duty of securing their money's worth. They are wasting time, to do which elegantly and without lassitude is the highest achievement of civilization. If they are cheated, it is, at worst, only of a superfluous hour which was rotting on their hands. Not only is mere amusement made more piquant, but instruction more palatable, by this universally relished sauce of gratuity. And if the philosophic observer finds an object of agreeable contemplation in the audience, as they listen to a discourse on the probability of making missionaries go down better with the Feejee-Islanders by balancing the hymn-book in one pocket with a bottle of Worcestershire in the other, or to a plea for arming the female gorilla with the ballot, he also takes a friendly interest in the lecturer, and admires the wise economy of Nature who thus contrives an ample and innocent nutriment for her bores. Even when the insidious hat is passed round after one of these eleemosynary feasts, the relish is but heightened by a conscientious refusal to disturb the satisfaction's completeness with the rattle of a single contributory penny. So firmly persuaded am I of this gratis instinct in our common humanity, that I believe I could fill a house by advertising a free lecture on Tupper considered as a philosophic poet, or on my personal recollections of the late James K. Polk. This being so, I have sometimes wondered that the peep-shows which Nature provides with such endless variety for her children, and to which we are admitted on the bare condition of having eyes, should be so generally neglected. To be sure, eyes are not so common as people think, or poets would be plentier, and perhaps also these exhibitions of hers are cheapened in estimation by the fact that in enjoying them we are not getting the better of anybody else. Your true lovers of nature, however, contrive to get even *this* solace; and Wordsworth looking upon mountains as his own peculiar sweethearts, was jealous of anybody else who ventured upon even the most innocent flirtation with them. As if *such* fellows, indeed, could pretend to that nicer sense of what-d'ye-call-it which was so remarkable in him!

Marry come up! Mountains, no doubt, may inspire a profounder and more exclusive passion, but on the whole I am not sorry to have been born and bred among more domestic scenes, where I can be hospitable without a pang. I am going to ask you presently to take potluck with me at a board where Winter shall supply whatever there is of cheer.

I think the old fellow has hitherto had scant justice done him in the main. We make him the symbol of old age or death, and think we have settled the matter. As if old age were never frosty, but kindly too; as if it had no reverend graces of its own as good in their way as the noisy impertinence of childhood, the elbowing self-conceit of youth, or the pompous mediocrity of middle life! As if there were anything discreditable in death, or nobody had ever longed for it! Suppose we grant that Winter is the sleep of the year, what then? I take it upon me to say that his dreams are finer than the best reality of his waking rivals.

"Sleep, Silence' child, the father of soft Rest,"

is a very agreeable acquaintance, and most of us are better employed in his company than anywhere else. For my own part, I think Winter a pretty wide-awake old boy, and his bluff sincerity and hearty ways are more congenial to my mood, and more wholesome for me, than any charms of which his rivals are capable. Spring is a fickle mistress, who either does not know her own mind, or is so long of making it up, whether you shall have her or not have her, that one gets tired at last of her pretty miffs and reconciliations. You go to her to be cheered up a bit, and ten to one catch her in the sulks, expecting you to find enough good-humor for both. After she has become Mrs. Summer she grows a little more staid in her demeanor; and her abundant table, where you are sure to get the earliest fruits and vegetables of the season, is a good foundation for steady friendship; but she has lost that delicious aroma of maidenhood, and what was delicately rounded grace in the girl gives more than hints of something like redundancy in the matron. Autumn is the poet of the family. He gets you up a splendor that you would say was made out of real sunset; but it is nothing more than a few hectic leaves, when all is done. He is but a sentimentalist, after all; a kind of Lamartine whining along the ancestral avenues he has made bare timber of, and begging a contribution of spirits from your own savings to keep him in countenance. But Winter has his delicate sensibilities too, only he does not make them as good as indelicate by thrusting them forever in your face. He is a better poet than Autumn, when he has a mind, but, like a truly great one as he is, he brings you down to your bare manhood, and bids you understand him out of that, with no adventitious helps of association, or he will none of you. He does not touch those melancholy chords on which Autumn is as great a master as Heine. Well, is there no such thing as thrumming on them and maundering over them till they get out of tune, and you wish some manly hand would crash through them and leave them dangling brokenly forever? Take Winter as you find him, and he turns out to be a thoroughly honest fellow, with no nonsense in him, and tolerating none in you, which is a great comfort in the long run. He is not what they call a genial critic; but bring a real man along with you, and you will find there is a crabbed generosity about the old cynic that you would not exchange for all the creamy concessions of Autumn. "Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness," quotha? That's just it; Winter soon blows your head clear of fog and makes you see things as they are; I thank him for it! The truth is, between ourselves, I have a very good opinion of the whole family, who always welcome me without making me feel as if I were too much of a poor relation. There ought to be some kind of distance, never so little, you know, to give the true relish. They are as good company, the worst of them, as any I

know, and I am not a little flattered by a condescension from any one of them; but I happen to hold Winter's retainer, this time, and, like an honest advocate, am bound to make as good a showing as I can for him, even if it cost a few slurs upon the rest of the household. Moreover, Winter is coming, and one would like to get on the blind side of him.

The love of Nature in and for herself, or as a mirror for the moods of the mind, is a modern thing. The fleeing to her as an escape from man was brought into fashion by Rousseau; for his prototype Petrarch, though he had a taste for pretty scenery, had a true antique horror for the grander aspects of nature. He got once to the top of Mont Ventoux, but it is very plain that he did not enjoy it. Indeed, it is only within a century or so that the search after the picturesque has been a safe employment. It is not so even now in Greece or Southern Italy. Where the Anglo-Saxon carves his cold fowl, and leaves the relics of his picnic, the ancient or mediæval man might be pretty confident that some ruffian would try the edge of his knife on a chicken of the Platonic sort, and leave more precious bones as an offering to the genius of the place. The ancients were certainly more social than we, though that, perhaps, was natural enough, when a good part of the world was still covered with forest. They huddled together in cities as well for safety as to keep their minds warm. The Romans had a fondness for country life, but they had fine roads, and Rome was always within easy reach. The author of the Book of Job is the earliest I know of who showed any profound sense of the moral meaning of the outward world; and I think none has approached him since, though Wordsworth comes nearest with the first two books of the "Prelude." But their feeling is not precisely of the kind I speak of as modern, and which gave rise to what is called descriptive poetry. Chaucer opens his Clerk's Tale with a bit of landscape admirable for its large style, and as well composed as any Claude.

"There is right at the west end of Itaille,
Down at the root of Vesulus the cold,
A lusty plain abundant of vitaille,
Where many a tower and town thou mayst behold,
That founded were in time of fathers old,
And many another delectable sight;
And Saluées this noble country hight."

What an airy precision of touch there is here, and what a sure eye for the points of character in landscape! But the picture is altogether subsidiary. No doubt the works of Salvator Rosa and Gaspar Poussin show that there must have been some amateur taste for the grand and terrible in scenery; but the British poet Thomson ("sweet-souled" is Wordsworth's apt word) was the first to do with words what they had done partially with colors. He was turgid, no good metrist, and his English is like a translation from one of those poets who wrote in Latin after it was dead; but he was a man of sincere genius, and not only English, but European literature is largely in his debt. He was the inventor of cheap amusement for the million, to be had of All-out-doors for the asking. It was his impulse which unconsciously gave direction to Rousseau, and it is to the school of Jean Jacques that we owe St. Pierre, Cowper, Chateaubriand, Wordsworth, Byron, Lamartine, George Sand, Ruskin, — the great painters of ideal landscape.

So long as men had slender means, whether of keeping out cold or checkmating it with artificial heat, Winter was an unwelcome guest, especially in the country. There he was the bearer of a *lettre de cachet*, which shut its victims in solitary confinement with few resources but to booze round the fire and repeat ghost-stories, which had lost all their freshness and none of their terror. To go to bed was to lie awake of cold, with an added shudder of fright whenever a loose easement or a waving

curtain chose to give you the goose-flesh. Bussy Rabutin, in one of his letters, gives us a notion how uncomfortable it was in the country, with green wood, smoky chimneys, and doors and windows that thought it was their duty to make the wind whistle, not to keep it out. With fuel so dear, it could not have been much better in the city, to judge by Ménage's warning against the danger of our dressing-gowns taking fire, while we cuddle too closely over the sparing blaze. The poet of Winter himself is said to have written in bed, with his hand through a hole in the blanket; and we may suspect that it was the warmth quite as much as the company that first drew men together at the coffee-house. Coleridge, in January, 1800, writes to Wedgwood: "I am sitting by a fire in a rug great-coat. . . . It is most barbarously cold, and you, I fear, can shield yourself from it only by perpetual imprisonment." This thermometrical view of winter is, I grant, a depressing one; for I think there is nothing so demoralizing as cold. I know of a boy who, when his father, a bitter economist, was brought home dead, said only, "Now we can burn as much wood as we like." I would not off-hand prophesy the gallows for that boy. I remember with a shudder a pinch I got from the cold once in a railroad-car. A born fanatic of fresh air, I found myself glad to see the windows hermetically sealed by the freezing vapor of our breath, and plotted the assassination of the conductor every time he opened the door. I felt myself sensibly barbarizing, and would have shared Colonel Jack's bed in the ash-hole of the glass-furnace with a grateful heart. Since then I have had more charity for the prevailing ill-opinion of winter. It was natural enough that Ovid should measure the years of his exile in Pontus by the number of winters.

Ut sumus in Ponto, ter frigore constitit Ister,
Facta est Euxini, dura ter unda maris.

Thrice hath the cold bound Ister fast, since I
In Pontus was, thrice Euxine's wave made hard.

Even Emerson, an open-air man, and a bringer of it, if ever any, confesses,

"The frost-king ties my fumbling feet,
Sings in my ear, my hands are stones,
Curdles the blood to the marble bones,
Tugs at the heartstrings, numbs the sense,
And hems in life with narrowing fence."

Winter was literally "the inverted year," as Thomson called him; for such entertainments as could be had must be got within doors. What cheerfulness there was in brumal verse was that of Horace's *dissolve frigus ligna super foco large reponens*, so pleasantly associated with the cleverest scene in Roderick Random. This is the tone of that poem of Walton's friend Cotton, which won the praise of Wordsworth: —

"Let us home,
Our mortal enemy is come;
Winter and all his blustering train
Have made a voyage o'er the main.

"Fly, fly, the foe advances fast;
Into our fortress let us haste,
Where all the roarers of the north
Can neither storm nor starve us forth.

"There underground a magazine
Of sovereign julee is cellared in,
Liquor that will the siege maintain
Should Phœbus ne'er return again.

Whilst we together jovial sit
Careless, and crowned with mirth and wit,
Where, though bleak winds confine us home
Our fancies round the world shall roam."

Thomson's view of Winter is also, on the whole, a hostile one, though he does justice to his grandeur.

"Thus Winter falls,
A heavy gloom oppressive o'er the world,
Through Nature shedding influence malign."

He finds his consolations, like Cotton, in the house, though more refined:—

"While without
The ceaseless winds blow ice, be my retreat
Between the groaning forest and the shore
Beat by the boundless multitude of waves,
A rural, sheltered, solitary scene,
Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join
To cheer the gloom. There studious let me sit
And hold high converse with the mighty dead."

Doctor Akenside, a man to be spoken of with respect, follows Thomson. With him, too, "Winter desolates the year," and

"How pleasing wears the wintry night
Spent with the old illustrious dead!
While by the taper's trembling light
I seem those awful scenes to tread
Where chiefs or legislators lie," &c.

Akenside had evidently been reading Thomson. He had the conceptions of a great poet with less faculty than many a little one, and is one of those versifiers of whom it is enough to say that we are always willing to break him off in the middle with an &c., well knowing that what follows is but the coming-round again of what went before, marching in a circle with the cheap numerosity of a stage-army. In truth, it is no wonder that the short days of that cloudy northern climate should have added to winter a gloom borrowed of the mind. We hardly know, till we have experienced the contrast, how sensibly our winter is alleviated by the longer daylight and the pellucid atmosphere. I once spent a winter in Dresden, a southern climate compared with England, and really almost lost my respect for the sun when I saw him groping among the chimney-pots opposite my windows as he described his impoverished are in the sky. The enforced seclusion of the season makes it the time for serious study and occupations that demand fixed incomes of unbroken time. This is why Milton said "that his vein never happily flowed but from the autumnal equinox to the vernal," though in his twentieth year he had written, on the return of spring,—

Fallor? an et nobis redeunt in carmina vires
Ingeniumque mihi munere veris adest?
Err I? or do the powers of song return
To me, and genius too, the gifts of Spring?

Goethe, so far as I remember, was the first to notice the cheerfulness of snow in sunshine. His *Harz-reise im Winter* gives no hint of it, for that is a diluted reminiscence of Greek tragic choruses and the Book of Job in nearly equal parts. In one of the singularly interesting and characteristic letters to Frau von Stein, however, written during the journey, he says: "It is beautiful indeed; the mist heaps itself together in light snow-clouds, the sun looks through, and the snow over everything gives back a feeling of gayety." But I find in Cowper the first recognition of a general amiability in Winter. The gentleness of his temper, and the wide charity of his sympathies, made it natural for him to find good in everything except the human heart. A dreadful creed distilled from the darkest moments of dyspeptic solitaries compelled him against his will to see in that the one evil thing made by a God whose goodness is over all his works. Cowper's two walks in the morning and noon of a winter's day are delightful, so long as he contrives to let himself be happy in the graciousness of the landscape. Your muscles grow springy, and your lungs dilate with the crisp air as you walk along with him. You laugh

with him at the grotesque shadow of your legs lengthened across the snow by the just-risen sun. I know nothing that gives a purer feeling of out-door exhilaration than the easy verses of this escaped hypochondriac. But Cowper also preferred his sheltered garden-walk to those robust joys, and bitterly acknowledged the depressing influence of the darkened year. In December, 1780, he writes: "At this season of the year, and in this gloomy uncomfortable climate, it is no easy matter for the owner of a mind like mine to divert it from sad subjects, and to fix it upon such as may administer to its amusement." Or was it because he was writing to the dreadful Newton? Perhaps his poetry bears truer witness to his habitual feeling, for it is only there that poets disenthral themselves of their reserve and become fully possessed of their greatest charm,—the power of being franker than other men. In the Third Book of the Task, he boldly affirms his preference of the country to the city even in winter:—

"But are not wholesome airs, though unperfumed
By roses, and clear suns, though scarcely felt,
And groves, if inharmonious, yet secure
From clamor, and whose very silence charms,
To be preferred to smoke? . . .
They would be, were not madness in the head
And folly in the heart; were England now
What England was, plain, hospitable kind,
And undebauched."

The conclusion shows, however, that he was thinking mainly of fireside delights, not of the blusturous companionship of nature. This appears even more clearly in the Fourth Book:—

"O Winter, ruler of the inverted year";

but I cannot help interrupting him to say how pleasant it always is to track poets through the gardens of their predecessors and find out their likings by a flower snapped off here and there to garnish their own nosegays. Cowper had been reading Thomson, and "the inverted year" pleased his fancy with its suggestion of that starry wheel of the zodiac moving round through its spaces infinite. He could not help loving a handy Latinism (especially with elision beauty added), any more than Gray, any more than Wordsworth,—on the sly. But the member for Olney has the floor:—

"O Winter, ruler of the inverted year,
Thy scattered hair with sleet like ashes filled,
Thy breath congealed upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fringed with a beard made white with other snows
Than those of age, thy forehead wrapt in clouds,
A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
A sliding ear, indebted to no wheels,
But urged by storms along its slippery way,
I love thee all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art! Thou hold'st the sun
A prisoner in the yet undawning east,
Shortening his journey between morn and noon,
And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
Down to the rosy west, but kindly still
Compensating his loss with added hours
Of social converse and instructive ease,
And gathering at short notice, in one group,
The family dispersed, and fixing thought,
Not less dispersed by daylight and its cares.
I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fireside enjoyments, homeborn happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturbed Retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted evening know."

I call this a good *human* bit of writing, imaginative, too,—not so flushed, not so . . . highfaluting (let me dare the odious word!) as the modern style since poets have got hold of a theory that imagination is common sense turned inside out, and not common sense sublined, but wholesome, masculine, and strong



Day of Year.	Day of Month.	Day of Week.	THE SUN.						THE MOON.						PHENOMENA.				SUNDAYS, HOLY DAYS, and ANNIVERSARIES.
			Latitude of BOSTON.		Latitude of NEW YORK.		Latitude of WASH'TON.		WASHINGTON.		BOS- TON.	NEW YORK.	WASH- ING- TON.	SAN FRAN.	Moon's Phases.				
			Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Age at Noon.	Souths.	Sets.	Sets.	Sets.	Sets.	○ FULL MOON . . .	d. h. m.			
			h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	d. h.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	☾ LAST QUARTER . . .	16 3 51 A.M.			
305	1	Tu.	6 33	4 54	6 30	4 57	6 27	5 0	8 2	7 27	mor.	mor.	mor.	mor.	WASHINGTON.				
306	2	Wd.	34	52	31	56	28	4 59	9 2	8 14	44	47	50	58	1st, 10 P.M. ☾ stationary.				
307	3	Th.	35	51	32	55	29	57	10 2	8 57	1 47	1 49	1 51	1 58	5th, 7 P.M. ☿ ☿ ☿ +3°34'				
308	4	Fri.	37	50	33	54	31	56	11 2	9 39	2 48	2 49	2 50	2 56					
309	5	Sat.	38	49	34	53	32	55	12 2	10 20	3 48	3 48	3 48	3 53	8th, 8 A.M. ☾'s Apogee.				
310	6	S.	39	48	35	52	33	54	13 2	11 2	4 47	4 46	4 45	4 50					
311	7	Mo.	41	47	37	51	34	53	14 2	11 44	5 46	5 44	5 42	5 46	11th, 10 A.M. ☾ ☿ ☿ +0°51'				
312	8	Tu.	42	45	38	49	35	52	15 2	A.M.	rises.	rises.	rises.	rises.					
313	9	Wd.	43	44	39	48	36	52	16 2	28	5 50	5 54	5 58	6 6	11th, 4 P.M. ☾ ☿ ☿ -0°17'				
314	10	Th.	44	43	40	48	37	51	17 2	1 13	6 25	6 30	6 35	6 44					
315	11	Fri.	46	42	41	47	38	50	18 2	2 1	7 6	7 11	7 17	7 26	13th, 12 P.M. ☾ ☿ ☿ -0°52'				
316	12	Sat.	47	41	42	40	39	49	19 2	2 50	7 53	7 59	8 5	8 14					
317	13	S.	48	40	44	45	40	48	20 2	3 41	8 47	8 53	8 58	9 8	17th, 8 A.M. ☾ ☿ ☿ -2°46'				
318	14	Mo.	49	39	45	44	41	48	21 2	4 32	9 47	9 52	9 57	10 6					
319	15	Tu.	51	38	46	43	43	47	22 2	5 23	10 51	10 55	10 59	11 8	17th, 7 P.M. ☿ in ☿				
320	16	Wd.	52	37	47	42	44	46	23 2	6 13	11 58	mor.	mor.	mor.					
321	17	Th.	53	37	48	42	45	45	24 2	7 4	mor.	1	5	13	22d, 10 A.M. ☾ ☿ ☿				
322	18	Fri.	54	36	49	41	46	44	25 2	7 54	1 8	1 10	1 12	1 20					
323	19	Sat.	55	35	51	40	47	44	26 2	8 45	2 20	2 21	2 21	2 28	22d, 12 M. ☾'s Perigee.				
324	20	S.	57	34	52	39	48	43	27 2	9 37	3 35	3 34	3 33	3 40					
325	21	Mo.	58	34	53	39	49	42	28 2	10 31	4 51	4 49	4 47	4 53	22d, 1 P.M. ☾ ☿ ☿ -3° 8'				
326	22	Tu.	59	33	54	38	50	42	29 2	11 29	6 9	5 6	6 3	6 8					
327	23	Wd.	7 0	33	55	38	51	41	0 16	P.M. 29	sets.	sets.	sets.	sets.	22d, 7 P.M. ☾ ☿ ☿ -4° 1'				
328	24	Th.	1	32	56	37	52	41	1 16	1 31	6 14	6 20	6 26	6 36					
329	25	Fri.	3	32	57	36	53	40	2 16	2 34	7 14	7 20	7 25	7 36	24th, 3 P.M. ☾ ☿ ☿ -0°17'				
330	26	Sat.	4	31	58	36	54	40	3 16	3 34	8 19	8 24	8 30	8 40					
331	27	S.	5	31	59	35	56	40	4 16	4 30	9 26	9 30	9 35	9 44	27th, 12 P.M. ☿ in Aphelion.				
332	28	Mo.	6	30	7 0	35	57	40	5 16	5 23	10 33	10 36	10 40	10 48					
333	29	Tu.	7	30	2	35	58	40	6 16	6 11	11 37	11 40	11 42	11 50					
334	30	Wd.	7 8	4 29	7 3	4 34	6 59	4 39	7 16	6 56	mor.	mor.	mor.	mor.					

in the simplicity of a mind wholly occupied with its theme. To me Cowper is still the best of our descriptive poets for every-day wear. And what unobtrusive skill he has! How he heightens, for example, your sense of winter-evening seclusion, by the twanging horn of the postman on the bridge! That horn has rung in my ears ever since I first heard it, during the consulate of the second Adams. Wordsworth strikes a deeper note; but does it not sometimes come over one (just the least in the world) that one would give anything for a bit of nature pure and simple, without quite so strong a flavor of W. W.? W. W. is, of course, sublime and all that — but! For my part, I will make a clean breast of it, and confess that I can't look at a mountain without fancying the late laureate's gigantic Roman nose thrust between me and it, and thinking of Dean Swift's profane version of *Romanos rerum dominos* into *Roman nose! a rare un! dom your nose!* But do I judge verses, then, by the impression made on me by the man who wrote them? Not so fast, my good friend, but, for good or evil, the character and its intellectual product are inextricably interfused.

If I remember aright, Wordsworth himself (except in his magnificent skating-scene in the "Prelude") has not much to say for winter out of doors. I cannot recall any picture by him of a snow-storm. The reason may possibly be that in the Lake Country even the winter storms bring rain rather than snow. He was thankful for the Christmas visits of Crabb Robinson, because they "helped him through the winter." His only hearty praise of winter is when, as Général Février, he defeats the French: —

"Humanity, delighting to behold
A fond reflection of her own decay,
Hath painted Winter like a traveller old,
Propped on a staff, and, through the sullen day,
In hooded mantle, limping o'er the plain
As though his weakness were disturbed by pain.
Or, if a juster fancy should allow
An undisputed symbol of command,
The chosen sceptre is a withered bough
Infirmly grasped within a withered hand.
These emblems suit the helpless and forlorn;
But mighty Winter the device shall scorn."

The Scottish poet Grahame, in his "Sabbath," says manfully: —

"Now is the time
To visit Nature in her grand attire";

and he has one little picture which no other poet has surpassed: —

"High-ridged the whirled drift has almost reached
The powdered keystone of the churchyard porch:
Mute hangs the hooded bell; the tombs lie buried."

Even in our own climate, where the sun shows his winter face as long and as brightly as in Central Italy, the seduction of the chimney-corner is apt to predominate in the mind over the severer satisfactions of muffled fields and penitential woods. The very title of Whittier's delightful "Snow-Bound" shows what he was thinking of, though he does vapor a little about digging out paths. The verses of Emerson, perfect as a Greek fragment (despite the archaism of a dissyllabic fire), which he has chosen for his epigraph, tell us, too, how the

"Housemates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm."

They are all in a tale. Catch one of them having a kind word for old Whitebeard, unless he whines through some errand, like a beggar, to heighten their enjoyment while they toast their slipped toes. I grant there is a keen relish of contrast about the bickering flame as it gives an emphasis beyond Gherardo

della Notte to loved faces, or kindles the gloomy gold of volumes scarce less friendly, especially when a tempest is blundering round the house. Wordsworth has a fine touch that brings home to us the comfortable contrast of without and within, during a storm at night, and the passage is highly characteristic of a poet whose inspiration always has an undertone of *bourgeois*: —

"How touching, when, at midnight, sweep
Snow-muffled winds, and all is dark,
To hear, — and slink again to sleep!"

J. H., one of those choice poets who will not tarnish their bright fancies by publication, always insists on a snow-storm as essential to the true atmosphere of whist. Mrs. Battles, in her famous rule for the game, implies winter, and would doubtless have added tempest, if it could be had for the asking. For a good solid read also, into the small hours, there is nothing like that sense of safety against having your evening laid waste, which Euroclydon brings, as he bellows down the chimney, making your fire gasp, or rustles snow-flakes against the pane with a sound more soothing than silence. Emerson, as he is apt to do, not only hit the nail on the head, but drove it home, in that last phrase of the "tumultuous privacy."

But I would exchange this, and give something to boot, for the privilege of walking out into the vast blur of a north-north-east snow-storm, and getting a strong draught on the furnace within, by drawing the first furrows through its sandy drifts. I love those

"Noontide twilights which snow makes
With tempest of the blinding flakes."

If the wind veer too much toward the east, you get the heavy snow that gives a true Alpine slope to the boughs of your evergreens, and traces a skeleton of your elms in white; but you must have plenty of north in your gale if you want those driving nettles of frost that sting the cheeks to a crimson manlier than that of fire. During the great storm of two winters ago, the most robustious periwig-pated fellow of late years, I waded and floundered a couple of miles through the whispering night, and brought home that feeling of expansion we have after being in good company. "Great things doeth He which we cannot comprehend; for he saith to the snow, 'Be thou on the earth.'"

Homer's picture of a snow-storm is the best yet in its large simplicity: —

"And as in winter-time, when Jove his cold sharp javelins throws
Amongst us mortals, and is moved to white the earth with snows,
The winds asleep, he freely pours till highest prominents,
Hill-tops, low meadows, and the fields that crown with most contents
The toils of men, seaports and shores, are hid, and every place,
But floods, that fair snow's tender flakes, as their own brood, embrace."

Chapman, after all, though he makes very free with him, comes nearer Homer than anybody else. There is nothing in the original of that fair snow's tender flakes, but neither Pope nor Cowper could get out of their heads the psalmist's tender phrase, "He giveth his snow like wool," for which also Homer affords no hint. Pope talks of "dissolving fleeces," and Cowper of a "fleece mantle." But David is nobly simple, while Pope is simply nonsensical, and Cowper pretty. If they must have prettiness, Martial would have supplied them with it in his

Densum tacitarum vellus aquarum,

which is too pretty, though I fear it would have pleased Dr. Donne. Eustathius of Thessalonica calls snow *ὑδὴρ ἐπίωδες*, woolly water, which a poor old French poet, Godeau, has amplified into this: —

Lorsque la froidure inhumaine
De leur vert ornement depouille les forêts
Sous une neige épaisse il couvre les guérets,
Et la neige a pour eux la chaleur de la laine.

In this, as in Pope's version of the passage in Homer, there is, at least, a sort of suggestion of snow-storm in the blinding drift of words. But, on the whole, if one would know what snow is, I should advise him not to hunt up what the poets have said about it, but to look at the sweet miracle itself.

The preludings of Winter are as beautiful as those of Spring. In a gray December day, when, as the farmers say, it is too cold to snow, his numbed fingers will let fall doubtfully a few star-shaped flakes, the snow-drops and anemones that harbinger his more assured reign. Now, and now only, may be seen, heaped on the horizon's eastern edge, those "blue clouds" from forth which Shakespeare says that Mars "doth pluck the masoned turrets." Sometimes also, when the sun is low, you will see a single cloud trailing a flurry of snow along the southern hills in a wavering fringe of purple. And when at last the real snow-storm comes, it leaves the earth with a virginal look on it that no other of the seasons can rival, — compared with which, indeed, they seem soiled and vulgar.

And what is there in nature so beautiful as the next morning after such confusion of the elements? Night has no silence like this of busy day. All the batteries of noise are spiked. We see the movement of life as a deaf man sees it, a mere wraith of the clamorous existence that inflicts itself on our ears when the ground is bare. The earth is clothed in innocence as a garment. Every wound of the landscape is healed; whatever was stiff has been sweetly rounded, as the breasts of Aphrodite; what was unsightly has been covered gently with a soft splendor, as if, Cowley would have said, Nature had cleverly let fall her handkerchief to hide it. If the Virgin (*Nôtre Dame de la neige*) were to come back, here is an earth that would not bruise her foot nor stain it. It is

The fanned snow
That's bolted by the northern blasts twice o'er, —
Sofiata e stretta dai venti Schiavi,
Blown on and packed by the Slavonian winds, —

packed so hard sometimes on hill-slopes that it will bear your weight. What grace is in all the curves, as if every one of them had been swept by that inspired thumb of Phidias's journeyman!

Poets have fancied the footprints of the wind in those light ripples that sometimes scurry across smooth water with a sudden blur. But on this gleaming hush the aerial deluge has left plain marks of its course; and in gullies through which it rushed, torrent-like, the eye finds its bed irregularly scooped like that of a brook in hard beach-sand, or, in more sheltered spots, traced with outlines like those left by the sliding edges of the surf upon the shore. The air, after all, is only an infinitely thinner kind of water, such as I suppose we shall have to drink when the state does her whole duty as a moral reformer. Nor is the wind the only thing whose trail you will notice on this sensitive surface. You will find that you have more neighbors and night visitors than you dreamed of. Here is the dainty footprint of a cat; here a dog has looked in on you like an amateur watchman to see if all is right, slumping clumsily about in the mealy treachery. And look! before you were up in the morning, though you were a punctual courtier at the sun's levee, here has been a squirrel zigzagging to and fro like a hound gathering the scent, and some tiny bird searching for unimaginable food, — perhaps for the tinier creature, whatever it is, that drew this slender continuous trail like those made on the wet beach by light borderers of the sea. The earliest autographs were as frail as these. Poseidon traced his lines, or giant birds made their mark, on preadamite sea-margins; and the thunder-gust left the tear-stains of its sudden passion there; nay, we have the signatures of delicatest fern-leaves on the soft ooze of mounds that dozed away their dreamless leisure before consciousness came upon the earth with man.

Some whim of nature locked them fast in stone for us after-thoughts of creation. Which of us shall leave a footprint as imperishable as that of the ornithorhynchus, or much more so than that of these Bedouins of the snow-desert? Perhaps it was only because the ripple and the rain-drop and the bird were not thinking of themselves, that they had such luck. The chances of immortality depend very much on that. How often have we not seen poor mortals, dupes of a season's notoriety, carving their names on seeming-solid rock of merest beach-sand, whose feeble hold on memory shall be washed away by the next wave of fickle opinion! Well, well, honest Jacques, there are better things to be found in the snow than sermons.

The snow that falls damp comes commonly in larger flakes from windless skies, and is the prettiest of all to watch from under cover. This is the kind Homer had in mind; and Dante, who had never read him, compares the *dilatate falde*, the flaring flakes, of his fiery rain, to those of snow among the mountains without wind. This sort of snowfall has no fight in it, and does not challenge you to a wrestle like that which drives well from the northward, with all moisture thoroughly winnowed out of it by the frosty wind. Burns, who was more out of doors than most poets, and whose barefoot Muse got the color in her cheeks by vigorous exercise in all weathers, was thinking of this drier deluge, when he speaks of the "whirling drift," and tells how

"Chanticleer
Shook off the powthery snaw."

But the damper and more deliberate falls have a choice knack at draping the trees; and about eaves or stonewalls, wherever, indeed, the evaporation is rapid, and it finds a chance to cling, it will build itself out in curves of wonderful beauty. I have seen one of these dumb waves, thus caught in the act of breaking, curl four feet beyond the edge of my roof and hang there for days, as if Nature were too well pleased with her work to let it crumble from its exquisite pause. After such a storm, if you are lucky enough to have even a sluggish ditch for a neighbor, be sure to pay it a visit. You will find its banks corniced with what seems precipitated light, and the dark current down below gleams as if with an inward lustre. Dull of motion as it is, you never saw water that seemed alive before. It has a brightness, like that of the eyes of some smaller animals, which gives assurance of life, but of a life foreign and unintelligible.

A damp snow-storm often turns to rain, and, in our freakish climate, the wind will whisk sometimes into the northwest so suddenly as to plate all the trees with crystal before it has swept the sky clear of its last cobweb of cloud. Ambrose Philips, in a poetical epistle from Copenhagen to the Earl of Dorset, describes this strange confectionery of Nature, — for such, I am half ashamed to say, it always seems to me, recalling the "glorified sugar-candy" of Lamb's first night at the theatre. It has an artificial air, altogether beneath the grand artist of the atmosphere, and besides does too much mischief to the trees for a philodendrist to take unmixed pleasure in it. Perhaps it deserves a poet like Philips, who really loved Nature and yet liked her to be mighty fine, as Pepys would say, with a heightening of powder and range: —

"And yet but lately have I seen e'en here
The winter in a lovely dress appear.
Ere yet the clouds let fall the treasured snow,
Or winds begun through hazy skies to blow,
At evening a keen eastern breeze arose,
And the descending rain unsullied froze.
Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,
The ruddy noon disclosed at once to view
The face of Nature in a rich disguise,
And brightened every object to my eyes;
For every shrub, and every blade of grass,
And every pointed thorn, seemed wrought in glass;

In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns show,
 And through the ice the crimson berries glow;
 The thick-sprung reeds, which watery marshes yield,
 Seem polished lances in a hostile field;
 The stag in limpid currents with surprise
 Sees crystal branches on his forehead rise;
 The spreading oak, the beech, the towering pine,
 Glazed over in the freezing ether shine;
 The frightened birds the rattling branches shun,
 Which wave and glitter in the distant sun,
 When, if a sudden gust of wind arise,
 The brittle forest into atoms flies,
 The crackling wood beneath the tempest bends
 And in a spangled shower the prospect ends."

It is not uninstruative to see how tolerable Ambrose is, so long as he sticks manfully to what he really saw. The moment he undertakes to improve on Nature, he sinks into the mere court poet, and we surrender him to the jealousy of Pope without a sigh. His "rattling branches" and "crackling forest" are good, as truth always is after a fashion; but what shall we say of that dreadful stag which, there is little doubt, he valued above all the rest, because it was purely his own?

The damper snow tempts the amateur architect and sculptor. His Pentelicus has been brought to his very door, and if there are boys to be had (whose company beats all other recipes for prolonging life) a middle-aged Master of the Works will knock the years off his account and make the family Bible seem a dealer in foolish fables, by a few hours given heartily to this business. First comes the Sisyphean toil of rolling the clammy balls till they refuse to budge farther. Then, if you would play the statuary, they are piled one upon the other to the proper height; or if your aim be masonry, whether of house or fort, they must be squared and beaten solid with the shovel. The material is capable of very pretty effects, and your young companions meanwhile are unconsciously learning lessons in aesthetics. From the feeling of satisfaction with which one squats on the damp floor of his extemporized dwelling, I have been led to think that the backwoodsman must get a sweeter savor of self-reliance from the house his own hands have built than Bramante or Sansovino could ever give. Perhaps the fort is the best thing, for it calls out more masculine qualities and adds the cheer of battle with that dumb artillery which gives pain enough to test pluck without risk of serious hurt. Already, as I write, it is twenty-odd years ago. The balls fly thick and fast. The uncle defends the waist-high ramparts against a storm of nephews, his breast plastered with decorations like another Radetsky's. How well I recall the indomitable good-humor under fire of him who fell in the front at Ball's Bluff, the silent pertinacity of the gentle scholar who got his last hurt at Fair Oaks, the ardor in the charge of the gallant gentleman who, with the death-wound in his side, headed his brigade at Cedar Creek! How it all comes back, and they never come! I cannot again be the Vauban of fortresses in the innocent snow, but I shall never see children moulding their clumsy giants in it without longing to help. It was a pretty fancy of the young Vermont sculptor to make his first essay in this evanescent material. Was it a figure of Youth, I wonder? Would it not be well if all artists could begin in stuff as perishable, to melt away when the sun of prosperity began to shine and leave nothing behind but the gain of practised hands? It is pleasant to fancy that Shakespeare served his apprenticeship at this trade, and owed to it that most pathetic of despairing wishes, —

"O, that I were a mockery-king of snow,
 Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
 To melt myself away in water-drops!"

I have spoken of the exquisite curves of snow surfaces. Not less rare are the tints of which they are capable, — the faint blue of the

hollows, for the shadows in snow are always blue, and the tender rose of higher points, as you stand with your back to the setting sun and look upward across the soft rondure of a hillside. I have seen within a mile of home effects of color as lovely as any iridescence of the Silberhorn after sundown. Charles II., who never said a foolish thing, gave the English climate the highest praise when he said that it allowed you more hours out of doors than any other, and I think our winter may fairly make the same boast as compared with the rest of the year. Its still mornings, with the thermometer near zero, put a premium on walking. There is more sentiment in turf, perhaps, and it is more elastic to the foot; its silence, too, is wellnigh as congenial with meditation as that of fallen pine-tassel; but for exhilaration there is nothing like a stiff snow-crust that creaks like a cricket at every step, and communicates its own sparkle to the senses. The air you drink is *frappé*, all its grosser particles precipitated, and the dregs of your blood with them. A purer current mounts to the brain, courses sparkling through it, and rinses it thoroughly of all dejected stuff. There is nothing left to breed an exhalation of ill-humor or despondency. They say that this rarefied atmosphere has lessened the capacity of our lungs. Be it so. Quart-pots are for muddier liquor than nectar. To me, the city in winter is infinitely dreary, — the sharp street-corners have such a chill in them, and the snow so soon loses its maidenhood to become a mere drab, — "doing shameful things," as Steele says of politicians, "without being ashamed." I pine for the Quaker purity of my country landscape. I am speaking, of course, of those winters that are not niggardly of snow, as ours too often are, giving us a gravelly dust instead. Nothing can be unsightlier than those piebald fields where the coarse brown hide of Earth shows through the holes of her ragged ermine. But even when there is abundance of snow, I find as I grow older that there are not so many good crusts as there used to be. When I first observed this, I rashly set it to the account of that general degeneracy in nature (keeping pace with the same melancholy phenomenon in man) which forces itself upon the attention and into the philosophy of middle life. But happening once to be weighed, it occurred to me that an arch which would bear fifty pounds could hardly be blamed for giving way under nearly four times the weight. I have sometimes thought that if theologians would remember this in their arguments, and consider that the man may slump through, with no fault of his own, where the boy would have skimmed the surface in safety, it would be better for all parties. However, when you *do* get a crust that will bear, and know any brooklet that runs down a hillside, be sure to go and take a look at him, especially if your crust is due, as it commonly is, to a cold snap following eagerly on a thaw. You will never find him so cheerful. As he shrank away after the last thaw, he built for himself the most exquisite caverns of ice to run through, if not "measureless to man" like those of Alph, the sacred river, yet perhaps more pleasing for their narrowness than those for their grandeur. What a cunning silversmith is Frost! The rarest workmanship of Delhi or Genoa copies him but clumsily, as if the fingers of all other artists were thumbs. Fernwork and lacework and filagree in endless variety, and under it all the water tinkles like a distant guitar, or drums like a tambourine, or gurgles like the Tokay of an anchorite's dream. Beyond doubt there is a fairy procession marching along those frail arcades and translucent corridors.

"Their oaten pipes blow wondrous shrill,
 The hemlock small blow clear."

And hark! is that the ringing of Titania's bridle, or the bells of the wee, wee hawk that sits on Oberon's wrist? This wonder of Frost's handiwork may be had every winter, but he can do bet-

DECEMBER.



Day of Year.	Day of Month.	Day of Week.	THE SUN.						THE MOON.						PHENOMENA.				SUNDAYS, HOLY DAYS, and ANNIVERSARIES.
			Latitude of BOSTON.		Latitude of NEW YORK.		Latitude of WASH'TON.		WASHINGTON.		BOS- TON.	NEW YORK.	WASH- ING- TON.	SAN FRAN.	Moon's Phases.				
			Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Age at Noon.	Souths.	Sets.	Sets.	Sets.	Sets.	○ FULL MOON . . .	d. h. m.			
			h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	d. h.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	☾ LAST QUARTER . . .	15 4 2 P.M.			
335	1	Th.	7 9	4 29	7 4	4 34	7 0	4 39	8 16	7 38	40	41	43	51	● NEW MOON . . .	22 7 11 A.M.	Execution John Brown.		
336	2	Fri.	10	29	5	34	0	39	9 16	8 20	1 41	1 41	1 42	1 49	☾ FIRST QUARTER . . .	29 11 30 A.M.			
337	3	Sat.	11	28	6	34	1	39	10 16	9 1	2 40	2 39	2 39	2 45	WASHINGTON.		2d Sunday in Advent.		
338	4	S.	12	28	7	34	2	39	11 16	9 43	3 36	3 37	3 36	3 42	3d, 0 A.M. ☽ ☿ ☿ ☿ +3° 44'				
339	5	Mo.	13	28	8	34	3	39	12 16	10 26	4 38	4 35	4 33	4 38	5th, 10 A.M. ☿'s Apogee.		Nicolas.		
340	6	Tu.	14	28	9	34	4	39	13 16	11 11	5 37	5 34	5 30	5 35	7th, 6 P.M. ♀ in ♄				
341	7	Wd.	15	28	9	34	5	39	14 16	11 58	6 37	6 33	6 28	6 33	8th, 2 A.M. ☽ ☿ ☽ Sup.		Conception of the Virgin [Mary.]		
342	8	Th.	16	28	10	34	6	39	15 16	A.M. rises.	rises.	rises.	rises.	rises.	8th, 10 A.M. ☽ ☿ ☽ ☿ +1° 7'				
343	9	Fri.	17	28	11	34	7	39	16 16	47	5 49	5 54	6 0	6 10	11th, 4 A.M. ☽ ☿ ☽ ☿ -0° 55'		3d Sunday in Advent.		
344	10	Sat.	18	28	12	34	8	39	17 16	1 37	6 41	6 46	6 52	7 2	11th, 7 A.M. ☽ ☿ ☿ ☿ -2° 55'				
345	11	S.	19	28	13	34	8	39	18 16	2 28	7 40	7 45	7 50	8 0	13th, 8 A.M. ☽ ☿ ☽ ☿		Lucy.		
346	12	Mo.	20	28	13	34	9	39	19 16	3 20	8 43	8 47	8 51	9 1	15th, 3 P.M. ☽ ☿ ☿ ☿ -3° 0'				
347	13	Tu.	20	29	14	34	10	39	20 16	4 10	9 49	9 52	9 56	10 5	16th, 7 A.M. ☽ ☿ ☿ ☿		4th Sunday in Advent.		
348	14	Wd.	21	29	15	35	11	39	21 16	4 59	10 56	10 58	11 1	11 9	17th, 12 M. ☽ gr. hel. Lat. N.				
349	15	Th.	22	29	16	35	11	40	22 16	5 48	mor.	mor.	mor.	mor.	18th, 10 A.M. ☽ gr. hel. Lat. S.		Thomas.		
350	16	Fri.	23	29	17	35	12	40	23 16	6 36	4	5	6	14	19th, 3 P.M. ☽ ☿ ☿ ☿ -1° 19'				
351	17	Sat.	23	29	17	36	13	40	24 16	7 26	1 14	1 14	1 14	1 21	20th, 11 P.M. ☽'s Perigee.		Stephen.		
352	18	S.	24	30	18	36	13	40	25 16	8 17	2 27	2 26	2 24	2 31	21st, 7 P.M. ☽ ☿ ☿ ☿ Winter com.				
353	19	Mo.	25	30	18	37	14	41	26 16	9 11	3 41	3 38	3 36	3 41	21st, ☽ eclipsed, invis. at W.		John.		
354	20	Tu.	25	30	19	37	15	41	27 16	10 8	4 57	4 53	4 50	4 54	22d, 8 A.M. ☽ ☿ ☿ ☿ 0° 0'				
355	21	Wd.	26	31	20	38	15	42	28 16	11 9	6 14	6 9	6 5	6 9	22d, 1 P.M. ☽ ☿ ☿ ☿ -1° 6'		Christmas Day.		
356	22	Th.	26	32	20	38	15	43	0 5	P.M. 11 sets.	sets.	sets.	sets.	sets.	22d, 5 P.M. ☽ ☿ ☿ ☿				
357	23	Fri.	27	32	20	39	16	43	1 5	1 14	5 54	5 59	6 5	6 15	23d, 1 P.M. ☽ ☿ ☿ ☿ -1° 19'		Innocents.		
358	24	Sat.	27	33	21	39	16	44	2 5	2 14	7 3	7 8	7 13	7 22	30th, 7 A.M. ☽ ☿ ☿ ☿ +3° 51'				
359	25	S.	27	34	21	40	17	44	3 5	3 11	8 13	8 17	8 21	8 30	30th, 9 P.M. ☽ ☿ ☿ ☿ stationary.		Sylvester.		
360	26	Mo.	28	34	22	40	17	45	4 5	4 2	9 22	9 25	9 28	9 37					
361	27	Tu.	28	35	22	41	17	46	5 5	4 50	10 27	10 29	10 31	10 39					
362	28	Wd.	29	36	22	42	18	46	6 5	5 34	11 30	11 31	11 32	11 39					
363	29	Th.	29	36	22	43	18	47	7 5	6 17	mor.	mor.	mor.	mor.					
364	30	Fri.	29	37	23	43	18	48	8 5	6 58	31	31	31	37					
365	31	Sat.	7 29	4 38	7 23	4 44	7 18	4 49	9 5	7 40	1 30	1 29	1 27	1 34					

ter than this, though I have seen it but once in my life. There had been a thaw without wind or rain, making the air fat with gray vapor. Towards sundown came that chill, the *avant-courier* of a northwesterly gale. Then, though there was no perceptible current in the atmosphere, the fog began to attach itself in frosty roots and filaments to the southern side of every twig and grass-stem. The very posts had poems traced upon them by this dumb minstrel. Wherever the moist seeds found lodgement grew an inch-deep moss fine as cobweb, a slender coral-reef, argentine, delicate, as of some silent sea in the moon, such as Agassiz dredges when he dreams. The frost, too, can wield a delicate graver, and in fancy leaves Piranesi far behind. He covers your window-pane with Alpine etchings, as if in memory of that sweet Argos where he finds shelter even in midsummer.

Now look down from your hillside across the valley. The trees are leafless, but this is the season to study their anatomy, and did you ever notice before how much color there is in the twigs of many of them? And the smoke from those chimneys is so blue it seems like a feeder of the sky into which it flows. Winter refines it and gives it agreeable associations. In summer it suggests cookery or the drudgery of steam-engines, but now your fancy (if it can forget for a moment the drcary usurpation of stoves) traces it down to the fireside and the brightened faces of children. Thoreau is the only poet who has fitly sung it. The wood-cutter rises before day and

"First in the dusky dawn he sends abroad
His early scout, his emissary, smoke,
The earliest, latest pilgrim from his roof,
To feel the frosty air; . . .
And, while he crouches still beside the hearth,
Nor musters courage to unbar the door,
It has gone down the glen with the light wind
And o'er the plain unfurled its venturous wreath,
Draped the tree-tops, loitered upon the hill,
And warmed the pinions of the early bird;
And now, perchance, high in the crisp air,
Has caught sight of the day o'er the earth's edge,
And greets its master's eye at his low door
As some refulgent cloud in the upper sky."

Here is very bad verse and very good imagination. He had been reading Wordsworth, or he would not have made *tree-tops* an iambus. In the *Moretum* of Virgil (or, if not his, better than most of his) is a pretty picture of a peasant kindling his winter-morning fire. He rises before dawn,

Sollicitaque manu tenebras explorat inertes
Vestigatque focum laesus quem denique sensit.
Parvulus exusto remanebat stipite fumus,
Et cinis obductae celabat lumina prunæ.
Admovet his pronam submissa fronte lucernam,
Et producet acu stupas humore carentes,
Excitat et crebris languentem flatibus ignem;
Tandem concepto tenebræ fulgore recedunt,
Oppositæque manu lumen defendit ab aura.

With cautious hand he gropes the sluggish dark,
Tracking the hearth which, scorched, he feels ere long.
In burnt-out logs a slender smoke remained,
And raked-up ashes hid the cinders' eyes;
Stooping, to these the lamp outstretched he nears,
And, with a needle loosening the dry wick,
With frequent breath excites the languid flame.
Before the gathering glow the shades recede,
And his bent hand the new-caught light defends.

Ovid heightens the picture by a single touch:—

Ipse genu prope flammas exsuscitat aura.
Kneeling, his breath calls back to life the flames.

If you walk down now into the woods, you may find a robin or a blue-bird among the red-cedars, or a nuthatch scaling deviously

the trunk of some hardwood tree with an eye as keen as that of a French soldier foraging for the *pot-au-feu* of his mess. Perhaps a blue-jay shrills *caw caw* in his corvine trebles, or a chickadee

"Shows feats of his gymnastic play,
Head downward, clinging to the spray."

But both him and the snow-bird I love better to see, tiny fluffs of feathered life, as they scurry about in a driving mist of snow, than in this serene air.

Coleridge has put into verse one of the most beautiful phenomena of a winter walk:—

"The woodman winding westward up the glen
At wintry dawn, where o'er the sheep-track's maze
The viewless snow-mist weaves a glistening haze,
Sees full before him, gliding without tread,
An image with a halo round its head."

But this aureole is not peculiar to winter. I have noticed it often in a summer morning, when the grass was heavy with dew, and even later in the day, when the dewless grass was still fresh enough to have a gleam of its own.

For my own part I prefer a winter walk that takes in the night-fall and the intense silence that ere long follows it. The evening lamps look yellower by contrast with the snow, and give the windows that hearty look of which our secretive fires have almost robbed them. The stars seem

"To hang, like twinkling winter lamps
Among the branches of the leafless trees"

or, if you are on a hill-top (whence it is sweet to watch the home-lights gleam out one by one), they look nearer than in summer, and appear to take a conscious part in the cold. Especially in one of those stand-stills of the air that forebode a change of weather, the sky is dusted with motes of fire of which the summer-watcher never dreamed. Winter, too, is, on the whole, the triumphant season of the moon, a moon devoid of sentiment, if you choose, but with the refreshment of a purer intellectual light,—the cooler orb of middle life. Who ever saw anything to match that gleam, rather divined than seen, which runs before her over the snow, a breath of light, as she rises on the infinite silence of winter night? High in the heavens, also she seems to bring out some intenser property of cold with her chilly polish. The poets have instinctively noted this. When Goody Blake imprecates a curse of perpetual chill upon Harry Gill, she has

"The cold, cold moon above her head";

and Coleridge speaks of

"The silent icicles,
Quietly gleaming to the quiet moon."

As you walk homeward,—for it is time that we should end our ramble,—you may perchance hear the most impressive sound in nature, unless it be the fall of a tree in the forest during the hush of summer noon. It is the stifled shriek of the lake yonder as the frost throttles it. Wordsworth has described it (too much, I fear, in the style of Dr. Armstrong):—

"And, interrupting oft that eager game,
From under Esthwaite's splitting fields of ice,
The pent-up air, struggling to free itself,
Gave out to meadow-grounds and hills a loud
Protracted yelling, like the noise of wolves
Howling in troops along the Bothnic Main."

Thoreau (unless the English lakes have a different dialect from ours) calls it admirably well a "whoop." But it is a noise like none other, as if Demogorgon were moaning inarticulately from under the earth. Let us get within doors, lest we hear it again, for there is something bodiful and uncanny in it.

IN AND OUT OF THE WOODS.

BY KATE FIELD.

"WHAT went ye out into the wilderness for to see? A reed shaken with the wind?" No. I went in search of health and a new sensation. I found both.

"Perhaps the longing to be so,
Helps make the soul immortal,"

sings the muse of James Russell Lowell.

Perhaps the longing to be free
Helps ope the North Woods' portal.

Thoreau is right in asserting that "what you seek in vain for, half your life, one day you come full upon all the family at dinner. You seek it like a dream, and as soon as you find it you become its prey." I had sought the Adirondacks in many a Summer dream, and on a sunny day in July, 1869, I found my horizon bounded by the waving summits of its mountains, and my boat gliding over the yielding bosom of its lakes.

It all came to pass in consequence of reading one small book.

That book was "Murray."

Yet the realization of my dream cost me the inevitable struggle that precedes the fulfilment of all cherished hopes. Civilization held me by the hair of my head, and attempted to shake me into subjection.

"You will be drowned," said Sharon, which has no waterscape.

"You will fall from some frightful precipice and be dashed to pieces," was the cheerful prediction of Saratoga, where mountains are almost as distant as Paradise itself.

"You will find the air too bracing," declared voluptuous Newport.

"Camping out is a delusion and a snare," echoed the frost-bitten White Mountains.

"You will starve," cried the country boarding-houses.

"You will be cheated," muttered the city hotels.

"You will be bitten to death by black flies," whispered mosquito-ridden New Jersey.

Friends wept over me as if I were going down to an early grave with malice prepense. I was warned against rattlesnakes, of which the North Woods are as innocent as New York City. I was bidden to beware of ferocious wild animals and Indians, that the civilized mind insisted were native, and to bad manners born.

I made my will.

I had nothing, and left it, without reservation, to my relations.

Weighed down with pills enough to supply a regiment and with tar enough to drown every black fly in the wilderness, I yet had sufficient strength to put predictions and civilization behind me and plunge into the woods.

Ah, the luxury of laying care and thought aside! the luxury of feeling that for one month out of the twelve you can be a rough, stupid, good-natured, selfish animal, with no more regard for the sins and woes of humanity than have the birds of the air and the beasts of the field! And ah, the luxury of a special car and the resigning yourself, bag and baggage, to the tender mercies of a ministering angel who knows much better what is good for you than you know yourself! To be a babe in the woods watched over by a human robin redbreast, is as near an approach to Eden before the fall as comes within the ken of woman.

Boston is making merry when we leave, and there is merry-making all along the line; not because a few tired souls and bodies are going up into high latitudes, but because of that "Glorious Fourth" which comes in like a fire-cracker and goes out like a rocket. By this conjunction of events we celebrate our

national and personal independence "at one fell swoop," and have more Fourth of July than metropolitan small boys. "Independence day is come," shout girls and boys as they drive off to picnic in the woods. "Ay, Independence day is come," we reply. But there is this difference between us. They put on their best clothes to make Nature a ceremonious visit, as if she were a fashionable dame, and lived in a brown-stone front on Fifth Avenue. We put on our worst, to do her bidding in sunshine and in rain, to follow her o'er hill and dale, to be the less and not the greater. Gewgaws and crinoline in the woods? I'd as soon think of chignons and satin slippers at the Day of Judgment! Nature only tells her secrets to such as approach her frankly. Is it strange that those secrets still remain buried in her own heart? Yet no woman ever longed more ardently to be honestly loved than Nature longs to be sought and won in the spirit of truth; for see, how generous her treatment of those not wholly unworthy! She heals the sick, soothes the perturbed brain, paints roses on pale cheeks, and stands beside poet and painter when they would thrill the world with the magnetism of genius. What better friend to have?

Higher and higher we ascend; past Keene with its street of beautiful elms, two miles in length; past the Connecticut River and Bellows Falls, rumbling and tumbling, dashing and splashing, as if there were nothing else in the world to be done; up, up a grade thirteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, catching here and there a glimpse of stately Monadnock that plays a game of hide-and-seek with the readiness of a school-boy. Keener and keener grows the air, and our spirits, rising with the ground, seek vent in hearty cheers as the soft outlines of the Adirondacks, enveloped in an atmosphere as dreamy as that of Italy, pillow the setting sun, while below sparkle the bright waters of Champlain.

Then comes beautiful Burlington. The Green Mountain boys seem to be quite beside themselves, and manifest their excitement—after the manner of most Americans—by standing about the wharf and station with their hands in their pockets. To leave the bosom of one's family, or even the parlor of a degenerate boarding-house, for the purpose of standing up all day in one particular attitude, and gazing at fellow-creatures engaged in a similar occupation, strikes the female mind with wonder not unmingled with absurdity; but in this, as in many other matters, the female mind is plunged in darkness. Standing about may possess joys as sweet as are hidden away in a tobacco-pipe. Not even a boy enlivens the scene with a somersault, and our last glimpse of Burlington is a row of well-dressed men busily engaged in doing picket duty over their own pockets. Do they take us for genteel members of the light-fingered gentry, and do they read "Beware of pickpockets" on our telltale brows? We are bent upon robbery, but not that of pockets. Robbing the woods of their treasures is better business, and does not lead to state's prison. Would that Five Points and North Street could be persuaded of the fact!

Champlain never looked more lovely than on this July evening. Never were diamonds of better water nor of more brilliant lustre. The Green Mountains with their "Camel's Back," the Adirondacks with their purple bloom, stand forth in generous rivalry; but alas for Camel's Back! the contest is unequal. Where are the charms of the old love in the presence of the new? When did realization ever successfully compete with anticipation? The sun kisses Tahawus, the Cloud-Splitter, and our thoughts follow our eyes as they watch the blush on sky and mountain at the dawning of the god.

Revolutionary Plattsburg, with its interesting past and most excellent present, welcomes us with flowers, trout, and salmon, lulls us to sleep with the lapping of the lake, and rouses us in the early morning for the labors of the day. Twenty miles of rail road,

PICTURES FROM WHITTIER'S BALLADS OF NEW ENGLAND.



THE SEA-BIRDS



THE BEAVERS.



SKIPPER IRESON'S RIDE.



KITTERY SHORE.



COBBLER KEFZAR.

[From the Illustrated Edition published by FIELDS, OSGOOD, & Co.]

over tressle-work and through the heart of many a hill, bring us to Point of Rocks, where steam ends and staging begins. Where are we to go? There is a driver who takes our measure, finds that we answer the written description of his employer, and off we start for Martin's. The wagons of the Adirondacks are similar to the covered wagons of all mountainous regions, and the road to the Lower Saranac is as good as such roads usually are. The scenery by the stage route which leads through Franklin Falls is uninteresting, saving for the first hour, when you are attracted by the chattering of Ausable River, and the silent eloquence of Old Whiteface looming up five thousand feet in the air. Soon after, nature ceases to be entertaining, and for relief I turn to human nature arrayed in the garb of our driver, who, bearded like a pard, looks like a retired pirate.

"What is the best product of the soil?" I ask.

"Well, I reckon the human family can't be beat," replies the driver, suddenly waking up. "If you keep your eyes open tight you'll see that there's more of 'em than you can shake a stick at."

"What is the next best crop?"

"Well, on the whole, I guess nothin' in particular."

Again subsiding, he again wakes up with the question:—

"You would n't like to be buried here, would you?"

"Why not?"

"Because the soil's so poor you'd never rise agin."

I am inclined to believe that my friend the driver has said this at least once before, if not oftener, for there is a consciousness in his eye not unlike that noticeable in after-dinner wits immediately subsequent to an impromptu *bon mot* over which sleepless nights and anxious days have been passed. Laughing with the heartiness of an *ingénue* in modern comedy, and being nodded to approvingly in consequence (such is the world's farce, even among the Adirondacks), I make inquiries concerning the climate.

"The climate can't be got ahead on nohow. Nobody ever dies here, except by accident. Sometimes people do kinder give out, but they are strangers, and generally come from New York. We what stay here all the year round dry up and blow away when we get tired of living. I'm gettin' sparser nor I used to be."

At this stage of the journey Mr. Driver seems to entertain fears of drying up before his time. Jumping out of the wagon, and proceeding to a spring, he empties the remains of a bottle labelled "Castor-Oil" into a glass containing very little water. It is very peculiar looking castor-oil, so peculiar that I venture to ask whether there is any prohibitory law among the mountains.

"Guess not," answers Mr. Driver, who offers to share his dose of castor-oil, and is rewarded for his virtue by a refusal. "We're a law unto ourselves. When there's no laws, there's no transgressors. Ain't that the best way? What's the use of makin' laws just for the fun of standin' round and seein' 'em broke? I don't call prohibition temperance nohow, do you? And I tell you what, them folks that come up here and go into epileptic fits whenever they see a fellow warming himself with a drop of somethin' that ain't tea, are jest the awfulest critters on tobacco and coffee that ever you sot your eyes on. They beat a smudge at smoking, and they drink coffee as often as them emigrants vote in New York on 'lection day. My eyes, ain't it strong though! blacker nor any nigger! Ef they go in for temperance, why on airth don't they peg away on it all round?"

Expecting a reply, Mr. Driver pauses to listen, but I inhumanly forbear to argue, mainly because I cannot. Silence is supposed to imply profundity, consequently I preserve it until the putting of another question.

"How do you people behave?"

"Pretty well, on the whole. We've only one church up here. The more churches the more backslidin' I find."

"Are you married, Mr. Driver?"

"No, I'm lookin' round for a rich wife. When I can find a woman worth thirty thousand dollars I reckon I'll marry her. I think considerable of women. I think they've got to save the country. Men have got to be so corrupt that ef somethin' don't step in, we'll go to pieces as slick as maple sirup."

"Then you would have women vote?"

"No I would n't neither. Here you galang, you Sal," interpolates the driver with a cut of the whip at the off mare. "I don't go women's rights no how. When I say I think considerable of women, I mean I think considerable of 'em in *their* way, but I don't want 'em in *my* way. Home's the place for 'em, and home influence is their sphere."

Yes, home is the place for women, and men too for the matter of that; but if home influence has done nothing for politics in the past, by what extraordinary means is it to be so potent in the future? As Paul Pry observes, "I merely ask for information." I do not seek it of my driver, being desirous of retaining his goodwill until it is no longer possible for him to break my neck.

He does not break it. All he cares to break is our bank. After a weary day's journey, creeping up and sliding down hills, pulling through sand and wading through mire, we arrive at Martin's. The *terra incognita* is found at last! Trunks lie about in hopeless confusion, guns peer from every corner, fishing-rods bow from every window, flannel shirts and ambiguous boots proclaim the downfall of that tyrant Fashion, and everybody looks as if the business of life were to lounge and despise "store" clothes. At least this is the impression produced by everybody of masculine gender. Men know the meaning of personal comfort, and take it whenever they can get it without violating the social decalogue. Women glory in discomfort. Crinoline, panier, corsets, and trailing dresses are dearer to their souls than health, nature, muscle, and children. Regardless of eternal fitness, they flaunt their muslins in the face of the backwoodsman, and hover on the outskirts of the Wilderness, as if to say to their sex, "so far shalt thou go and no farther," while fathers, brothers, husbands, and sons grow away from them as they grow into sympathy with out-door life. "God made the country and man made the town," says the old saw. It is a mistake. Woman made the town, and with it all the ills to which she is heir and from which she will not emancipate herself. Even the beaver has its town-house and country-house, but wherever woman goes she carries brick walls and ball-rooms with her. And she it is who is to mould the world anew! Can sound minds be made out of weak bodies?

Helter skelter, off with silks, kid gloves, and linen collars, on with bloomer, stout boots, and felt hat, and we helpless women are transformed into helpful human beings. The guides, having packed our baggage into the middle of each boat, are waiting for us to step aboard. "You are maniacs," cry women in muslin, who stand upon the pier to wonder at our madness, as we glide away from our "kind" and are at last on Adirondack waters.

We are afloat on the Lower Saranac, the Indian's Lake of the Clustered Stars, two in a boat, rowed at the bow by a guide who handles oars, not with the grace and technical skill of Harvard or Oxford, but with those "staying qualities" which mean work from morn till night, and night till morn again. Seated in the stern, I paddle when I please, and with a little practice find paddling much more entertaining than rowing. Beautiful and light as the boats are,—for they rarely weigh more than seventy-five or eighty pounds, and frequently less,—they are not agreeable to row in, the seat being low and the oars stationary. This latter peculiarity is an absolute necessity entailed by the many narrow creeks through which one is obliged to navigate. But I do not want to row. I want to lounge in an attitude half lying and half

sitting, and "invite my soul." Newspapers, letters, steam, dust, noise, are left behind, and I am nothing but a waif. Day after day we float along with only woods and waters for companions, listening to the songs of invisible birds, serenaded by a wondrous chorus of bullfrogs, startled by the strange cry of the loon, who shakes his head defiantly and then disappears for so long a time that I unconsciously hold my breath for him and wonder whether he ever intends to come up again. We listen to the croaking of the raven, and the tapping of the woodpecker that seems to be knocking at some inhospitable door. Yonder soars an eagle, and farther on flit two sea-gulls that have come into the mountains for a change of air and scene. Hark! what is that? an otter? out with your gun, Mr. Guide. He misses it probably, but never mind. No intention could have been better. What! deer-tracks? Yes, there are the unmistakable signs, and visions of noble bucks rise before us to fade away in dreams. That deer has not preceded us by many hours, for see how recently he has fed upon the lily-pads. Well, it is just our luck.

Variety? the *blasé* man of the world, in search of novelty, the *ennuyée*, who despairs of killing time, know not the lateut capacities of the Adirondacks. First comes the broad surface of a lake, dotted with islands that are each an invitation and an interrogation to the mind. Its shores are rich with the fringe of countless trees, and in the distant landscape an Adirondack spur towers up as some grand sentinel to watch over and guard the wilderness. Then suddenly lake yields to creek or river. Casting oars aside, the guide stands up in the bow and paddles the boat over beds of lilies, yellow and white, that look up into our faces, and ask if nature is not beautiful, after all, and better than paving-stones? The tamarack, with its lovely red blossoms, comes down to the water's edge to welcome us; wild roses peep out of the thicket of some "slew," and pines and hemlocks bend over the banks to tell us how soft and pure the air is. Just as we are beginning to long for a brisk walk through the woods, a sound of noisy water greets the ear. "Them's rapids," says the guide. "You'll have to get out and walk a mile, for this here's the 'carry.'" Out we jump; then follows the "loading up." Our guides disappear beneath the boats, which they carry on their shoulders as a turtle carries its shell, and striding ahead, with nothing visible but legs, leave us to follow. Perhaps the way may lie through a narrow trail, perhaps it may be over a muddy road, perhaps it may rain, perhaps the sun may be showering the foliage with gold. True-hearted Adirondackers declare that "whatever is, is right," and though midges burn, black flies bite, and mosquitoes perform their favorite airs before our eyes and in our ears, we are as bright as the sun—and as warm. Arrived at the end of the "carry," we sit down to await the return of our guides, who start off for a second load. Now comes the initiation in "smudges." If one does not grow merry over smudge-building, and does not enjoy disappointing the insect kingdom by sitting in a glory of smoke, such a one was never made to camp out, and had better retrace his steps.

All aboard again, and we are off through an inlet tortuous as a corkscrew, fallen trees blocking the channel, and sharp-visaged rocks darting up to dispute the right of way. One moment we are aground, the next we are shooting over a very good apology for rapids. First it is broadside, then stern foremost, and finally back again to first principles. Hungry? We never were so hungry in all our lives. Wild ducks are hardly safe in the presence of our capacious maws, and if larks were only to fall from heaven, ready cooked, we would devour them whole. In the nick of time our boats are drawn up on shore, and we wend our way to a cabin that has sat down in the woods on purpose to take in the passer by. The doorway is filled with sportsmen in every manner of colored shirt and every shade of bronze; guides and

dogs are dividing the honors of the piazza, while within a stout matron is growing redder and redder in the face over the superhuman task of feeding a dozen or more wild animals, in search of what they may devour. Whether it be breakfast, dinner, or supper, the bill of fare is the same, and we sit down ready to eat up our next neighbor, should more conventional victuals fail. Perhaps we may have venison, and perhaps we may not; perhaps we may have trout, and then again we may not; but you may take salt-pork, potatoes, and flapjacks against the field, and stake your last dollar. You are as sure to win as we are sure of an appetite. Talk about venison and trout! what would become of the wilderness without flapjacks? they are the beginning and the end of all things; they are the game by which we live and move and have our being. He who has experienced the joys of flapjacks and maple sirup, has not lived in vain. The two combined are enough to put one in a good humor without original sin. Suppose we do eat everything off the same plate, suppose we are reduced to two-pronged forks, and our blouses for a napkin, what matters it, if we are happy? And we are happy. The recollection of those flapjacks endures until the next meal, when we renew our attentions with the ardor of a lover whose *inamorata* is good enough to eat!

And here we are in camp! There is our lodge, yonder is the tent for our provisions, at our door crackles the cheery camp-fire; beyond is the kitchen fire, over which trout are frying and the kettle is singing. Beneath a spreading hemlock stands the rustic dining-table, made out of bark and set up on pine legs, and around which benches are stationed. One guide paddles off for spring-water, another prepares "smudges" and makes our bed of balsam boughs. We cannot sleep the first night. The novelty of the situation, the light of the fire, the strange sounds, the unusual out-of-door feeling, excite the brain and create wilder dreams than those invoked by slumber. Getting up in the morning, too, is no less peculiar than going to bed. The dressing which is not dressing, the washing which is not washing, the total disregard of appearances, the unmitigated contempt which we entertain for our looking-glass, denote so marvellous a change of heart that it is doubtful whether we are ourselves or somebody else. Mosquitoes recall us to our senses and establish an identity which we do our best to disguise by sundry coats of tar and oil. Whether any man ever fell in love with any woman arrayed in tar and sweet oil, or *vice versa*, are questions worthy of consideration. If love-making were the only occupation in the world, perhaps those who entered the wilderness would leave all hope behind. Certainly tar-oil combined with mosquitoes would kill even the passion of Romeo and Juliet. But fortunately the Romeos and the Juliets do not hunt in couples, and thus the charm remains unbroken.

What do we do after we settle down in camp? Fish; hunt; explore the woods with their beautiful mosses; search for fine specimens of birch-bark, which we make into dainty boxes and fancy articles; make excursions by boat; climb every mountain within reach, and see such glorious expanses of lake and mountain as make us silently worshipful; lie under the trees and read and write, or watch the ever-varying clouds as they chase one another over the hills; gather around the festive board and thank Heaven for being creatures with appetites; sit by the fire at night, making a picture with every attitude, learning to love the stars as they come out one by one; listen to stories of wood-life, and make the hills echo with merry songs; drift in the moonlight, and drink in health with every breath. The first trout is a comma, and the first deer a period in one's history. That experience in jack-shooting, with its mystery, its silence, its tension of the nerves, its keenness of sight and hearing, its final report and its noisy rejoicing over the death of a beautiful victim, is worth all the croquet parties and picnics of a civilized lifetime.

Days come, days go, and life grows richer, fuller, until the thought of old harness and bit become the *bête noire* of existence. Nevertheless, it is right to work in harness; so last words are spoken, last glances are taken, last flapjacks and tears are swallowed together, we break up camp sounder in body and mind, and go out of the wilderness weighing many more pounds than when we came in. What are the annoyances of mosquitoes, midges, and black flies, when cast in this balance?

Would you like to try it? Remember, I give no advice. If you go, it must be on your own responsibility, but you shall have the benefit of my experience, and take it for what it may be worth.

What stores shall be taken into camp depends upon individual taste. There are those who, caring little for gastronomy, never know what they put into their stomachs. Others, possessing digestive organs equal to those of the far-famed ostrich, are prepared for any emergency of iron-clad bread and dubious pork. Such tourists need give themselves no concern about supplies until they reach the woods. The last public house will, in all probability furnish them with whatever they require. Some enthusiasts who religiously believe in doing, when in Rome, nothing more than Romans do, take exquisite delight in limiting themselves to backwoodsman's fare. Thoreau's list of provisions consists of soft hardbread, pork, sugar, coffee, Indian meal, rice, and a few lemons, the latter being an excellent offset to pork and warm water. When you are obliged to carry your own baggage, this weight will satisfy the broadest shoulders, a gun, rod, blanket and knapsack being added thereto; but Thoreau gave instructions for the Maine woods, where tramping is less exceptional than it is in the "Kayadarosseras," or Lake Country of the Adirondacks. Mr. Murray is more generous in his allowance, yet pours opprobrium upon the "high liver," who wishes to take in canned fruit and jellies, declaring that "if you are wise you will leave such luxuries behind." Why total abstinence from fruit and vegetables is wise, in the season when they are intended to be eaten, at a time when one is deprived of fresh meat, is, to say the least, hypothetical. During our stay in the woods I never found a sportsman who refused either canned fruit or vegetables. On the contrary, both were devoured with avidity, and there was not one that did not rival "Oliver" in his demands for "more." Hope tells a flattering tale to the visionary who expects to feast daily upon venison and trout. To hunt and fish for pastime is one thing, to hunt and fish for the necessities of life is quite another, and to be reduced to a perpetual diet of salt-pork and potatoes is not the most cheerful prospect that the imagination can conjure up. Nevertheless, it is astonishing how well pork tastes in the wilderness. Even the daintiest appetite accepts it with complaisance when it comes as a stranger within the lodge. As a constant guest, however, it is neither agreeable nor healthful.

A prominent feature of my every-day religion is to be as comfortable as possible. I see no reason in taking one's pleasure "with a difference," that "difference" being physical wretchedness, the normal condition of three fourths of those who go into the country for the Summer. Where discomfort is unavoidable, it is philosophical to follow Theodore Parker's advice, and "fall in love with the inevitable," but to deliberately walk into martyrdom is neither sensible nor heroic. You can go into the Wilderness and live like an Indian, in other words, a heathen, or you can go into the Wilderness and live like a Christian. I prefer to be a Christian under all circumstances. No one can be a Christian who is troubled with dyspepsia. Respect for one's stomach is the first law of life. Pure air fights but half the battle for humanity. "He who would feel must feed," says Lewes, and Lewes is profoundly knowing. Therefore I would go into the woods taking the heart of home with me. What is the heart? Why

the kitchen to be sure. With a fine commissary department, camp-life is Arcadia.

Determine how long you intend to remain in the woods, calculate the amount of supplies necessary, and then make your purchases at your favorite grocer's. Trusting to Wilderness hotels and guides will not satisfy those who regard eating as a fine art. Guides are accustomed to the roughest food. Quantity, not quality, is the measure of their taste. Everything we bought ourselves was excellent; the flour, pork, potatoes, and crackers that we left to the discretion of guides, were bad. My list of provisions would be as follows:—

Coffee,	Brown sugar,	Butter,
Tea,	Loaf sugar,	Sea biscuit,
Cocoa,	Canned fruits,	Prunes,
Brandy,	Canned vegetables,	Hard crackers,
Groats,	Potted meat.	Candles,
Rice,	Salt,	Kerosene,
Dried apples,	Salt-pork,	Flour,
Dried peaches,	Beans,	Yeast,
Tamarinds,	Jellies,*	Maple sugar and sirup,†
Salt codfish,	Pepper,	Oatmeal.
Condensed milk,	Potatoes in abundance,	

With this supply you can live like patriarchal kings and queens, and watch your growth in avoirdupois with ever-increasing satisfaction. If every package is enclosed in an India-rubber bag, all fears of destruction by water are at rest. Packed in small boxes, your provisions may be forwarded by express to within a few miles of your camping-ground (provided you do not select some inaccessible retreat), where one of your guides will take charge of them; or you can bring them along with your personal baggage, and engage an extra guide to convey them to camp, should your boats be overweighted. If you would treat your digestion with profound consideration, see that your cook provides himself with a stove. A Dutch-oven would be a luxury, and a chafing-dish is almost indispensable. Venison boiled, fried, or roasted after the Adirondack manner is not much more savory than chips. It becomes transfigured when cooked by yourself, with a liberal infusion of currant-jelly. A good guide is always supplied with cooking utensils, so that, apart from the oven and chafing-dish, you need burden yourself with nothing but a few tin plates, a knife, fork, teaspoon, table-spoon, and drinking-cup. A fine lantern is a necessity, and a few "everlasting matches" will obviate the necessity of carrying bundles of ordinary matches. Several large India-rubber bags to take the place of boxes, should the latter be cumbersome in going over portages, would not come amiss.

Having looked well to the larder, very little remains to be done. Personal baggage can be reduced to a minimum, and a small valise should hold the wardrobe of the fairest belle. Mr. Murray has told men what they require, but has been less explicit with regard to women; therefore, I will make out a trousseau for such as would be wedded to Nature.

Two bloomer dresses, — one waterproof, the other as fancy as taste dictates.

Two complete flannel suits, for under-garments.

A flannel bathing-dress to serve as a night-gown. (Optional.)

Two pairs of thick stockings.

One pair of worsted socks, to be worn with slippers at night. (Optional.)

Two pairs of Balmoral boots. Rubbers. Rubber boots.

Water-proof.

* Particularly currant-jelly for venison.

† In abundance, to be obtained in the Wilderness.

India-rubber poncho that can also be used as a blanket.
Two dark flannel blankets.

Heavy shawl.

A gentleman's felt hat with broad rim.

A fancy hat for camp. (Optional.)

Two pairs of buckskin gloves, with deep gauntlets.

Kid gloves.

Net of fine Swiss mull.

Mosquito-net, such as is sold to sportsmen.

A large mosquito-net to cover bed.

A large piece of white muslin to cover entrance to lodge or tent.

A knapsack, skeleton or otherwise. (Optional.)

Jack-knife.

Microscope, opera-glass, compass, whistle, leather belt. (Optional.)

Strap for shawl, &c.

Few books, writing and sewing materials.

Rags for bruises, wounds, &c.

A small umbrella.

A few specifics, — arnica, ammonia, camphor, preparation of tar and sweet oil, court-plaster.

Gun, pistol, fishing-rod, flies, landing-net. (Optional.)

About guides? Ah, there's the rub. Guides are exceedingly human. There are saints among them, and there are sinners. "Guides!" said a wonderfully clever one, who is honest as well as clever, "they are not to be trusted; take my word for it. Just give them a chance, and they will eat up the Lord's Supper and then run away with the table-cloth!" But old Honesty is rather severe. There are fine fellows among the lumbermen of the Adirondacks, and if you chance upon them you are blessed. It does not necessarily follow that an "independent" guide is good, nor does it necessarily follow that a hotel guide is bad. It seems to me that if the hotels of the wilderness were made responsible for all the guides of their respective localities, the public would be served vastly better than now, for the reason that redress of wrong could be obtained. At present, independent guides have their employers completely in their power, and can demand whatever they please. Hotel-keepers could fix the rate of guide-hire, and thereby prevent extortion. By such an arrangement, parties going into the wilderness could write to hotel-keepers and secure whatever guides were needed, feeling certain of satisfaction; for once let a landlord deceive his patrons in so vital a matter and his prestige is gone forever. Paul Smith, of St. Regis Lake, who keeps the best hotel in the wilderness, is a man to be relied upon. I do not believe you will go amiss if you trust to him in the selection of guides. Others may be as competent, but, unfortunately, I do not know them. There are fine men among the Long Lake guides, but they are not all fine. Martin ought to be able to give correct information with regard to those of the Lower Saranac, and Mr. Graves, of Graves's Lodge, Big Tupper Lake, bears so excellent a reputation that I am inclined to think he would enlighten such as applied to him. Certain it is that your guide can make or mar your pleasure, and should be selected with as much circumspection as a family horse. It is important to remember also that there must be a guide to every two persons.

Which is better, a lodge or tent, remains an open question with many. My judgment has decided in favor of a tent. Why?

Because, like the poor, you have it with you always.

Because it can be set up in ten minutes.

Because it can be taken down in the same space of time.

Because it is portable.

Because once bought it is good for all time.

Because it is water-proof.

Because it is white, and therefore exposes to view every species of insect.

A lodge demands not only money, but time. If built before your arrival, you are obliged to despatch your guides in advance and pay them whatever they may please to charge. If not built before you reach camp, you are forced to sit down in the woods with the sky for a roof. Should the elements improvise a thunder-shower, more cold water is thrown upon out-of-door life than was thrown by the Pocourantes at home. Wet blankets are never pleasant, but, when you are compelled to sleep in them, patience ceases to be a virtue. It frequently happens that guides go quite a distance in search of the proper kind of bark, in which case hours and even an entire day may elapse, before you are provided with a shelter. And after the lodge is built, what then? Innumerable cracks, of course, through which mosquitoes, midges, and black flies do congregate, — pests that cannot be found because of the dark-colored bark, and that the most aggravating "smudge" will not entirely exterminate. Stuff up the cracks as you may with moss, there will still be unseen crevices for the enemy's sharpshooters to crawl through. Then, too, you will wake up some gray morning to find yourself lying in an embryo lake, and your best boots doing duty as reservoirs, all because of a few holes in the roof that had escaped observation. Perhaps, if there be a high wind, the situation will be rendered somewhat more dramatic by the entire disappearance of the roof, and a general inundation.

Still another side of the question should be looked at. To peel a tree of a few feet of bark is to kill it. Several trees being required to make a lodge, thousands of fine trees are sacrificed unnecessarily every year, and, as the woods are private property, tourists indulge in a species of by-way robbery that is none the less robbery for bringing with it no punishment. It is cruel to stab a tree to the heart merely to secure a small strip of bark. It is ungrateful to destroy the pine and balsam that have given us our beds of boughs, and fanned us with their vital breath. Let there be tents.

When would you go into the wilderness? That depends. If you want jack-shooting, you should go during the months of July and August. If you object to the incessant attentions of mosquitoes, black flies, and midges, you should wait until September. I do not regret having gone into the woods early in July, because it is well to know the worst, to sound the depths in order to steer in the proper channel; but having bought my experience, I do not care to repeat it. The early Autumn, with its gorgeous coloring, its invigorating atmosphere, unclouded by stinging torments, its more manly sporting and greater inducements for exercise, is the Season, *par excellence*, for the wilderness. Then the camp-fire is in its glory and every sense on the alert.

Who ought to go? Women; because they are in greatest need of just such a life. Yet they are the last that I would advise to go, because of their horror of the bare ground, a little dirt, and freedom from restraint. They sleep on feather-beds without a murmur, but shudder at the suggestion of a blanket in the open air. They go mad over the biting of mosquitoes, but accept an attack of diphtheria at Saratoga without complaint. They deride a bloomer dress, in which every muscle has full play, and drag unwholesome fashions through streets and parlors with infinite satisfaction. The open air means tan and freckles. Shall health be considered when complexion is in danger? Expansion of the lungs means expansion of the ribs. Can this be tolerated at the expense of an enlarged waist? But there are women who are willing to be tanned, freckled, and even made to resemble antique statuary, for the sake of renewed youth. Let such try the wilderness. "Life consists with wildness." "The most alive is the wildest. Dulness is but another name for tameness." Do you not believe me? Ask Thoreau.

THE BREAKING OF THE TRUCE.

(From the Fourth Book of the Iliad.)

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

MEANTIME the immortal gods, with Jupiter
Upon his golden pavement sat and held
A council. Hebe, honored of them all,
Ministered nectar, and from cups of gold
They pledged each other, looking down on Troy.
When, purposely to kindle Juno's mood
To anger, Saturn's son, with biting words
That well betrayed his covert meaning, spake:

"Two goddesses, the Argive Juno one,
The other Pallas, her invincible friend,
Take part with Menelaus; yet they sit
Aloof, content with looking on, while still
Venus, the laughter-loving one, protects
Her Paris, ever near him, warding off
The stroke of fate. Just now she rescued him,
When he was near his death. The victory
Belongs to Menelaus, loved of Mars.
Now let us all consider what shall be
The issue, — whether we allow the war,
With all its waste of life, to be renewed,
Or cause the warring nations to sit down
In amity. If haply it shall be
The pleasure and the will of all the gods,
Let Priam's city keep its dwellers still,
And Menelaus lead his Helen home."

He spake, but Juno and Minerva sat,
And with closed lips repined, for secretly
They plotted evil for the Trojan race.
Minerva held her peace, in bitterness
Of heart, and sore displeased with father Jove.
But Juno could not curb her wrath, and spake:
"What words, austere Saturnius, hast thou said!
Wilt thou then render vain the toils I bear
And all my sweat? My very steeds even now
Are weary with the mustering of the host
That threaten woe to Priam and his sons.
Yet do thy will, but be at least assured
That all the other gods approve it not."

The cloud-compelling Jupiter replied,
In anger: "Pestilent one! what grievous wrong
Hath Priam done to thee, or Priam's sons,
That thou shouldst persevere to overthrow
His noble city? Shouldst thou through the gates
Of Ilium make thy way, and there devour,
Within the ramparts, Priam and his sons
And all the men of Troy alive, thy rage
Haply might be appeased. Do as thou wilt,
So that this difference breed no lasting strife
Between us. Yet I tell thee this — and thou
Bear what I say in mind, — in time to come,
Should I design to level in the dust
Some city where men dear to thee are born,
Seek not to thwart my vengeance, but submit.
For now I fully yield me to thy wish,
Though with unwilling mind. Wherever dwell
The race of human kind beneath the sun
And starry heaven, of all their cities Troy
Has been by me most honored, — sacred Troy,
And Priam, and the people who obey
Priam, the wielder of the ash-en spear;

For there my altars never lacked their rites,
Feasts, incense, and libations duly paid."

Then Juno, the majestic, with large eyes,
Rejoined: "The cities most beloved by me
Are three, — Mycene, with her spacious streets,
Argos, and Sparta. Raze them to the ground,
If they be hateful to thee. I shall ne'er
Contend to save them, nor repine to see
Their fall; for, earnestly as I might seek
To rescue them from ruin, all my aid
Would not avail, so much the mightier thou.
Yet doth it ill become thee thus to make
My efforts vain. I am a goddess, sprung
From the same stock with thee; I am the child
Of crafty Saturn, and am twice revered
Both for my birth and that I am the spouse
Of thee who rulest over all the gods.
Now let us each yield somewhat, — I to thee
And thou to me;" the other deathless gods
Will follow us. Let Pallas be despatched
To that dread battle-field on which are ranged
The Trojans and Achaians, and stir up
The Trojan warriors first to lift their hands
Against the elated Greeks and break the league."

She ended, and the Father of the gods
And mortals instantly complied and called
Minerva, and in winged accents said:
"Haste to the battle-field, and there, among
The Trojan and Achaian armies, cause
The Trojan warriors first to lift their hands
Against the elated Greeks and break the league."

So saying, Jupiter to Pallas gave
The charge she wished already. She in haste
Shot from the Olympian summits like a star
Sent by the crafty Saturn's son to warn
The seamen or some mighty host in arms, —
A radiant meteor scattering sparkles round.
So came and lighted Pallas on the earth
Amidst the armies; all who saw were seized
With wonder, Trojan knights and well-armed Greeks;
And many a one addressed his comrade thus:
"Sure we shall have the wasting war again,
And stubborn combats; or it may be Jove,
The arbiter of wars among mankind,
Decrees that the two nations dwell in peace."

So Greeks and Trojans said. The goddess went
Among the Trojan multitude disguised;
She seemed Laodocus, Antenor's son,
A valiant warrior, seeking through the ranks
For godlike Pandarus. At length she found
Lycæon's valiant and illustrious son,
Standing with bucklered warriors ranged around,
Who followed him from where Æsepus flows,
And, standing near him, spake these winged words:

"Son of Lycæon! wilt thou hear my words,
Brave as thou art? Then wilt thou aim a shaft
At Menelaus; thus wilt thou have earned
Great thanks and praise from all the men of Troy, —
Chiefly from royal Paris, who will fill,
Foremost of all, thy hands with lavish gifts,
When he shall look on Menelaus slain,
The warlike son of Atreus, by thy hand,
And laid upon his lofty funeral pile.
Aim now at Menelaus, the renowned,
An arrow, while thou offerest a vow

To Lycian Phœbus, mighty with the bow,
That thou wilt bring to him a hecatomb
Of firstling lambs, when thou again shalt come
Within thine own Zeleia's sacred walls."

So spake Minerva, and her words o'creame
The weak one's purpose. He uncovered straight
His polished bow, made of the elastic horns
Of a wild goat, which from his lurking-place,
As once it left its cavern lair, he smote,
And pierced its breast, and stretched it on the rock.
Full sixteen palms in length the horns had grown
From the goat's forehead. These an artisan
Had smoothed, and, aptly fitting each to each,
Polished the whole and tipped the work with gold.
To bend that bow, the warrior lowered it
And pressed an end against the earth. His friends
Held up, meanwhile, their shields before his face,
Lest the brave sons of Greece should lift their spears
Against him, ere the champion of their host,
The warlike Menelaus, should have felt
The arrow. Then the Lycian drew aside
The cover from his quiver, taking out
A well-fledged arrow, that had never flown, —
A cause of future sorrows. On the string
He laid that fatal arrow, while he made
To Lycian Phœbus, mighty with the bow,
A vow to sacrifice before his shrine
A noble hecatomb of firstling lambs,
When he should come again to his abode
Within his own Zeleia's sacred walls.
Grasping the bow-string and the arrow's notch,
He drew them back and forced the string to meet
His breast, the arrow-head to meet the bow,
Till the bow formed a circle. Then it twanged.
The cord gave forth a shrilly sound; the shaft
Leaped forth, in eager haste to reach the host.

Yet, Menelaus, then the blessed gods,
The deathless ones, forgot thee not; and first
Jove's daughter, gatherer of spoil, who stood
Before thee, turned aside the deadly shaft.
As when a mother, while her child is wrapped
In a sweet slumber, seares away the fly,
So Pallas turned the weapon from thy breast,
And guided it to where the golden clasps
Made fast the belt, and where the corslet's mail
Was doubled. There the bitter arrow struck
The belt, and through its skillful texture passed,
And, fixed within the well-wrought corslet, stood;
Yet reached the plated quilt which next his skin
The hero wore, — his surest guard against
The weapon's force, — and broke through that alike;
And there the arrow gashed the part below,
And the dark blood came gushing from the wound.
As when some Carian or Mæonian dame
Tinges with purple the white ivory,
To form a trapping for the cheeks of steeds,
And many a horseman covets it, yet still
It lies within her chamber to become
The ornament of some great monarch's steed
And make its rider proud, — thy shapely thighs,
Thy legs, and thy fair ankles thus were stained,
O Menelaus! with thy purple blood.

When Agamemnon, king of men, beheld
The dark blood flowing from his brother's wound,
He shuddered. Menelaus, great in war,

Felt the like horror; yet when he perceived
That still the arrow, neck and barb, remained
Without the mail, the courage rose again
That filled his bosom. Agamemnon, then
The monarch, sighing deeply, took the hand
Of Menelaus, while his comrades round
Like him lamented, sighing as he spoke:

"Dear brother, when I sent thee forth alone
To combat with the Trojans for the Greeks,
I ratified a treaty for thy death, —
Since now the Trojans smite and under foot
Trample the league. Yet not in vain shall be
The treaty, nor the blood of lambs, nor wine
Poured to the gods, nor right hands firmly pledged;
For though it please not now Olympian Jove
To make the treaty good, he will in time
Cause it to be fulfilled, and they shall pay
Dearly with their own heads, and with their wives
And children, for this wrong. And this I know,
In my undoubting mind, — a day will come
When sacred Troy and Priam and the race
Governed by Priam, mighty with the spear,
Shall perish all. Saturnian Jove, who sits
On high, a dweller of the upper air,
Shall shake his dreadful ægis in the sight
Of all, indignant at the treachery.
Such the event will be; but I shall grieve
Bitterly, Menelaus, if thou die.
Thy term of life cut short, I shall go back
To my dear Argos with a brand of shame
Upon me. For the Greeks will soon again
Bethink them of their country; we shall then
Leave Argive Helen to remain the boast
Of Priam and the Trojans, while their bones
Shall moulder, mingling with the earth of Troy,
Our great design abandoned. Then shall say
Some haughty Trojan, leaping on the tomb
Of Menelaus: 'So in time to come
May Agamemnon wreak his wrath as here
He wreaked it, whither he had vainly led
An army, and now hastens to his home
And his own land with ships that bear no spoil,
And the brave Menelaus left behind.'
So shall some Trojan say; but, ere that time,
May the earth open to receive my bones."

The fair-haired Menelaus cheerfully
Replied: "Grieve not, nor be the Greeks alarmed
For me, since this sharp arrow has not found
A vital part, but ere it reached so far
The embroidered belt, the quilt beneath, and plate
Wrought by the armorer's cunning, broke its force."

King Agamemnon took the word and said:
"Dear Menelaus! would that it were so,
Yet the physician must explore thy wound,
And with his balsams soothe the bitter pain."

Then turning to Talthybius he addressed
The sacred herald: "Hasten with all speed,
Talthybius, call Machaon, warrior-son
Of Esculapius, that much-honored leech,
And bring him to the Achaian general,
The warlike Menelaus, whom some hand
Of Trojan or of Lycian, skilled to bend
The bow, hath wounded with his shaft, — a deed
For him to glory in, a grief to us."

He spoke, nor failed the herald to obey,

But hastened at the word and passed among
The squadrons of Achaia, mailed in brass,
In search of great Machaon. Him he found
As midst the valiant ranks of bucklered men
He stood, — the troops who followed him to war
From Tricca, nurse of steeds. Then drawing near
The herald spoke to him in winged words :
" O son of Eseulapius, come in haste.
King Agamemnon calls thee to the aid
Of warlike Menelaus, whom some hand
Of Trojan or of Lycian, skilled to bend
The bow, hath wounded with his shaft, — a deed
For him to glory in, a grief to us."

Machaon's heart was touched, and forth they went
Through the great throng, the army of the Greeks.
And when they came where Atreus' warlike son
Was wounded, they perceived the godlike man
Standing amid a circle of the chiefs,
The bravest of the Achaians, who at once
Had gathered round. Without delay he drew
The arrow from the fairly fitted belt.
The barbs were bent in drawing. Then he loosed
The embroidered belt, the quilted vest beneath,
And plate, the armorer's work, and carefully
O'erlooked the wound, and cleansed it from the blood,
And sprinkled over it with skilful hand
The soothing balsams which in former days
The friendly Chiron to his father gave.

While round the warlike Menelaus thus
The chiefs were busy, all the Trojans moved
Into array of battle; they put on
Their armor, and were eager for the fight.
Then wouldst thou not have seen, hadst thou been there,
King Agamemnon slumbering, or in fear,
And skulking from the combat, but alert,
Preparing for the glorious tasks of war.
His horses, and his chariot bright with brass,
He left, and bade Eurymedon, his groom,
The son of Ptolemy Piriades,
Hold them apart and panting, yet with charge
To keep them near their master, till the hour
When he should need them, weary with the toil
Of such a vast command. Meantime he went
On foot among his files of soldiery,
And whomsoever he found with fiery steeds
Hastening to battle, thus he cheered them on :

" O Argives ! let not your hot courage cool,
For Father Jove will never take the part
Of treachery. Whosoever have been the first
To break the league, upon their lifeless limbs
Shall vultures feast ; and doubt not we shall bear
Away, in our good ships, the wives they love
And their young children, when we take their town."

But whomsoever he saw that kept afar
From the dread field, he angrily rebuked :

" O Argives ! who with arrows only fight,
Base as ye are, have ye no sense of shame ?
Why stand ye stupefied, like fawns, that, tired
With coursing the wide pastures, stop at last,
Their strength exhausted ! Thus ye stand amazed,
Nor think of combat. Wait ye for the hour
When to your ships, with their fair-sculptured prows,
Moored on the borders of the hoary deep,
The Trojans come, that haply ye may see
If the great hand of Jove will shield you then ?"

As when the ocean billows, wave on wave,
Are pushed along to the resounding shore,
Before the western wind, and first the surge
Uplifts itself, and then against the land
Dashes and roars, and round the headland peaks
Tosses on high and spouts its foam afar,
So moved the serried phalanxes of Greece
To battle, file succeeding file, each chief
Giving command to his own troops ; the rest
Marched noiselessly ; you might have thought no voice
Was in the breasts of all that mighty throng,
So silently they all obeyed their chiefs ;
Their showy armor glittering as they moved
In firm array. But like some rich man's flock
That numberless within his sheepfold stand,
While the white milk is drawn, and hear the cry
Of their own lambs, and bleat incessantly,
Such clamors from the mighty Trojan host
Arose, nor was the war-cry one nor one
The voice, but words of mingled languages,
For they were called from many different climes.
These Mars encouraged to the fight ; but those
The blue-eyed Pallas. Terror too was there,
And Fright, and Strife that rages unappeased,
Sister and comrade of man-slaying Mars,
Who rises small at first, but grows and lifts
Her head to heaven and walks upon the earth.
She striding through the crowd and heightening
The mutual rancor, flung into the midst
Contention, source of hate to all alike.

And now, when met the armies in the field,
The ox-hide shields encountered and the spears
And might of warriors unailed in brass ; then clashed
The bossy bucklers, and the battle-din
Was loud ; then rose the mingled shouts and groans
Of those who slew and those who fell ; the earth
Ran with their blood. As when the winter streams
Rush down the mountain-sides, and fill, below,
With their swift waters, poured from gushing springs,
Some hollow vale, the shepherd on the heights
Hears the far roar, such was the mingled din
That rose from the great armies when they met.

Then first Antilochus, advancing, struck
The Trojan champion Echeopolus down,
Son of Thalysias, fighting in the van.
He smote him on the helmet's cone, where streamed
The horse-hair plume ; the brazen javeline stood
Fixed in his forehead, piercing through the bone,
And darkness gathered o'er his eyes. He fell
As falls a tower before some stubborn siege.
Then Elephenor, son of Chaleodon,
Prince of the brave Abrantes, by the foot
Seized the slain chieftain, dragging him beyond
The reach of darts to strip him of his arms.
And, as he stooped to drag the body, hurled
His brazen spear and pierced the uncovered side,
Seen underneath his shield. At once his limbs
Relaxed their hold, and straight the spirit fled.

Then by the hand of Ajax Telamon
Fell Simoisius, in the bloom of youth,
Anthemion's son. His mother once came down
From Ida, with her parents to their flocks
Beside the Simois ; there she brought him forth
Upon its banks, and gave her boy the name

Of Simoïsïus. Unrequited now
 Was all the care with which his parents nursed
 His early years, and short his term of life,
 Slain by the lance of Ajax, large of soul.
 For, when he saw him coming, Ajax smote
 Near the right pap the Trojan's breast; the blade
 Passed through and out upon the further side.
 He fell among the dust of earth, as falls
 A poplar growing in the watery soil
 Of some wide marsh, a fair, smooth bole, with boughs
 Only on high, which with his gleaming axe
 Some artisan has felled to bend its trunk
 Into the circle of a chariot-wheel;
 Withering it lies upon the river's bank.
 So did the high-born Ajax spoil the corpse
 Of Simoïsïus, Anthemion's son.
 But Antiphus, the son of Priam, clad
 In shining armor, saw, and taking aim
 Cast his sharp spear at Ajax through the crowd.
 The weapon struck him not, but pierced the groin
 Of one who was Ulysses' faithful friend,
 Leucus, as from the spot he dragged the dead;
 He fell, the body dropping from his hold.
 Ulysses, stung with fury at his fall,
 Rushed to the van arrayed in shining brass,
 Drew near the foe, and, casting a quick glance
 Around him, hurled his glittering spear. The host
 Of Trojans, as it left his hand, shrank back
 Upon each other. Not in vain it flew,
 But struck Democoön, the spurions son
 Of Priam, who, to join the war, had left
 Abydos, where he tended the swift mares.
 Ulysses, to revenge his comrade's death,
 Smote him upon the temple with his spear.
 Through both the temples passed the brazen point,
 And darkness gathered o'er his eyes; he fell,
 His armor clashing round him with his fall.
 Then did the foremost bands, and Hector's self,
 Fall back. The Argives shouted, dragging off
 The slain, and rushing to the ground they gained.
 Then was Apollo angered, looking down
 From Pergamus, and thus he called aloud:

"Rally, ye Trojans! tamers of fleet steeds!
 Yield not the battle to the Greeks. Their limbs
 Are not of stone or iron to withstand
 The trenchant steel ye wield. Nor does the son
 Of fair-haired Thetis, now Achilles, take
 Part in the battle, but sits brooding o'er
 The choler that devours him, in his ships."

Thus from the city spoke the terrible god.
 Meantine Tritonian Pallas, glorious child
 Of Jupiter, went through the Grecian ranks
 Where'er they wavered, and revived their zeal.

Diore, son of Amarynceus, then
 Met his hard fate. The fragment of a rock
 Was thrown by hand at his right leg and struck
 The ankle. Peirus, son of Imbrasus,
 Who came from Æneus, leading to the war
 His Thracian soldiers, flung it, and it crushed
 Tendons and bones, and down the warrior fell
 In dust, and toward his comrades stretched his hands
 And gasped for breath. But he who gave the wound,
 Peirus, came up and pierced him with his spear.
 Forth gushed the entrails and the eyes grew dark.
 But Peirus by Aetolian Thoas fell,

Who met him with that spear and pierced his breast
 Above the pap. The brazen weapon stood
 Fixed in the lungs. Then Thoas came and plucked
 The massive spear away, and drew his sword,
 And thrusting through him the sharp blade, he took
 His life away. Yet could he not despoil
 The slain man of his armor, for around
 His comrades thronged, the Thracians, with their tufts
 Of streaming hair, and wielding their long spears
 Drove him away. And he, though huge of limb,
 And valiant and renowned, was forced to yield
 To numbers pressing on him, and withdrew.
 Thus near each other stretched upon the ground
 Peirus, the leader of the Thracian band,
 And he who led the Epeans, brazen-mailed
 Diore, lay with many others slain.

Then could no man, who near at hand beheld
 The battle of that day, see cause of blame
 In aught, although, unwounded and unbruised
 By weapons, Pallas led him by the hand
 In safety through the midst, and turned aside
 The violence of weapons; for that day
 Saw many a Trojan slain and many a Greek,
 Stretched side by side upon the bloody field.

JOHN SMITH.

BY JOHN D. SHERWOOD.

As a magnet, laid amid a heap of iron-filings, gathers them all to itself in close-fitting unity, so the figure of John Smith crystallizes about it the elements of the early settler's life in Virginia. Nor upon the banks of the Chickahominy alone does John Smith stalk in romantic proportions; but through all times, in every kingdom, state, city, and village, at all epochs, and in every shade of barbarism or civilization, is he found. New York holds 187; Philadelphia, 231; Boston, 35; Brooklyn, 118; London, 480; and every capital in the world its own appropriate complement.

No railroad can be run that does not touch his farm; no joke that does not skim his peculiarities; no portrait that does not contain his features; no conductor's stealings that do not comprise his contributions; no miller's breakfast-bell that does not toll the knell of a portion of his grist.

As dyers classify mankind by the color of their skins, wine-growers belt the world by isothermal vine-lines, and lawyers divide the human race into plaintiffs and defendants, so the historian, straining his telescopic gaze over the centuries and the globe, and discarding the division of the species into "mankind and the Beecher family," — no longer appropriate since the publication of "Norwood" reduced the latter down to the common level, — justly sweeps all mankind into two great classes, the Smiths and the rest of creation.

And so John Smith finds appropriate place, not only in every history, but a special niche and chapter to himself. We might perhaps have put this select mention of a great public benefactor, an erudite scholar, and universal toiler, into a note, smothered up in an appendix, dimmed by the milky-way of small asterisks, and hazily obscured by countless references and authorities; but this injustice to the merits of an ancient family, whose tombs mound every churchyard, and whose door-plates shine on almost every house in our cities and towns not appropriated to drugs,

groceries, or confectioneries, would, we are persuaded, sorely wound the public conscience.

The origin of the Smiths, like that of so many other distinguished families, is involved in distressing doubt. Audacious investigation, with a natural wish to penetrate to the roots, and too fearless of consequences where prudence perhaps might be better satisfied, with a limited view of ancestry, has pressed its inquiries up and down genealogical trees until it has unearthed Smiths at the base, Smiths in the sap, Smiths up the stump, and even Smiths dangling at the end of the branches. No nation looks down in theory from such lofty heights of indifference upon ancestral distinctions as the American; none can better afford to cut down their genealogical, as they do their natural, forests; yet none are so fond of looking up to these airy and waving altitudes, and none that more carefully spare the tree which in youth sheltered them, and which waves, like the flag, long and fruitily to their eyes. An American book of leading families would be larger than the London Directory, and make the fortune of even the Congressional Printer. True, the family herald would in nearly all these cases, like the chroniclers of ancient states, and the biographer of the Smiths, be obliged to substitute foggy conjecture for well-defined tracings. They would all find that their researches would, if carried back far enough, converge to the same focal point; and if produced at equal distances in the future, diffuse themselves into a common social, monetary, and undistinguishing equality: for families and states are much like boys at the ends of a balanced board, now up, now down, at one time touching the ground, then curving upward through medium spaces to a culminating point, while some one at the other end is noiselessly passing through a reversed career.

And so John Smith balances and pendulates on the same board with a Van Rensselaer, John Brown with a Tozswell, Mr. Snooks with a Winthrop, and John Doe with a Hampton.

There is, we think, but little doubt that the Hebrew Samson, the Greek Hercules, the Spanish Cid, the Scandinavian Thor, and the English Arthur of the Round Table were each the John Smith of his nation and time, a multiform unity swinging round the circle of varied labor, hard work, and heroic deeds, accomplishing under one name — a family one, possessed at various times by several individuals — the work of all reapers, sewing-machines, cow-milkers, cotton and woollen factories. These national heroes, like the John Smiths, their descendants now, were arrayed, in warm climates, in a fragmentary style of short dress; in the middle regions, in a Highland garb, appropriately frilled or furled; and in the north, with a canine material, heroic in quality, and modishly artistical, — a bark.

As there is no period of history without its John Smith, so there is no profession that does not enroll, no trade that does not contain, no occupation, from an office-holder's up to that of an honest man's, that does not embrace his name. Everywhere, on the sea and land; between every parallel of latitude, almost between every pair of sheets; at every pole and at every polling-place; on all rivers and in every strait; at every point, and even at Point-no-point; on the top, at the middle and bottom of every hill, enterprise, company, board of directors, and job; in all churches, synagogues, mosques, and temples; preaching, singing, and listening; talking all tongues, as well as curing, drying, and eating them; in prisons, police-stations, pulpits, grand-jury and other boxes; to-day hung, to-morrow putting on his black cap and sentencing the culprit to the rope's-end, and the day following condemning a pair to a less hempen noose; in the pugilistic ring or ecclesiastical fight; the actor on the stage and at the same time the spectator in the box, looking at himself personating his own character, — for every character is his, — everywhere, and in everything, is found this jolly, morose, lazy, active, sleepy,

wakeful, fighting, pacific, coarse, refined, fat, lean, tall, short, blue-eyed, black-eyed John Smith.

In truth, when we think of him as ubiquitous, omniscient, and omnipresent, doing all things in all places, carrying on all businesses, living on all the real estate, owing at some time or other all the personal property, pocketing all the greenbacks, whistling to all the dogs, riding all the horses, looking after all the little poodle-dogs, buying shoes and stockings for all the children agreeable and disagreeable, we get into such a world of John Smiths, such a nightmare of Johns, such a maelstrom of Smiths, such a gurgling, roaring, splitting, spitting, laughing, screeching, titillated, exhilarated carnival and Fourth of July of John Smiths, that we seem to be in a room lined with mirrors that reflect only John Smiths from all sides; indeed, we almost fancy ourselves a John Smith, our father and mother a John Smith, and all our aunts, cousins, uncles, nephews, brothers, and sisters, and even their clergymen, grocers, shoemakers, bootblacks, to be John Smiths, and that our last note and the mortgage on our house is owned by John Smith.

But the Smith family do not create all the humor and spend all the jollity upon others. Funny are the scenes which transpire among themselves. At a family party two John Smiths introduced, and each staring at his other self, is a conundrum; three a charade, in which the whole company give it up. A popular young lady, with card in her belt, to carry the memory of her numerous engagements, finds herself swimming in doubt as to the identity of her partners, when John Smith claims her in the next dance, then for the following cotillon, then bows over her hand for the succeeding polka, and so confronts her at every turn of the figure and every return of the dance, until she doubts her own individuality, and requests to be baptized over again with a new name to get out of the tangle. Then at a family dinner-party of Smiths, when Mr. Smith asks Mr. John Smith the part of the turkey he prefers, and several voices in different tones and keys indicate as many different portions of the bird, there is a delightful series of warm explanations which enables the meal to become healthily cool, while each of the responders courteously leaves the piece he wants and takes one he did not desire.

Among the comic situations which Mr. Smith unconsciously creates are, that of a conveyancer, in a large city, endeavoring to trace a title through a J. S., or trying to ascertain which of the one hundred in the Directory is the rightful defendant in a judgment; or the mortgagor in a mortgage, constituting a lien on the property sought to be transferred; or a country cousin, for the first time in New York or Philadelphia, consulting the Directory to find her puzzled way to the forgotten residence of her cousin John Smith, or innocently asking a polite but humorous gentleman in the street whether he knows John Smith's house; or a clergyman in a city prayer-meeting asking John Smith to lead in prayer, and finding three or four, with closed eyes, responding to the request; or a notary making up his mind where to leave a notice of protest of a large note on the indorser John Smith, who wittily wrote his name without any address under it. Indeed, it would be one of the *causes célèbres* for a jury to determine whether a child might not guiltlessly mistake his parent who bore only this undistinguishing name; whether a forgery of the name could be committed; whether an express company be bound to deliver a trunk to this *nomini umbra*; or whether a wife, Mrs. John Smith, could be lawfully convicted of eloping with any one.

Then when John Smith comes to die, in the churchyard, and afterwards when the dead arise — But we stagger under the vision of puzzled bones and stop.

We cannot write more lucidly the history of the John Smith of Pocahontas fame. It grows mythical the more we look at it; an abstraction dancing over the coals of the early settlement of



ORIGINAL FULL-LENGTH PORTRAIT OF JOHN SMITH.

Virginia, a face and figure flitting, like a twisting flame, up, around, and through the grate; seeming, as we try to fix our attention upon him, like a dozen different men, one falling in love with the young squaw, another surveying the James and Rappahannock, another mastering the turbulent spirits of a dissolute and discontented settlement, another caught and brought before Powhattan, while a graceful girl of twelve summers gently puts away the descending club; another sailing to England, and peeping out ever and anon among the friendly faces that make the living frame to her young virgin face, yet again dissolving and melting into the gray dimness of the morning light. Of only one thing do we feel certain in regard to John Smith in general, the average John Smith, that the portrait here presented, taken by instantaneous photography, representing his multitudinous character, is the only genuine and original likeness ever published.

[From *Sherwood's forthcoming Comic History of the United States.*]

A SEA DIRGE.

BY LEWIS CARROLL.

THERE are certain things — as a spider, a ghost,
The income-tax, gout, an umbrella for three —
That I hate; but the thing I hate the most
Is a thing they call the sea.

Pour some salt water over the floor, —
Ugly I'm sure you'll allow it to be:
Suppose it extended a mile or more,
That's very like the sea.

Beat a dog till he howls outright, —
Cruel, but all very well for a spree:
Suppose that he did so day and night,
That would be like the sea.

I had a vision of nursery-maids;
Tens of thousands passed by me,
All leading children with wooden spades,
And this was by the sea.

Who invented those spades of wood?
Who was it cut them out of the tree?
None, I think, but an idiot could, —
Or one that loved the sea.

It is pleasant and dreamy, no doubt, to float,
With "thoughts as boundless and souls as free"! —
But suppose you are very unwell in the boat,
How do you like the sea?

"But it makes the intellect clear and keen —"
Prove it! Prove it! How can it be?
"Why, what does 'B sharp' (in music) mean,
If not the 'natural C'?"

What, keen? With such questions as, "When's high tide?"
"Is shelling shrimps an improvement to tea?"
"Are donkeys adapted for man to ride?"
Such are our thoughts by the sea.

There is an insect that people avoid
(Whence is derived the verb "to flee");
Where have you been by it most annoyed?
In lodgings by the sea.

If you like coffee with sand for dregs,
A decided hint of salt in your tea,
And a fishy taste in the very eggs, —
By all means choose the sea.

And if, with these dainties to drink and eat,
You prefer not a vestige of grass or tree,
And a chronic state of wet in your feet,
Then — I recommend the sea.

For I have friends who dwell by the coast, —
Pleasant friends they are to me! —
It is when I am with them I wonder most
That any one likes the sea.

They take me a walk; though tired and stiff,
To climb the heights I madly agree;
And, after a tumble or so from the cliff,
They kindly suggest the sea.

I try the rocks, and I think it cool
That they laugh with such an excess of glee,
As I heavily slip into every pool
That skirts the cold, cold sea!

Once I met a friend in the street,
With wife, and nurse, and children three;

Never again such a sight may I meet
As that party from the sea!

Their looks were sullen, their steps were slow,
Convicted felons they seemed to be :
"Are you going to prison, dear friend?" "O no!
We're returning from the sea."

HEAD-WORK ON THE FARM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TEN ACRES ENOUGH."

Come, bright Improvement, on the car of Time,
And rule the spacious world from clime to clime ;
Thy handmaid, Art, shall every scene explore,
Trace every wild, and culture every shore. — CAMPBELL.

PROGRESS is one of the necessities of civilization. As the earth moves, so vegetation advances with each succession of the seasons. There may be pauses when Nature ceases for a time to put forth her miraculous energies, but she never stands permanently still. In her own good time she renews the leafy canopy over forests "where no men abide," and covers even forgotten graves with flowers. She clothes untrampled prairies with a matchless verdure, the ashes of one autumnal conflagration only stimulating a profusion of growth to magnify the grandeur of its successor. Wherever man neglects to cultivate and sow, she scatters seed out of her own inexplicable abundance, covering the mountain-side with forest, the meadow with its grasses, and the swamp with ferns and mosses and aquatic plants, which there grow and perish during cycles of successive centuries, storing up in low-land depositories vast mines of fertilizing material, to be thence extracted and appropriated by the hand of man whenever he may have progressed so far in the true theory of cultivation as to understand that the poorest land is that which is first cultivated, and that it is the best and most productive which is last appropriated. The history of human colonization all the world over, whether civilized or savage, establishes this to be a rule from which no exceptions can be found.

As time and civilization people the earth, and men, by extension of commerce and the arts, cease to be tillers of the soil and producers of the food by which they are to live, consumption presses on production, and progress in agriculture is found to be as urgent a necessity of civilization as either the railroad or the telegraph. Philosophers have set up unnumbered theories as to what shall be accounted the true standard of the highest civilization; but that standard will be found to be the wheat crop. It is demonstrable that the nation which produces and consumes the largest aggregate of this essential grain has furthest advanced in science and the arts, and reached a higher social, moral, and religious development than all others. If Archimedes had lived in our day, when calling for a fulcrum whereon to rest the lever by which he was to move the world, the time was that he would have been assured that all he needed was a cotton-bale. But cotton has become a fugitive potentate, and in every civilized community the staple cereal reigns in its stead.

There are no figures by which the yet undeveloped riches of the earth may be estimated, whether we take the field, the forest, or the mine. In some form gold is everywhere. Beneath the pavements of the city of Philadelphia there is a deposit of clay extending ten miles square; but the corporate limits of the city embrace an area many times larger, in which the clay deposit is believed to average fifteen feet in thickness. A suggestion was once made that this clay contained gold, and the assayer of the

mint undertook to ascertain its correctness. A small piece weighing a hundred and thirty grammes was taken from a new cellar in the heart of the city, at a depth of fourteen feet, and it yielded one eighth of a milligramme of gold, a very decided quantity on a fine assay balance. The clay was found to contain a definite quantity of the same metal when taken from other locations in the suburbs. The assay gave three cents' worth of gold to the cubic foot; at which rate the deposit which underlies the streets and houses only would produce nearly a hundred and thirty millions of dollars, while the corporation limits would afford ten times the quantity, — more, in fact, than the yield of California and Australia. It was thus shown that there was gold enough in every cart-load taken from a cellar to pay for hauling; and that if the amount contained in the front bricks in every house could be brought to their surfaces in the form of gold-leaf, there would be two square inches on every brick. Could this transformation be accomplished, Philadelphia would be made more gorgeous in the sunbeams than even the temples which Peruvian Incas reared in honor of the deity they worshipped.

This extraction of gold directly from the earth is one of the triumphs of modern chemistry. But though brilliant, it is also exhaustive, for the chemist can perform the operation on the same material only once. He cannot so manipulate the clay as to draw forth annual supplies, — he has no seedtime, and but one harvest, — he exhausts at a single operation; and thenceforward it becomes valueless. Not so with him whose only crucible is the newly ploughed ground, whose chemicals are combined and elaborated in the barn-yard or the muck-heap, and whose apparatus is the plough and harrow. There is not only gold in every furrow that he turns, but the yield is a continuous one, for the divine promise that the harvest shall not fail stands good as in primeval times. If wisely managing his land, he increases instead of exhausting. His science, like that of the chemist, is progressive, and his onward march in the career of improvement, if not so brilliant, is equally decided. The necessities of civilization demand that he should be constantly advancing.

Within a term of forty years, England has invested fifty millions of dollars in underdraining, and the evidence is that no piece of land has been so treated without being materially benefited. These facts becoming known in this country through the agricultural press, drainage became a study to be understood and practised. But a few years ago there was not a single establishment for making tiles, while now they are produced in hundreds of locations, and great factories are busy in manufacturing machines for use in others. Drainage is becoming a specialty in American agriculture. It invades the swamp which has lain idle since the foundation of the world, relieves it of water which prevented the growth of plants suitable for human food, and by its miraculous efficiency transforms the waste places of the earth into gardens. Its extensive adoption is a huge advance in the career of intelligent improvement. The agricultural press has educated the popular mind to understanding its value.

But this addition of education to intelligence in agriculture is everywhere making its mark among us. The agricultural press of our country is working a mighty revolution in methods of tillage, in the use of labor-saving implements, in the introduction of new and better seeds and plants, in the rearing of finer breeds of animals, in fertilizers and the best methods of applying them, embracing in its watchful oversight the minutest appliance of the farm. Its columns apprise us of the discovery of new guano islands, whereon are stores of nitrogen and ammonia for the fertilization of a million of acres; yet it condescends to enlighten us touching the value of a new hayfork or a self-adjusting hoe, with volumes of experience on the villanies of the curculio, or the countless deaths which sanguinary truckers may inflict upon the

cabbage-flea. It seduces into writing for its columns modest men whose lives have been passed in the quiet of their own rural homesteads; women who captivate us with a thousand experiences, from the hen-coop to the garden, set forth with a life and animation and talent peculiar to the freedom of the social and political institutions that surround them; professors of profound attainments, who submit to us conclusions which we at once recognize as inseparable from antecedent facts; authors, whose brilliant genius would shed lustre on whatever subject they selected; while each separate press surrounds itself with writers and reporters whose eye is everywhere. They swarm in at every exhibition to reproduce for us its multitudinous details. They listen with heroic patience, in the hottest weather and the dustiest crowd, to all agricultural addresses, be they never so long, and by the succeeding mail the long-drawn wisdom reaches us in the cool shade of our verandas, with no experience of either dust or jam. Nothing, at these constantly recurring displays, escapes their observation, from the sleekest Hereford or Alderney away down to the new churn, which the committee recommended as producing butter from the barn-yard pump, or still lower to a patent goose-yoke. Then they introduce to us the vast catalogue of new books and periodicals, both foreign and domestic, which the general extension of agriculture is constantly enlarging. They tell us what to read, what to believe, what to doubt, and what to reject. While inflaming our ambition, they are guardians over our pockets, — stimulating legitimate enterprise on one hand, but criticising and cautioning on the other.

The agricultural interests of the country thus owe a debt of untold magnitude to the talent, industry, and honesty of the agricultural press. Without it we should be half a century behind our present condition. But its mission is not yet accomplished, and never will be. The productive capacity of an acre has not yet been ascertained. It must go on until this problem has been solved, and it is annually advancing toward the solution. By what approaches it will be achieved we can only conjecture. It may be that of some new development of American ingenuity, as startling as either the cotton-gin or the sewing-machine. It may come from foreign climes, for their annals are crowded with old ingenuities, which we moderns have appropriated as originals. China has been to Europe what Egypt once was to the whole East. If the latter gave us the wheat plant, we obtained the fanning-mill from the former. No Chinese farmer sows a crop without first soaking and sprouting the seed in a diluted manure. He thus stimulates an early and vigorous start, which pushes the plants ahead of all insect enemies. This gives to Chinese agriculture a marvellous productiveness, such as is nowhere seen with us. A celebrated English gardener has declared that, by steeping seed, he could produce a perfectly developed salad in twenty-four hours. Trials of a like character, in this country, have produced results as encouraging as they are astonishing. But all this is mere conjecture. The great underlying fact remains, that the capacity of an acre is still unknown.

Under this humanizing influence of intelligence, so widely diffused among us by the press, the generation of what is known as slaving farmers is perceptibly dying out. Agriculture is becoming more a question of brains than of muscle, heads are becoming better than hands, intelligence more productive than mere hard work. A modification of old ideas is constantly taking place, and fresher and better ones are being substituted. It was formerly supposed that the only benefit from hoeing corn was to kill the weeds. Now the harrow is passed constantly over the ground, because it is known that one or two good stirrings up of the soil are equal in value to a smart shower, it being certain that the freshly stirred soil attracts invigorating supplies of moisture from the air. Engineering has demonstrated that the common

earth-worm is a useful natural underdrainer. These worms choose soils that are merely moist, not wet, and will bore down to water, but not into it. Land over which the sea has broken long enough to kill them becomes absolutely sterile. The finest pastures are those in which they are most abundant. We are learning that there is a vast history in the growth and development of a plant. The noisette rose, by merely cutting back below the recently departed bloom, becomes a perpetual bearer. The art of hybridizing has become thoroughly understood, and is adding annual contributions to the catalogue of horticultural prizes. Old bones have more than doubled the grain and turnip crop wherever they are freely used. The ocean is drawn upon for fish and crabs, to be converted into artificial guano. The subsoil plough has taken its place upon a thousand farms. It doubles the feeding-ground for every plant. The wooden mouldboard is now a thing of the past. Invention has given us the reaping and mowing machine, in place of the cradle and the scythe, and by their agency farms have expanded until some of them embrace thousands of acres. Three hundred thousand of them have been made and sold among us. As imperative corollaries to farming on this gigantic scale, we have the hay-tedder, the horse-rake, and the combined power-thresher and winnower. A beginning has been made at ploughing by steam, which time will yet convert into a success. Agriculture is fast taking its place among the exact sciences. Its magnitude is already such as to attract whatever chemistry, invention, or mechanics can supply to make its operations perfect and its rewards certain. Land is thus annually becoming more valuable from its pecuniary returns, as one half the old-time labor now accomplishes double the old-time work, while better prices are almost everywhere obtained. All these advances in material progress are the results of a higher agricultural education. But we are going even to the extent of colleges and farm-schools, in which our youth will be trained by able teachers as apprentices in the noblest of all arts. These training schools will hereafter send forth their numerous graduates, each one to become a rural missionary for the better education of new audiences wherever he may find a location.

But contemporaneous with this amazing progress of the farm, the softer features of rural life have been surrounded with new and almost endless attractions. Horticulture has made incredible advances. Nurseries have expanded until they cover hundreds of acres in a single hand. They distribute annual millions of trees and vines, which grow up in orchards and vineyards over an unknown area. They stimulate the creation of extensive fruit gardens. They convert the vacant places around thousands of homes into beautiful lawns, making them graceful with hedges, decorating them with evergreens, and tastefully interspersing the whole with brilliant contrasts, afforded by the magnolias, the laurels, or a hundred other bloomers. They send forth the wistaria and glycena to cover the loftiest outlying tree with their enormous profusion of gorgeous flowers, and over the trellis at the parlor window, or in front of the veranda at the door, their honeysuckles climb in thick festoons, cheerful even in the depth of winter, but so prodigal of perfume during summer that the whole air is charged with fragrance. Floriculture already demands acres for its graceful productions. The public taste, even now, is educated to a high appreciation of the flower-garden. Greenhouses multiply for the production of floral novelties, books are written teaching the masses how to plant and train them, and the refining passion for whatever may be rare and beautiful in floriculture becomes annually more decided. Let us hope that all these kindred pursuits may go on accumulating vigor with each successive year, until every rood of ground maintains even more than its man, every desolate lawn is studded with its complement of shrubbery, every garden border brilliant with its flowers.

ASTRONOMICAL INFORMATION, ETC.

CHRONOLOGICAL CYCLES.

Dominical Letter . . .	B	Julian Period . . .	6583
Epoct . . .	23	Solar Cycle . . .	3
Lunar Cycle, or Golden Number . . .	9	Roman Indiction . . .	13

SIGNS OF THE PLANETS.

☉ The Sun.	♁ or ♂ The Earth.	♄ Saturn.
☾ The Moon.	♂ Mars.	♅ Uranus.
☿ Mercury.	♃ Jupiter.	♆ Neptune.
♀ Venus.		

SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC.

♈ Aries.	♌ Leo.	♐ Sagittarius.
♉ Taurus.	♍ Virgo.	♑ Capricornus.
♊ Gemini.	♎ Libra.	♒ Aquarius.
♋ Cancer.	♏ Scorpio.	♓ Pisces.

ASPECTS.

- ♌ Conjunction, or having the same Longitude or Right Ascension.
 ☐ Quadrature, or differing 90° in " " " "
 ♂ Opposition, or differing 180° in " " " "

ABBREVIATIONS.

♌ Ascending Node.	° Degrees.
♍ Descending Node.	′ Minutes of Arc.
N. North. S. South.	h Hours.
E. East. W. West.	m Minutes of Time.

ECLIPSES IN 1870.

In the year 1870 there will be six eclipses,—four of the Sun and two of the Moon.

I. *A total eclipse of the Moon*, January 17, 1870. The penumbral phase is partly visible throughout the United States. The partial phase is partly visible throughout the Western States. The total phase is partly visible in Colorado, Utah, etc., and wholly visible in the Pacific States.

	Washington Time.	Chicago Time.	Salt Lake Time.	San Francisco Time.
	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.
Moon enters Penumbra	6 47.3 A.M.	6 5.1 A.M.	4 28.9 A.M.	3 45.9 A.M.
Moon enters Shadow	7 48.3 A.M.	7 6.1 A.M.	5 29.9 A.M.	4 46.9 A.M.
Total phase begins	8 48.5 A.M.	8 6.3 A.M.	6 29.1 A.M.	5 47.1 A.M.
Middle of total phase	9 38.1 A.M.	7 55.9 A.M.	7 18.7 A.M.	6 33.7 A.M.
Total phase ends	10 27.7 A.M.	9 45.5 A.M.	8 8.3 A.M.	7 26.3 A.M.
Moon leaves Shadow	11 27.9 A.M.	10 45.7 A.M.	9 8.5 A.M.	8 26.5 A.M.
Moon leaves Penumbra	0 29.0 P.M.	11 46.8 A.M.	10 9.6 A.M.	9 27.7 A.M.

Magnitude of eclipse = 1.664 (Moon's diameter = 1).

II. *A partial eclipse of the Sun*, January 30, 1870. Visible only in the Antarctic region.

III. *A partial eclipse of the Sun*, June 28, 1870. Visible at Sydney and at Melbourne, in Australia, and in New Zealand. Invisible in America. Magnitude of the eclipse = 0.633 (Sun's diameter = 1).

IV. *A total eclipse of the Moon*, July 12, 1870. More or less of the penumbral phase is visible east of the Mississippi River, and part of the partial phase is visible in Eastern New England.

	Chicago Time.	Washington Time.	Boston Time.
	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.
Total phase ends	5 34.3 P.M.	6 16.5 P.M.	6 40.2 P.M.
Moon leaves Shadow	6 34.0 P.M.	7 16.2 P.M.	7 39.9 P.M.
Moon leaves Penumbra	7 32.4 P.M.	8 14.6 P.M.	8 38.3 P.M.

V. *A partial eclipse of the Sun*, July 27, 1870. Visible in Northern Alaska. Magnitude of greatest eclipse = 0.075 (Sun's diameter = 1).

VI. *A total eclipse of the Sun*, December 22, 1870. In the United States, only a very small portion of the penumbral phase is visible just after sunrise in the northeastern extremity of Maine. The penumbral phase is visible over the North Atlantic Ocean, Europe, Eastern Asia, and Northern Africa. The total phase is visible in Southern Spain, the southeastern extremity of Italy, in Greece, and in Turkey. The eclipse is total at apparent noon in longitude 5° 4' east of Greenwich, or 13° 2' west of Ferro, and in latitude 36° 26' north. At this point the duration of totality is two minutes.

TIDES.

To find the time of high tide, enter the following table* at the

* From the Coast Survey Report for 1864.

top with the name of the place, and at the side with the hour of the moon's southing found in the calendar, and in the body of the table will be found a number which, added to the time of the moon's southing, will give the time of high tide.

Time of Moon's Southing.	Boston, Mass.	New York, N. Y.	Philadelphia, Penn.	Old Pt Comfort, Va.	Baltimore, Md.	Smithville, N. C.	Charleston, S. C.	Port Pulaski, Savannah, Ga.	Key West, Fla.	San Francisco, Cal.
h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.
0 0	11 33	8 20	1 31	8 55	6 47	7 26	7 38	7 30	9 33	12 5
0 30	11 33	8 18	1 28	8 49	6 42	7 21	7 33	7 25	9 26	11 59
1 0	11 28	8 15	1 25	8 44	6 37	7 16	7 27	7 19	9 19	11 53
1 30	11 24	8 10	1 21	8 40	6 31	7 13	7 21	7 15	9 13	11 47
2 0	11 20	8 6	1 18	8 35	6 26	7 9	7 16	7 11	9 6	11 41
2 30	11 16	8 0	1 14	8 32	6 21	7 6	7 12	7 8	9 1	11 36
3 0	11 13	7 55	1 11	8 27	6 17	7 4	7 8	7 6	8 57	11 33
3 30	11 10	7 52	1 8	8 22	6 13	7 3	7 5	7 5	8 53	11 33
4 0	11 7	7 52	1 6	8 20	6 11	7 2	7 2	7 4	8 53	11 33
4 30	11 6	7 52	1 3	8 21	6 10	7 3	7 2	7 3	8 56	11 46
5 0	11 6	7 53	1 0	8 23	6 10	7 4	7 3	7 4	9 2	11 55
5 30	11 9	7 56	0 59	8 26	6 13	7 6	7 7	7 6	9 10	12 3
6 0	11 13	7 59	0 59	8 32	6 19	7 9	7 12	7 8	9 22	12 11
6 30	11 19	8 5	1	8 39	6 25	7 13	7 19	7 12	9 33	12 16
7 0	11 25	8 11	1 7	8 48	6 32	7 17	7 24	7 16	9 49	12 23
7 30	11 32	8 17	1 15	8 58	6 39	7 23	7 32	7 22	10 0	12 29
8 0	11 38	8 23	1 23	9 4	6 44	7 28	7 38	7 28	10 6	12 34
8 30	11 43	8 27	1 29	9 8	6 49	7 33	7 45	7 34	10 7	12 37
9 0	11 47	8 32	1 34	9 10	6 52	7 37	7 48	7 39	10 6	12 38
9 30	11 48	8 34	1 39	9 12	6 54	7 39	7 50	7 42	10 3	12 34
10 0	11 49	8 35	1 42	9 10	6 53	7 40	7 50	7 43	9 59	12 30
10 30	11 48	8 34	1 45	9 8	6 52	7 40	7 47	7 41	9 56	12 24
11 0	11 47	8 31	1 41	9 4	6 50	7 36	7 44	7 37	9 48	12 17
11 30	11 43	8 25	1 37	9 2	6 48	7 30	7 41	7 34	9 40	12 9

PLANETS.

Mercury will be visible about the 10th of May, after sunset, and about the 20th of October, before sunrise. On the 10th of May it may be distinguished from Jupiter by being farther from the sun.

Venus will be an evening star until about the 22d of February, attaining its greatest brilliancy about the 17th of January. After the 23d of February it will be a morning star until the 7th of December, attaining its greatest brilliancy on the 30th of March. After the 8th of December it will again be an evening star.

Mars, which in January will be visible after sunset, will begin to rise before the sun during the second week of April, and will continue to rise earlier and earlier throughout the year, without ever reaching opposition and its maximum brilliancy. Upon the last day of December it will rise at about 11h. 10m. p. m.

Jupiter will be seen in the evening, from the 1st of January to the latter part of May. It will at first be seen in the constellation Aries, and after the 4th of January will move into Taurus, passing between the Pleiades and the red star Aldebaran. On the 1st of January it will set at about 2h. 50m. a. m., on the 1st of February, at 0h. 50m. a. m., on the 1st of March, at 11h. 20m. p. m., on the 1st of April, at 9h. 45m. p. m., on the 1st of May at 8h. 20m. p. m., and on the 1st of June at 7h. 0m. p. m. Early in June Jupiter will begin to be a morning star, and will rise earlier and earlier throughout the year, reaching its quadrature on the 17th of September, and opposition on the 12th of December. During the whole of this time it will be in the constellation Taurus. It will move away from Aldebaran until the 14th of October, when it will be stationary, and after that it will slowly approach that red star again.

Saturn will throughout the year be between the constellations Scorpio and Sagittarius, but nearer to the latter and between the two branches of the milky-way, or in the westernmost one. At the beginning of the year it will be a morning star. On the 18th of March it will be in quadrature, and about the middle of April will begin to rise before midnight. On the 16th of June it will come to opposition, after which it will be visible longer before midnight than after. It will again reach its quadrature on the 14th of September, after which it may be regarded as an evening star. On the 22d of December it will be in conjunction with the sun. This planet will twice be stationary among the stars; namely, on the 6th of April, and on the 26th of August.

The greatest elevation of the earth above the plane of the ring which will occur in fifteen years takes place about the first of October, 1870. The planet will, on the whole, be most favorably situated for observation during July, August, and September. In several books, August, 1869, is stated to have been the best time for observations of the rings, but this is incorrect.

Uranus will come to opposition on the 9th of January, and *Neptune* will be in the same situation on the 13th of October.

THE SPECTROSCOPE.

As several wonderful discoveries have lately been made in astronomy by means of the spectroscope, an account of this instrument and of its applications will not be without interest.

Since an early period in the history of chemistry, it has been known that the different alkalis and alkaline earths can be distinguished by the different colorations which they give to the flame of alcohol. Soda turns the flame yellow, potassa violet, lithia crimson, strontia crimson, lime orange, and baryta green. Magnesia does not color the flame. Many years ago, Sir John Herschel and others experimented upon these lights with a prism. It is well known that when a ray of light from the sun or a lamp, after passing through a narrow slit, is refracted in a direction perpendicular to the slit, it is not all equally bent, but that part is bent less and part more, so that the light is dispersed and spread out into a rainbow-colored spectrum. The red light is the least refracted, and the violet light the most. This experiment is a part of the proof that white light is composed of red, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet. Now, when Herschel and other investigators passed the light from the alcohol flame, colored by alkalis, through a slit and a prism in the same way, they found that the light was not spread out into a continuous spectrum from red to violet. The yellow light derived from soda was not dispersed at all, but was all equally refrangible. Such light is called monochromatic, or single-colored, because it is not composed of light of different colors; and in a room illuminated by such light it is impossible to distinguish colors in the least degree; but objects which by daylight present the strongest contrasts in colors, by such a light are precisely alike in that respect. In the case of the other substances the spectrum is not reduced to a single line, nor is it continuous, but it consists of several narrow lines of different colors, separated by black spaces. These were the first chemical experiments with the spectroscope; they did not immediately lead to any great discoveries, on account of the imperfect methods in which further investigations were conducted.

Accordingly, this instrument never attracted much attention until 1860, when the researches of Kirchhoff and Bunsen were published. From this time may almost be dated a new era in chemistry and astronomy. Kirchhoff was a young physicist, little known before; Bunsen, an eminent chemist. The flame they made use of was that of the Bunsen gas-burner, which is much better suited to spectroscopic work than that of alcohol, both on account of its greater heat and also from its freedom from sodium and other impurities, which impart a color to the flame. They proved, in a more rigorous manner than former experimenters had done, that the lines of the spectrum depend solely on the constituents of the flame, and not upon its temperature. They also showed the extreme delicacy of spectroscope-test in many cases. A platinum wire, which has been cleaned by being kept at a white heat until all that could be volatilized in the flame has been driven off, if after cooling it is passed once through the fingers or any cloth, or even is allowed to remain untouched for some time, will, when put into the flame, impart to it the pure yellow light which is characteristic of sodium. This shows that there is common salt floating about in the air of all our houses, and resting upon everything, — a fact quite unsuspected before.

But what drew the most particular attention to these researches was the discovery by Bunsen, by means of the spectroscope, of two new metals. For many years no new elements had been discovered, but, on the contrary, great doubt existed as to the existence of those last added to the list, — pelopium, norium, and terbium. The establishment of the existence of another element was regarded as a labor of many years; yet in one year rubidium and cesium, the metals discovered by Bunsen, were better understood in their chemical relations than a dozen others. The reason of this was that the spectroscope afforded a means of securing the purity of the new substances, which is always the most difficult part of such investigations. Furthermore, the small proportion (about 1-50000th of one per cent) in which the new elements occurred in the mineral water in which they were found made their discovery very surprising. Of course, all this created a great sensation in the scientific world, and the spectroscope was soon found in every laboratory. Two other metals, thallium and indium, have since been discovered by means of it; with the same circumstances of being found in extremely small proportions, and of becoming quickly very well understood. But the chemical discoveries of the spectroscope were soon to be outdone by its performances in the realm of astronomy.

The optician Fraunhofer, in 1814, upon observing the spectrum of the sun with a carefully constructed spectroscope, had observed that it was crossed everywhere with very fine black lines, irregularly distributed, of which he mapped some six hundred. It had been asserted that the most conspicuous of these lines, called D, cor-

responded in position with the yellow line of sodium. Kirchhoff found that this was precisely true, and demonstrated by a long mathematical process that, in general, a body cannot be transparent to the same rays as those with which it shines. Consequently, the precise coincidence of the yellow sodium line and the line D of the sun's spectrum could be accounted for by supposing that incandescent sodium vapor existed in the atmosphere of the sun, which absorbed this yellow part of the light emitted from the solid sun beneath.

In order to obtain the spectra of the heavier metals they were made the electrodes of a Ruhmkorf coil, whereby a heavy electric spark was made to pass from one piece of such metal to another. This spark gives the spectrum of the metal in the greatest perfection. By comparing the spectra of the metals thus obtained with the solar spectrum, fourteen of them have been detected in the solar atmosphere, which also contains hydrogen.

Fraunhofer had remarked that the lines in the spectra of several fixed stars were not the same with those in the spectrum of the solar light. As soon, therefore, as the cause of these lines became known, several observers began to study the spectra of the stars. Only a few of the stars have been subjected to a thorough examination. In Aldebaran have been found hydrogen, sodium, magnesium, calcium, iron, bismuth, antimony, tellurium, and mercury. In Betelgeux (α Orionis) have been found sodium, magnesium, calcium, iron, and bismuth. Both of these are red stars. The white stars, such as Sirius and Vega, have much fewer and fainter lines. Betelgeux shows some singular shaded bands besides its lines. It is a variable star, and the same bands are shown by several other variables. This circumstance does not afford us an explanation of the variability of stars, but it is supposed that it is owing to a phenomenon like that of sun-spots on a much more exaggerated scale. The sun-spots increase in number for five and a half years, and then diminish for five and a half years.

We are still far from being able to explain the solar spots, and the periodicity of their frequency. But the beginning of an explanation seems to have been made by Mr. Lockyer by means of the spectroscope. Among other points observed by him is a thickening of some of the dark lines in a spot, and this effect would be produced by a greater atmospheric pressure in the spot. He regards a spot as the seat of a down-rush in the atmosphere of the sun.

The variety of information afforded by the spectroscope is illustrated by an observation made some time ago by Mr. Huggins. He found that the lines in Sirius (or at least one of them) were displaced; and this displacement is explicable by supposing that Sirius is moving away from our sun with a velocity equal to four times the velocity of the earth in its orbit. Similar displacements have been observed by Mr. Lockyer in some lines in the solar spectrum, and are explained by the supposition of currents in the solar atmosphere.

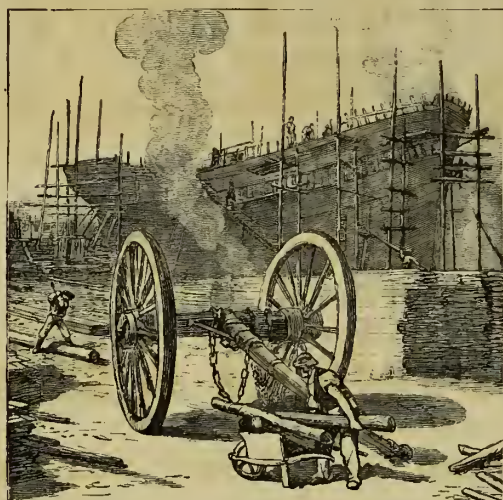
The nebulas also have been subjected to spectroscopic examination, and have been found to be of two distinct kinds. The shapeless ones, the "rays," round nebulosities about stars, and the great nebula in Andromeda, show extremely faint continuous spectra, which probably show that these nebulas are really clusters of stars. On the other hand, those which have the form of rings, spirals, and disks, together with the great nebula in Orion, have spectra which consists of one, two, three, or four bright lines, and therefore are certainly gaseous. Several of these, however, show a faint continuous spectrum in addition to their gas-lines. There is little or no reason for thinking that any of these distant gases are such as are known to us on earth, and some of them are certainly different from any that we know.

Since the application of the spectroscope to astronomy no great comet has appeared; but several minute faint and tailless telescopic objects moving in eccentric orbits about the sun have been examined. These have all shown a gaseous spectrum, the gas in two cases containing carbon, and in another showing a line apparently coincident with one of the nebula-lines.

The spectrum of the *aurora borealis* has often been examined. It is not always the same, but it usually shows a greenish-yellow bright line. In addition to this, six other lines or bands have been seen in this spectrum at the Observatory of Harvard College. All this indicates that the luminous substance is some gas unknown to chemists. The aurora is connected with the earth, but is above the ordinary atmosphere. This gas must, therefore, be very light to extend up so high, but by the laws of gaseous diffusion it must reach down to the surface of the earth. Owing to a law of chemistry, called the law of vapor-volumes, a very light gas enters into combination in very small proportions, and it is by no means improbable that the small proportions in which this gas exists in its compounds may account for its not having been discovered by the chemists.

PICTURES FROM THE POETS.

LONGFELLOW.

(From the Illustrated "Building of the Ship.")

THE SHADOWY HULK.

OWEN MEREDITH.

(From the Illustrated "Red-Line Lucile.")

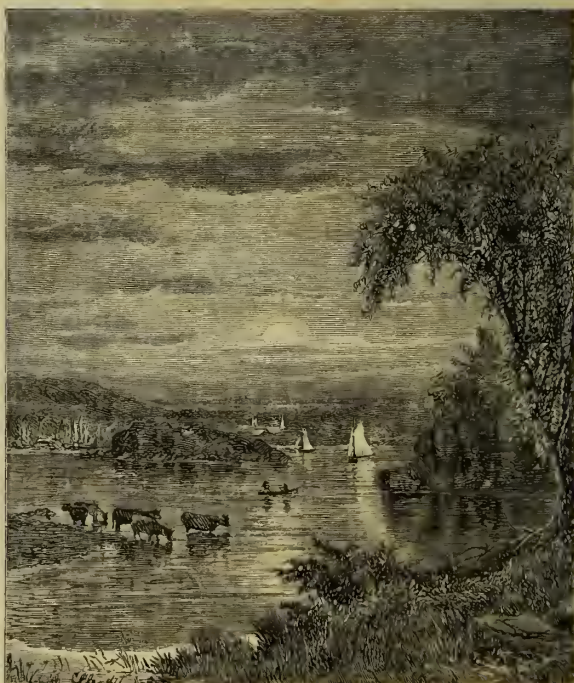
LUCILE AND LUVOIS.

SCOTT.

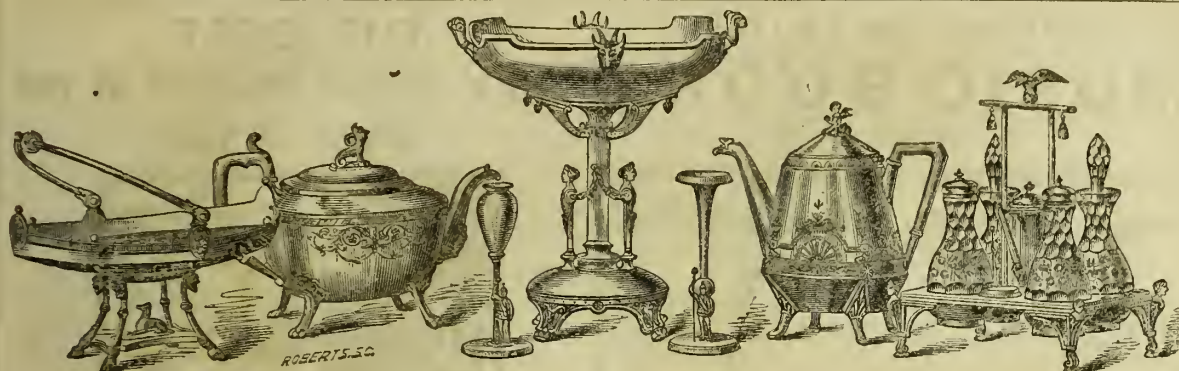
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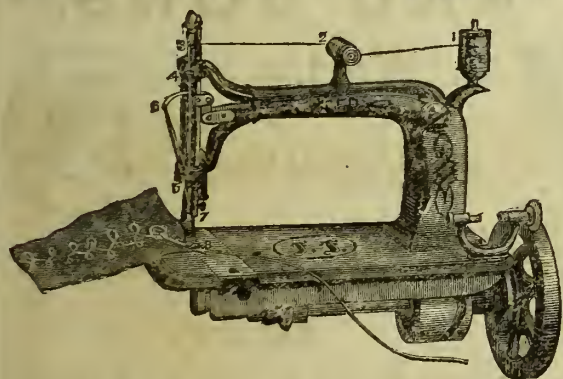
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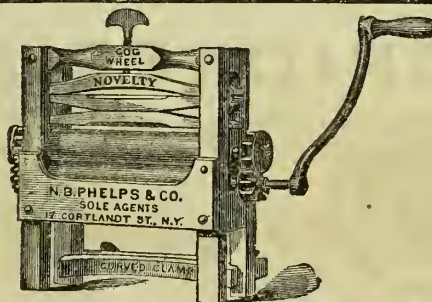
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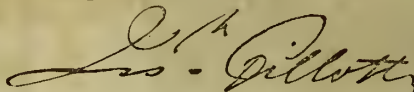
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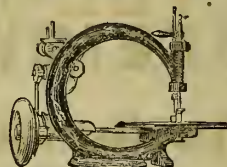
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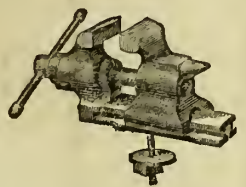
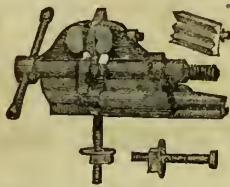
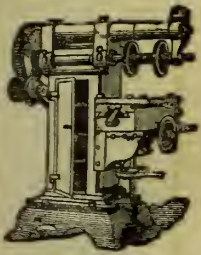
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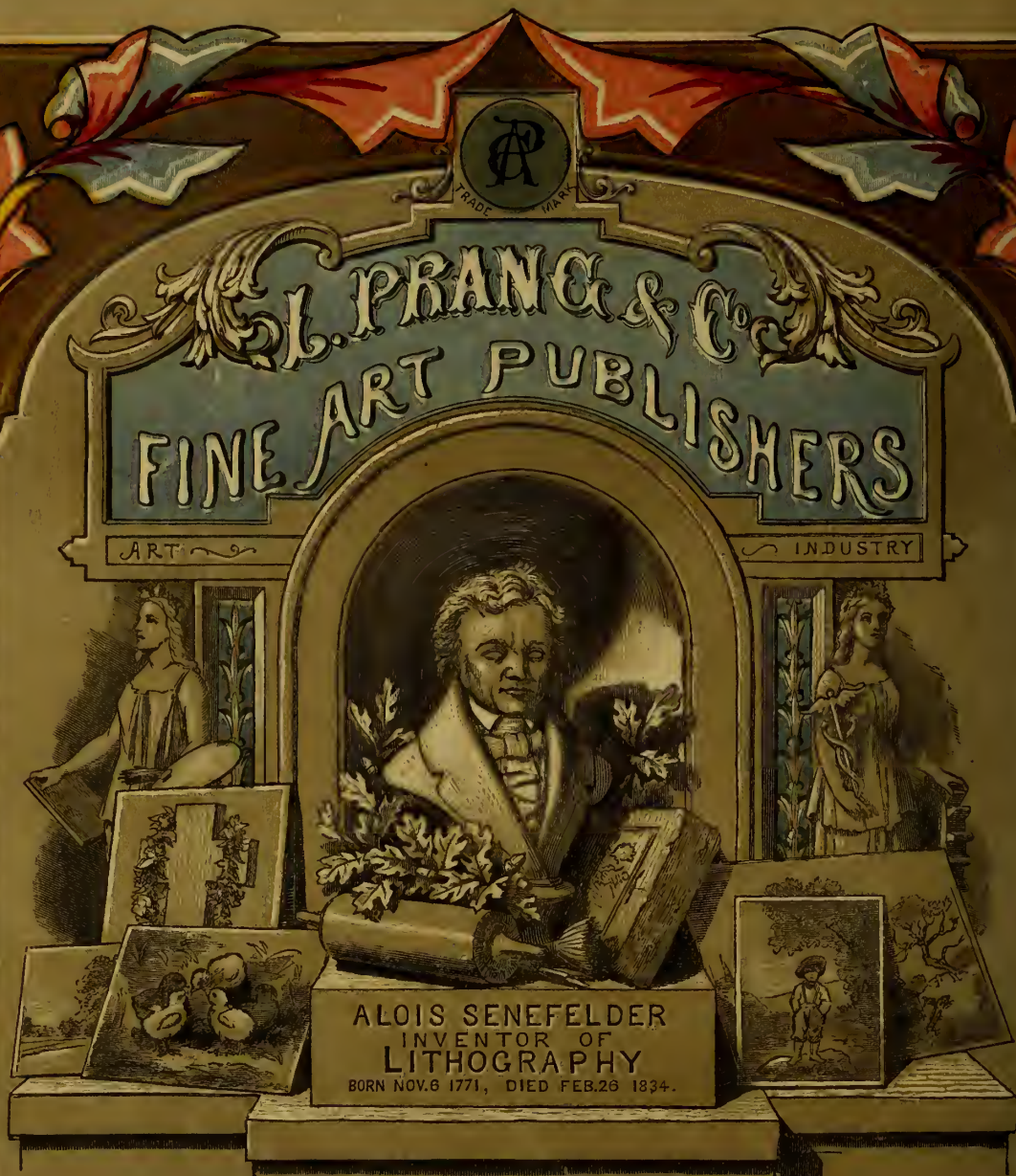
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